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Norman Angell

C E M Joad

Claud Mullins

S. C. Carpenter

John Middleton Murry

Marie C. Stopes.

Horace Annesley Vachell.

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IF I HAD
MY TIME AGAIN

An Anthology contributed
by twenty distinguished men
and women

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Introduction by
LORD HORDER, G.C.V.O., K.C.V.O., M.D.

Selected and arranged by
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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION BY

	PAGE
Lord Horder, G.C.V.O., K.C.V.O., M.D.	7

CONTRIBUTORS

W. L. Andrews	11
George Robey, C.B.E.	22
Sir Norman Angell	30
Lord Hankey, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.	45
The Right Rev. E. N. Lovett, C.B.E., D.D.	58
Lord Teviot, D.S.O., M.C.	69
Marie Stopes, D.SC., PH.D.	82
John Middleton Murry, O.B.E., M.A.	93
Rt. Hon. Ernest Brown, P.C., C.H.	105
Lord Gorell, C.B.E., M.C., M.A.	116
Sir Harold Bellman, M.B.E., D.L., J.P., LL.D.	127
Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, P.C., M.A. (the best essay)	136
Maude Royden Shaw, C.H., D.D.	147
The Rev. S. C. Carpenter, M.A., D.D.	160
Sir Harold Bowden, G.B.E.	179

usefulness to others and thereby their satisfaction with themselves:

> So here has been dawning
> Another blue day . . .

But we old fellows must watch our step, for we are suspect. Mr. Vachell is a near-to nonagenarian. George Robey is an octogenarian. I am, myself, with Lord Pethick-Lawrence, a near-to octogenarian. "Ripeness is all"; yes, but over-ripeness earns a less attractive epithet. Our path is not easy. If we retire within ourselves—and, as Lord Teviot reminds us, the world scarcely invites expansiveness at the present moment—we are called crabbed or bigoted. If we resist this tendency and try to take our part in helping those who seem to need any accumulated wisdom that is ours, we invite the epithet of senile benevolence—polite synonym for "silly old man". As I say, for us old folk things are not easy.

The outstanding exception to this acquiescence in things as they are is Dr. Joad. He is quite dissatisfied with his life. He wanted to be loved, to be charming, to be an academic rather than a practical philosopher, to be a Cabinet Minister (in a Labour Government), a satisfactory husband and father and a really good farmer. And none of these things has happened to him. In the vernacular, it is "just too bad". But some of us think that to *interpret* philosophy to the man in the street, to discard the jargon and yet not to sacrifice the truth, is performing a high function. The rest of Dr. Joad's plaint is trivial. He can still hammer at the door of the Labour Prime Minister if he thinks an entry worth while. He can still be a good farmer—and that is certainly worth while—if he watches closely the men of the soil with humility, and gets up very early in the morning.

The choice of vocation is naturally a recurring theme. But here, again, the majority of writers affirm that they would not change if they had another chance. I suppose my own story is unusual in this respect. In my case my vocation was, as it were, thrust upon me. Tired of hearing my parents complaining that I did not know what I "wanted to be", and desirous of being helpful, the old family doctor put his hand on my shoulder encouragingly, and said to my father, "make him a doctor". I found the preliminary science very attractive. I took the B.Sc. examination, choosing as my three subjects Biology, Chemistry and (as it was called in those days) mental and moral Science. But I stalled at proceeding to Medicine, and for some years taught Biology and, later, Physiology, in which successive subjects I earned more than a living wage by coaching. In a spirit of competition I entered for a scholarship at St. Bartholomew's Hospital and won it. This committed me to the whole medical curriculum. Each part of the field attracted me in turn—Surgery, Obstetrics, Medicine, and especially Pathology. My final choice of Clinical Medicine was largely determined by the influence of a distinguished physician and teacher, Samuel Gee.

But I never chose Medicine as a vocation deliberately. This fact probably explains why, even now, I wake in the night in a state of fear, and when I question myself as to what it is I am afraid of the answer is that I might have missed my vocation in life.

Of the supernatural element in human affairs, and its influence upon the lives of this particular group of writers, there are several indications—several and diverse. Lord Dowding is a downright determinist. To him the Battle of Britain, and himself as its intrepid leader, were both pre-ordained by "the invisibles", who, by the way, the gallant Air Chief Marshal assures us, must have had "hard work" to "keep me in the saddle"—a reference to certain occasions when he and the Cabinet "got across" each other. It comes as a mild shock to read that though all this (i.e., the successful issue between himself and the Cabinet) "was timed with exquisite precision by the invisibles", a day came later in that year when "the invisibles allowed Nature to take her course and my successor was appointed to the Fighter Command".

We, on our part, may be thankful that "the invisibles" did not throw down their hand during, rather than after, the Battle of Britain.

Three Churchmen, Anglican and Roman, adhere to the more popular form of Christian faith. Mr. Ernest Brown—who, by the way, would like to have been a preacher, not realizing that many of us have always so regarded him—joins them in Nonconformist fashion. Lord Gorell's simple regret that he did not in his youth attach nearly enough importance to the presence of God is a clear statement of the same faith. Two or three others subscribe, somewhat incidentally, to the same concept as regards the responsibility for the Universe. The rest—and I join them—seem to think about this matter as did Thomas Carlyle: "I don't pretend to understand the Universe—it's a great deal bigger than I am . . . people ought to be modester".

Queer, the seemingly trivial things that some of the writers would—or would not—do if they had their time again. Here are a Right Reverend Bishop, a widely read author and critic, and an Under-Secretary of State, all of them lamenting that they have never mastered the principle and practice of the internal-combustion

A*

engine; that when their motor-car, faultless in the main, *does* stop on the road, having cleaned the sparking-plugs and seen that there is petrol in the tank, if the car still refuses to go they are helpless. Yet there are schools for motor-drivers as we see every day, where these things are taught in a few lessons if, indeed, a small manual on the subject will not suffice.

Even the acknowledged vices of some of the writers strike me as having been less than venial. Anyway, my own seem mortal by comparison! Here is Mr. Middleton Murry chastising himself because his study table is so disorderly that he can't find the papers he wants. But if he were tidy would he be Mr. Middleton Murry? I am a keen gardener myself; I might almost say that I am a gardener by choice and a doctor by necessity. I am credited with having "green fingers" and it is true that most of my "cuttings" "strike", and that without the use of "hormones". But can I find my secateurs, or my scissors, or my fork, at the end of the day's work? I *cannot!* And, by the way, a garden is very like life—most folk's lives. There can be beautiful things in it despite the weeds. I was once "viewing" a garden with an old gardener of mine. Anxious to point a moral I said: "Look, Smith, there are no weeds here". "No, sir", said Smith, "and precious little else".

I feel much more sympathetic with Bishop Lovett who says that if he had his time over again he would get even with a certain "egregious hypocrite" for whom, I gather, he "fell" despite the warnings of his parishioners.

Two of the writers are poets and it is natural that they should express the hope that, given another life, their efforts in this direction would receive more acclaim. They should take comfort in the fact that Keats expressed the same hope. Keats' hope has been fulfilled:

> The soul of Adonais, like a star,
> Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Our two writers' poems lie with Time, and Time is on their side, for they are still with us in the flesh.

I feel sure Sir James Marchant's latest book, written by men and women whose names are household words to so many of us, will succeed as did his first. Bishop Lovett aptly describes a man's life as "the shadow of his personality". How true, and how true, too, is the fact that it takes more than one life to change personality. When measured by one or even two life-times, we are all of us leopards and Ethiopians. But we are all intensely human! And here lies both the interest and the hope.

W. L. ANDREWS

Born 1886 in Hull. Son of an author and publisher, he was educated at Hull Grammar School and Christ's Hospital. He began his journalistic career in Hull. In the First World War he served with the Black Watch. Returning to journalism in 1919, he was a sub-editor on the Daily Mail *until becoming Editor of the* Leeds Mercury *in 1923. Since 1939 he has been Editor of the* Yorkshire Post and Leeds Mercury. *He has written many articles on the humours and pathos of North Country industrial life and is a past-president of the Institute of Journalists. For many years most of his leisure has been devoted to movements to help journalism. He was a pioneer in working for the better education and training of journalists. He is chairman of the joint editorial committee of the Newspaper Society and the Guild of British Newspaper Editors.*

TOO MUCH daydreaming is neurotic. It would be a waste of good paper to make this chapter a fantasy of wish-fulfilment, to imagine oneself likely, if given another chance, to become a leading statesman, a heart-warming orator, a much-loved novelist. I shall avoid the might-have-beens of chance and keep to the could-have-beens of my own choice. What of the wrong turns in my career? What failings must I try to amend, if I had another chance? These, mark you, are not questions that weigh me down or haunt my dreams. I have often regretted my follies, often been ashamed of my blunders and found the memory of them naggingly persistent till I discovered nobody took them to heart as I did. But I was never tempted to utter anguish like that of much-wronged Wilfred Denver in that grand old play, *The Silver King*, by Henry Arthur Jones: "O God, put back Thy universe and give me yesterday!" Such melodrama—melodrama of any kind—is not for me. I should call myself a brisk and cheerful person, absorbed most of the day, every day, in preparing something new for my paper. I do my conscientious best and let it go at that. But it may be good for the soul, it may even be enlightening to others, especially younger men, if I examine my past to see where I ought to do better next time—if a next time comes.

I should want to be a journalist again, but a more powerful one, doing the State much service like Thomas Barnes of *The Times* (the first editor of whom it was said: "He is the most powerful man in England"), C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*, or J. L. Garvin of the *Observer*. Far too ambitious? Wildly impossible? Yes, of course, but it rests on that wonderful charter of liberty, "Just suppose". Before I expand this moralistic theme, two dangers must be brought to mind. First, the favouritism of memory. Did I really work as hard as I now believe? My form-master at Christ's Hospital, where I enjoyed a modest scholarship, used to upbraid me at every term end for laziness. That is because I always came out top or nearly top in written examinations after doing less well in day-by-day work. "It shows you can do it if you try," he used to say, as his brown eyes held me accusingly and the furrows in his forehead tightened. This seemed unfair and I used to protest. In truth, I was slow to learn but good at remembering and fluent on paper. Had Abraham Lincoln been my hero then as he became years later, I should have said what he said: "My mind is like a piece of steel—very hard to scratch anything on it, and almost impossible if you get it there to rub it out". But can I have been right and my beloved form-master wrong? Perhaps I flatter myself. The favouritism of memory: what a bold, artistic way it has as the years go on! Like a painter, it takes a scene and gives a new, original version; it enlarges and reduces, blurs and brightens, tones down and enhances; it introduces oneself as a foremost figure, like a spot-lighted star on the stage. Photographic accuracy is rarely the main strength of one's memory-pictures, so do not expect it in any judgment here.

A second warning may well be offered, perhaps a little more diffidently. I have reached the sixties when one becomes an old codger, it may even be an old fogey. At this age an evening by the fire (a pleasure rarely allowed in a life largely of journalistic night-work) pleases me far more than going out to a public meeting. One prefers to criticize at a distance, with insufficient knowledge. If I must go out I would rather let a bus go than run for it. In a word, I want a quiet life. My great joy is what Professor George Santayana has described as a special English quality, a quiet pleasure in oneself. But did I seek it in young manhood? No, I wanted to harangue the world and I hoped to win others to my passionate political doctrines. I was ready to tell the world how to revolve upon its axis. I longed to dramatize myself. What young man does not? I may be experienced and prudent in my white-haired sixties, but should I scorn the young adventurer who once thought so rashly in this old square head of mine? No, I must resist the temptation to believe that I know far better now than once I did how to make the best of life. Youth has its own fervent and dashing wisdom, and must not be quelled. Why should I try to restrain it like some cold-blooded wiseacre who has forgotten the zest of battle and remembers only how to calculate?

I certainly have not scored steadily in the game of life, as Rudyard Kipling did, or thought he did. He disturbed many theories of mine when, looking back in *Something of Myself* from his seventieth year, he said it seemed to him that every card in his working life had been dealt him in such a manner that he had but to play it as it came. So he ascribed all good fortune to Allah, the Dispenser of Events. Even on my own much lower level I never had luck or inspiration like that. Nor do I believe that life for me could ever be anything but a struggle, with disappointments and consolations and transient gleams of triumph in a chaotic and unpredictable sequence. So I must not give the calm and assured advice of an elder as if I were the inspired servant of Allah, the Dispenser of Events. People who give that sort of advice are rarely the sort who have to carry it out.

After these warnings, I want to explain why, if I had my time again, journalism would be again my choice, even with all I know now, and with the varied professional opportunities offered today. There was not much choice about it when I was at school. My future was almost entirely decided for me by example and environment.

I usually had breakfast and high tea in my lodgings, but for several years my midday meal was a pennyworth of gingerbread and a pennyworth of cocoa at a Co-operative café. Persistence in such Lenten fare and the guinea cheques for special articles gave me a joy none could have suspected in my serious face. I loathed being even a witness of carousals. My Bohemian colleagues used to call me "Little Willie, from Heaven". They gave me credit for far more spirituality than, as the reader will have seen, I possessed.

If I had my time again I should be more generous to my landladies. They gave me far more service than they need have done under the contract. I remember one of them pointing out that I needed some more collars. Intent on saving, I replied that needing new collars and being able to get them were not quite the same thing. The next day the faithful creature presented me with half a dozen collars made out of one of my old shirts. The incident has lain on my conscience. Youth takes too much for granted—the self-sacrifice of parents, help from teachers, the dutifulness of landladies, the generous training given for nothing by office colleagues.

My £300, hard won and perhaps too eagerly saved, meant emancipation. It enabled me to resign my job as a reporter and become a freelance in Paris. I did not intend to spend all my life in smelly police courts and getting writer's cramp doing verbatims of political speeches. Never again did I work on a local reporting staff. I became Paris correspondent, London correspondent, war correspondent, leader writer, editor, and so forth. In what other profession could I have hoped to abandon, at the age of twenty, the humble hack-work and choose the work that I wanted?

Looking back makes me realize that I was extraordinarily lucky and had some most encouraging and useful friends. Perhaps if I had my time again it would not be quite so easy. Journalism is not the free and easy calling it was. Regulations hem it in. It has gained much from trade unionism, but it has also lost some of its old adventurous freedom. The life does not please everybody, especially those who want dignity, ease, and security. It is not, in general, for the keenly introverted mind. It rewards best those who are fond of people, curious about life, eager to compete and able to come up smiling after every rebuff. It keeps one lively, gives one a front seat at the making of history, offers scope for many a good turn. The best journalists do great public service. They can rival the achievements of many an acclaimed statesman. How many Cabinet Ministers have done more for their country than C. P. Scott or J. A. Spender? Even in my own modest sphere I sometimes dare to think I have done as much good as if I had lived the life dear old Cornish mapped out for me.

But in my earlier days of journalism I had not the influence for good or bad that editing a great paper gives. I had two main ambitions, to be a Fleet Street man and to be an editor. Colleagues sometimes ask me why, having reached Fleet Street and risen fairly high on the *Daily Mail* in Lord Northcliffe's day, I returned to the provinces. Once, indeed, members of the National Union of Journalists in Leeds induced me to give them a lecture on "Which is better—the Provinces or Fleet Street?" It was an exciting life in Carmelite House, and became still more exciting, and, indeed, nerve-racking, as the Chief moved towards his mental breakdown. Mistakes were heavily punished. On the other hand, goodish work which would not have brought you a thank-you from a provincial proprietor was often handsomely rewarded. It often fell to me to revise the leaders in the early morning when only sub-editors were on duty. H.W. Wilson, the chief leader-writer, pleased with my efforts of this kind when I had to reconcile his theories with the latest news, asked me to join his department. But it seemed to me to imply writing not what I thought but what Lord Northcliffe was thought to be likely to think that the public would think. That sort of guessing game was not for me, and I held aloof.

Presently I was offered the editorship of the *Leeds Mercury* in my native county, with the intimation that the directors wanted a good Conservative who could write leaders and put a paper together. I returned to Yorkshire meaning to stay for three years, but before that time was up Leeds and the *Mercury* had grown into my heart. I had found my directors, headed by the Hon. Rupert E. Beckett, most appreciative and understanding. My colleagues and I were as romantically loyal to the paper as my old father would have been. Honorary secretaries began to ask me to speak at meetings. The B.B.C. asked me to talk on the news of the north. My personal feature: "It Seems to Me" (a title I had suggested years before to Lord Northcliffe, who approved of it for a book but not for the paper), made me many friends. I found myself becoming a well-known bit of the journalistic north. When I had my appendix out the Lord Mayor of Leeds came to express the good wishes of the citizens. What a difference there is between being a star in Fleet Street and a well-known journalist in the provinces! Except as a name, a Fleet Street star may not be known beyond his office and club. The country editor cannot walk from his office to the town hall or railway station without being greeted by a dozen citizens. People are always anxious to hear from him what he thinks of the latest political question. He is asked to give away prizes at schools, to be the guest of honour at professional dinners, to judge baby shows, to preside at religious meetings, to serve perhaps on a university court and council and many public committees. If he is fond of people he can live a most useful and satisfying life. He may be only a local yokel to London competitors, and his reputation may be confined to a limited region, but it is almost certain to last much longer than that of a Fleet Street star. Occasionally one blushes for the crudities and vulgarity of some kinds of journalism, but many of us are trying to enhance the standards of the Press. As a country editor I have had plenty of scope for serving my profession through the Newspaper Society, the Institute of Journalists, the Editors' Guild, and the Empire Press Union. A reform after my own heart would be a good, systematic training for all our juniors. I have striven for this for years, and at last success is in view.

That prompts me to ask: If I had my time again would I become more of a scholar? Would I keep up my classics? Yes, I wish I had been more systematically studious. In my early years of journalism I took up too readily any line of reading that would help me to write specials. I cheerfully dropped Homer and Horace to investigate hypnotism, or the over-fishing of the North Sea, or the problems of the so-called criminal type of man. I read F. W. H. Myers and Cesare Lombroso purely to get "copy" out of them. I have often held that what you read did not matter much as long as you read eagerly and intelligently. The mind that burns almost any kind of fuel and produces a blaze and warmth may be far more useful than the fastidious mind that rejects all but the best. But there is a great danger in popular journalism of deserting the poets and thinkers and stooping to the level of market-place gossip. Editors force a young journalist to cultivate a popular touch. He is continually told that people sheer off from anything intellectual. Give them something they can understand, something that will cheer them up without putting the slightest strain upon their intelligence. An editor was once lecturing me for being a highbrow, strange as it may seem, when a fat reporter trundled towards us in a shabby Norfolk jacket. "Look," said the editor, "he's got a copy of *Tit-Bits* in his pocket. That's the kind of reporter I want. He knows the tastes of the people. He shares 'em."

The same editor used to say that whenever I sat down to write I suffered from a rush of quotations to the head. He disliked my literary tone. He assured me the readers resented being talked down to by a man who showed off his literary lore. "What we want," he said, "is leaders that will make the dustman reading the paper over a glass of beer exclaim: 'By gosh, how right it is! It's just what *I* think.'" That editor may have been right, but if I had my time again I should never shape my style on his precepts. Arthur Brisbane, Hearst's most brilliant editor, gained the respect of the roughest workmen for his lucid leaders. If he thought it would help to explain a subject he would never hesitate to quote Plato or Aristotle. And why not? Their best-known sayings are key thoughts that not only impress themselves on the mind but encourage further thinking. I saw in a leader the other day the ponderous warning that if dictators had vast armaments there would be always the danger in moments of frustration that, being human and weakened by sycophancy, they might be overwhelmingly tempted to decide suddenly to get their own way by force. The warning is a sound one, but could have been put more sharply by one who knew his Shakespeare. Need the writer have been squeamish about quoting from King John:

> How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
> Makes ill deeds done!

GEORGE ROBEY

Born 1869. At Birmingham at an early age and in 1891 at the Westminster Aquarium and " The Old Oxford " he began his long career on the music-hall stage, theatre, and in revue. He has appeared also in many films, television, and on the wireless. During the First World War he served with the Motor Transport Service and both then and in the Second World War he was instrumental in raising large sums of money for War Charities and National Savings. He has exhibited at both the Royal Academy and the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, from which he holds a diploma.

I SUPPOSE there are occasions in the lives of most people when one wishes to have been able to go back, to have acted differently in a certain situation, when one has said: "If only I had known". Ah! Yes, if only one had known—but this is a regret based on a definite experience, an after knowledge, for at present it is still not possible to foretell the future, and is it anyhow desirous? I doubt it. But to have one's time again—that is entirely a different proposition. I allow that for many reasons many people might wish to do so, the implication being that possibly it might be desired to have an entirely different life. For myself I have enjoyed my life, is it therefore a selfish motive that prompts me to the wish that I would like to have my time again? But I would live it exactly the same, and I say this after due consideration and reflection, although I immediately come to the same conclusion! Is this an occasion for conscience probing, for dwelling on past regrets and disappointments? Well I suppose it is—but I cannot visualize a lifetime spent without its bitter moments, its sadness, the heartache and the pain, for should we know the true ecstasy of happiness, the joy of fulfilment without them? I doubt it.

I know I have been a fortunate mortal and doubly blessed in that I have been a medium through which millions of my fellow beings have found happiness, if only temporary—but it surely lies in all

(pleasure, surely? not happiness.

of us to bring happiness to others in many ways, and I have chosen perhaps the simplest—that of an entertainer, a comedian.

But I must not moralize, and it is contrary to my nature to wish to do so. Please do not misunderstand me—I am no self-sufficient entity—far from it, for I, more than most of you, have sought my happiness in the plaudits of the crowds of ordinary peoples—I could not have lived my life alone. Does this mean that I have found happiness in service? Yes, without question; great happiness, great content, supreme satisfaction, such as one could never have looked for or expected. For this reason above all I could never seek to live my life differently. Perhaps the cynic might justly remark that I also found great riches. Believe me, my friends, worldly wealth has never had much meaning for me—I live a very simple life, but I have always loved beautiful things—the note of a violin, a cameo, a Chinese carving, a flower, a painting—these have brought me much pleasure and always will.

Of course, I have regrets, just as I have my unfulfilled ambitions—though regrets are often for something that is unavoidable and so one cannot always recriminate oneself. There are the actions of a moment of passion, when one's balance is slightly disturbed—the too hasty word of the heated moment that cannot be recalled, nor excused, only regretted. The mistakes, often the result of pig-headedness—all of these sins I have committed, and since my youth. For youth excuses itself—it is the preparatory period, one might say the kindergarten of life, and life only begins at some vague period where one emerges from the chrysalis stage of youth. So I don't discuss that immature period and perhaps it is true that I was all too impatient to serve my apprenticeship and become a master man, but it is a fact that I was fully fledged and established in my career at the age of twenty-one. But I am not suggesting that I had then attained the age of wisdom! Far from it. Indeed, I do not know that I have this day or ever shall, nor indeed if there be such an age. Perhaps there is a time when we see more clearly, reason more sanely, are more tolerant, less hasty, and behave with greater moderation—but this, too, I truly believe can be a passing phase and one can slip backwards into the old bad habits! Or perhaps it is that we grow tired of the mantle of near perfection and cast it off. Yes, my friends, I have known most of the seven ages, there is but one I shall never wish to know. . . .

To err is human—so we excuse our sins whilst admitting them. Well, and were there a "next time"? I would wish to avoid them, but can one? No, one can only try.

And unfulfilled ambitions? All those things we have always meant to do but somehow never seem to get round to, and, of course, the wonderful achievements of others that we should wish to emulate. Very often it is reaching for the moon, but one should never ridicule ambition, for it is good to believe in oneself.

Some of us are far more fortunate in the respect that we have more opportunity granted to us to do those things we hanker after doing—and I have been one of these lucky ones on many occasions during my life. For instance, I was quite keen on football and thought how I would like to play with the big professional sides, and indeed I did, appearing on several occasions for such teams as Chelsea, Millwall, Aston Villa, etc., and I must say the crowds displayed a most kindly tolerance (and what a kick I got out of that!). I also played cricket with the great players of my day—can I ever describe the thrill it gave me, for never in my wildest dreams had I imagined that I should be accepted as one of them and rub shoulders on the field of play with my great heroes of sport. Hero-worship—Yes, I still do, for I believe it is good to set high standards in all walks of life, and to pay the truly great the homage that is their due, and I am indeed grateful for the good fortune that has given me so many wonderful memories and granted so many of my ambitions. But not all—Oh! No! Perhaps it is a form of selfishness to ask too much of life, but if you don't ask you don't get, or so I have often been told. Yes, I have had my setbacks—once I aspired to be a tight-rope walker—it was at a theatre in the provinces—there was the gear ready set on the stage and there was I, a little early as was my wont. So I stepped on to the small platform and gingerly slid out on to the wire. There followed a terrific crash as down I came, wire, posts and all—the wire had not been screwed down! Was my—er—face red and did my ears burn? To this day there is a dent in that stage which marks the end of my ambition! But secretly I should still like to be a wire-walker!

And now I will let you into a real secret—of a really great ambition—and one that has yet to be fulfilled and alas that I am pretty certain never will be. It is to play Hamlet. Yes, that very prince of parts. It is quite true—*Hamlet* is my favourite play and I have a copy always with me—even at my bedside. Now why is it that so many comedians have the desire to play that greatest of all roles? I can only theorize, but for myself I love the play and can recite it line for line and backwards too, if desired—but I am sufficiently humble to know my limitations, and for one thing I could never look like the popular conception of that tragic figure, though I have every justification for bemoaning: "Oh! that this too solid flesh would melt"! So I have had to be satisfied with Falstaff and walking the ramparts of my bedroom. And I must confess that the cause of true art has been well served by many excellent Hamlets, and one can be but a copyist at the best. I have always felt that it is preferable to be an individualist, to create something original, for I have never really believed that there is nothing new under the sun. There is far more satisfaction in achievement, whether in minor things or great enterprises, whether for personal pleasure or worldly gain. We all know the delight of a gardener who has produced a prize bloom or an outsize in marrows! And there is the enthusiasm of the inventor, who, however Heath Robinson-like his contraption may seem, takes such a great pride in displaying it!

Yes, I think one gets a deal of pleasure in attempting things—in keeping occupied—in trying to be inventive—and in having widely diverse interests.

For instance, I have always been a hobbyist—pastimes bring one great mental and even physical relaxation—though one should take even one's pastimes a little seriously and not be too much of a dilettante.

Many pleasant hours I have spent at my bench making violins, truly a labour of love, and with what trepidation I have at last taken up the finished article, cuddled it lovingly to my cheek and then caressed its bosom with silken strands. Perhaps the resultant cacophony of chords was more to my liking than to my neighbours'. But for the moment I am oblivious to all the world—here is creation, music born of wood, sandpaper and varnish, and, perish the thought, the animals' intestines, so coarsely named !

Many great virtuosos have played my violins, and conjured up magic therefrom, which was never in my power to do. These moments have verily provided me with the thrills of a lifetime.

And other interests—I have had many. Philately, or, more commonly, stamp-collecting, has given me great pleasure and knowledge, and can also be most profitable. Also a great love was my collection of small *objets d'art*, of china, porcelain, jade and ivory, the creations of people of a bygone age, of thousands of years ago, with a beauty and delicacy of workmanship that cannot be rivalled today—secrets of colouring and craftsmanship that are lost, but one day to be discovered and re-created, perhaps by you.

To live happily and usefully one must cultivate an interest in many things, and in them find solace and peace, pleasure and profit.

I was once asked: "Wouldn't you prefer to do something useful in life?" Well, I mean to say, I realized the implication, and the question gave me much food for thought. In fact for a time I was beset by qualms and fears and complexes. It was certainly a very unkind thrust. But I was doing that which it seemed I was most suited for, and as I heard the roars of laughter that greeted my sallies and the warm-hearted and unstinted applause of my audiences, I was, as I am always, consoled, for I realize that entertainment is a necessity to life, and the clown plays his part with the coal-miner.

Perhaps I am wrong, but I feel my conscience is clear on that score, and even a comedian has another side to his life! I think it is a truism that most comedians are quite serious-minded persons—perhaps one should be, then only the best jokes will appeal and can then be tried on the dog!

Well, I have lived my life to a definite purpose—I think one should live purposefully to a certain pattern. I always had my aims and ambitions and would do so again. To drift aimlessly through life must finally be most unsatisfactory and leave one with a sense of frustration and loss. Aim high, and always remember: "If what shone afar so grand, turn to nothing in the hand, on again, the virtue lies in the struggle not the prize".

My life has been very full, and I could not wish it otherwise. There is less time for the petty side of one's nature to express itself—you know, the envies and jealousies, the mischief that the devil finds. Oh! we are all prone to these faults, but it is far preferable to busy oneself in other things, and you just won't have time to bother.

I am very, very grateful for all life has given me, but one must help oneself to live. There may be a divinity that shapes our ends, but don't tilt a lance with fate—for I do believe "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio . . ."

One should have always a belief in the Goodness of Life—don't make it more complicated than it can prove to be. One day a tiny tot of three had been looking in at a film of *Hopalong Cassidy*. The child told me Hopalong had been shot. I asked solicitously, "Did he get better?" "No", replied the child happily, "He got up." If only one can retain a little of such innocence, it can be a wonderful help.

Now I shall be eighty-one this year—almost in my dotage you might say—the lean and slippered pantaloon stage—in any case a good time to pause and look back and ponder. And I am doubly blessed in that I am still hale and hearty and never happier than when I am working, as I am now and hope to be for many a long day. But the point is I am here to be shot at if my views meet with disapproval. You see, it is not always easy to keep a sense of proportion, but one should always try to do so. On the other hand, it is very easy to be a prize humbug and hypocrite, though one often does not realize one is acting so. It would be useful if we were able, as Robbie Burns said, "To see ourselves as others see us"—but we should try to. Have I? I don't really know—but I do wish to now, which is another reason why I shall stick to my guns—or should it be "spots"?—and remain a leopard.

Please don't visualize me as the living prototype of old man Kruschen, sliding down the bannisters and effervescing with health, mirth, and good spirits, so satisfied with my lot that I don't even wish to go to bed! Oh! No! I like my afternoon nap—in fact I

SIR NORMAN ANGELL

Childhood in England, boyhood at a French Lycée, adolescence at Geneva University, early manhood as a cowboy and prospector in Western America and Mexico; then work on American papers, on French, and then for ten years with the late Lord Northcliffe as newspaper manager, constituted the beginnings of his career. Since about 1910 authorship and peace agitation; The Great Illusion *(twenty-five foreign editions), which is his most famous book and has appeared as a recent Penguin Special, popular books on economics, particularly on money; the invention of card games which reveal the intricacies of currency; Parliament; Nobel Peace Prize; Membership of the Council of the Royal Institute of International Affairs; Executive of the League of Nations Union; and in his leisure moments farming a little island off the coast of Essex and sailing a little yacht in the North Sea.*

I

IF I HAD my time again I should certainly not alter what has been its main purpose. That purpose—at a quite early age conceived as the one to which a man, at this time of the world's life, might most fittingly put his hand—has been to help in the prevention and ultimate elimination of war. It is a purpose which has been utterly deafeated at least twice (counting only the failures on the cosmic scale) in my lifetime. Defeat, however, has marked the efforts, not merely of obscure publicists, or pamphleteers, or agitators, but of the most powerful of the world's statesmen, of men in the position of President Wilson, whose foreign policy was so tragically repudiated by his own people, to be accepted by them in only slightly modified form a quarter of a century later. Had that people been ready to accept under Wilson the degree of internationalism they did accept under Truman, it is quite unlikely that there would have been a second world war. Nor does Wilson stand alone. All the genius of a Churchill could not persuade the British public or British governments to adopt early—when adoption might have had preventive effect—policies which *were* adopted under the compulsion of impending war, the second world war in one generation. Similarly elsewhere in much of the West: statesmen who, not in the faintest degree desiring a second war, found themselves in the midst of it, as the result, either of their own errors, or of those of electorates whom they could not persuade.

The problem, which began to trouble this writer half a century ago and has nagged him so persistently ever since, far from belonging merely to the past, belongs to the present with a vital urgency which the past did not know. The Western World, despite its industrialization and urbanization, and the consequent vulnerability of its economy, has nevertheless survived two world wars; direly weakened, it is true, threatened by the growing power of more primitive societies in Russia, Asia, Africa, but none the less still functioning. But a third world war, fought with atomic weapons, would mark something near the extinction of life in areas as closely packed with people as is Britain, dependent upon the intricate and vulnerable machinery by which our great cities live—railroads, power stations, gas, water, sewers. The New Barbarians could get at us so much more easily than we could get at them, scattered over the vast spaces of the steppes, the deserts of Asia, the jungles of Africa. The remnant by which after war, life might be carried on, would almost certainly be their remnant, not ours. It would be a remnant defending its necessary dictatorship by re-imposition of ancient tyrannies from which Western Man has spent untold generations trying to shake himself free.

Something more than academic interest, therefore, lies behind the question why the efforts of statesmen, leaders, teachers, writers, publicists, churches, schools, universities, newspapers, so lamentably failed in enabling men to avoid or avert the two great wars of our generation. And in order here to keep the enquiry within the limits of a personal experience stretching over half a century I shall try to answer the question: "If you had your time again, knowing now what events have taught you, how would you tackle the job you chose fifty years ago? How would your method differ from that which you pursued either before the First World War, or in the inter-war years?"

To understand the answer it is necessary to explain in a word or two the method I did follow. Already in the first decade of this century signs began to multiply that Europe was drifting towards war. What differences were provoking it? Were they such that a bargain resulting in peace was possible?

That generation was extraordinarily vague as to what the quarrel was about. But in so far as ideas became definite they crystallized into something like this: "Germany needs room for her increasing population; raw materials; markets. We stand in the way. *We* hold Canada, Australia, New Zealand, much of Africa, ?? and must continue so to do for our posterity. We cannot surrender them to alien claims. It is the struggle for life as between peoples; the struggle for bread, for wealth. Issues so fundamental must be fought out."

This view not only marked the period before the first war; it was to be reasserted again and again, right into the days of the second war; by Hitler with his talk of *lebensraum;* by Mussolini in his war upon Abyssinia; by Japan in her thrust against China. It was in 1940 that I was to hear Colonel Lindbergh in the presence of a vast audience in New York declare: "The basic cause of this war is that Britain owns too much of the earth and Germany too little. . . ." Lindbergh's enormous audience accepted this—as peoples for generations had done—as an obvious and self-evident truth. It represents, of course, a nonsensical defiance of plain fact. The British people do not "own" Canada, or Australia, or the other Dominions. Germany does not need to conquer Canada in order to buy its wheat, or Australia to buy its wool; any more than Britain had to conquer Georgia or Louisiana in order to base upon the raw material of those cotton states the greatest export trade in cotton goods any country ever possessed. Even if Germans were to change places with Britain as the "owners" of a Canada or an Australia, they would still have to pay for the wheat and wool, just as the British "owners" have to do. The notion that conquest of territory means in the modern world an addition to the wealth of the conqueror may be, and generally is, a complete illusion. When Germany takes over (say) Alsace-Lorraine, or France takes it back, there is a change of government, which may be good, bad, or indifferent; but there is not a transfer of property from one group of owners to another, for the reason that the property—houses, shops, factories, farms, furniture, false teeth—remains in about the same hands or mouths as before. Much of this amazing mystification is due to crass confusion between owning and governing. A country does not need to add to its territory to maintain its standard of life—witness the high standard in the small countries—Switzerland, the Low Countries, Scandinavia; and what is often a very low standard in the very large countries—Russia, India, China, Brazil.

So long as both sides were the victims of these illusions it was obvious that there was not much hope of agreement, any more than there could be agreement between two cannibals, one of whom should say to the other: "It is evident that I must eat you, or you must eat me. Let's come to a friendly agreement about it." They won't come to a friendly agreement so long as that is their idea. They will fight. And they will fight, even if the idea each possesses does not represent the fact at all; even if there is ample food for both if only one should stand upon the shoulders of the other in order to get the coconuts out of the reach of either acting singly.

It was clear that so long as these illusions, and the subsidiary illusions which sprang from them, such as that in modern war the defeated nation could be made to pay "vast indemnities" (without ever increasing its foreign trade in competition with ours); that trade could be "conquered" by military means; or that in any case the "capitalists" would somehow gain by war, which (a large part of the Left was persuaded) the "money power" was promoting—so long as all this was regarded as axiomatic, obvious truth there would be little chance of agreement, of peaceful settlement, or indeed of the kind of discussion that could lead thereto. Equally was it certain that victory of itself could not solve the problems which were supposed to have provoked the war. If it were true that the struggle arose because Germans had insufficient "living space" utter defeat would not give them more; it would tend to diminish what they had already; and sixty, seventy, eighty million Germans would still remain as a disturbing and explosive force in Europe; not less dangerous because even a defeated Germany would be in a position to determine very largely the future course of Russia.[1]

For if it was true that the fallacies which I attacked in the first decade of the century made it impossible to come to a settlement with Germany, those same notions of inevitable competition, conflict, and ultimately war made it impossible for us very long to maintain the Grand Alliance by which we had fought Germany—the alliance which included in the first war Japan, Russia, Italy—and the United States. The most disastrous secession—into isolationism, naval rivalry with Britain, Neutrality and Johnson Acts—was of course that of the United States. The whole Alliance went rapidly to pieces as soon as war was over.

The inter-war years brought it home to me that, however necessary it might be to expose specific fallacies as they arose in international discussion, the task was a wider one. It was not merely in the field of economics, but in the whole range of international relations that men repeatedly refused to admit the self-evident; or indeed were aware of the motives they obeyed; or were aware of the nature of that society for whose management they were, as voters, ultimately responsible; or of the process by which evidence must be weighed and truth ascertained.

I have felt increasingly in recent years that if we are to meet the menace of a third world war then those who by writing, talking, teaching, or preaching can influence the public mind and its values should set themselves the task of modifying certain fundamental ways of thought and habits of mind. What ways of thought? What habits of mind?

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[1] It may still, alas, be necessary to explain that I have never at any time, anywhere, in speech or writing, expressed the view that war had become "impossible", or could only last a few weeks, or that bankers would stop it, or any similar nonsense. Again and again, before the First World War I emphasized the view that war was extremely likely; inevitable if the ideas then obtaining, remained unaltered. If I had regarded war as "impossible" why should I have carried on a thankless agitation to prevent something which I believed could not take place?

That can best be answered by tackling such questions as these:

II

What makes it possible for two witnesses, both honest, both believing they tell the truth, to see the same objects in (say) Russia, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Greece, China, Palestine, and for one witness to testify that a given object is black, while the other is certain it is white; one seeing freedom where the other sees slavery, one discovering happiness where the other finds only misery, each investing his interpretation with such deep conviction that the rival view seems to him due to malice, selfish interest, corruption by Wall Street or Moscow as the case may be. This phenomenon takes many forms. When the Germans shocked mankind by their anti-Jewish measures they were in possession of the same facts about Jews as the non-German world. Germans had had Jews living in their midst for a thousand years or more. When the American public accepted under Truman the internationalism it rejected under Wilson, the essential facts were available (many saw them and urged their meaning) at the earlier date when their recognition might have prevented the Second World War. The most relevant facts we misinterpret are often those of our own nature: what we really want. In the inter-war years we insisted our supreme desire was peace. What we did proved that what we said was not true. For when the nation's freedom, its right to live under its own institutions, was obviously and patently threatened, the danger at the very door, we sacrificed peace (and in Britain nearly everything else) and (rightly) went to war. Peace did not come first. Security did. We did not achieve security largely because we did not know early enough that that was our real and underlying purpose. Policy went wrong not because we lacked specialist knowledge of the intricacies of foreign affairs (this was unnecessary), but because we lacked real knowledge of our own natures.

The tendency of men to be guided, not by fact, but by special ways of seeing fact through the medium of opinion, theory, doctrine, prompted largely by obscure forces within ourselves, and to become thereby colour-blind, fact-blind, is no new thing. But in our atomic age it has new dangers, darker implications than ever before. It was bad enough that a religion of pity and compassion should produce Inquisition torture chambers, St. Bartholomew Massacres; that men who pray to Allah the All-Merciful should also incite Holy Wars for the destruction of the infidel; that revolutions for universal brotherhood should end in Guillotines and Terrors. But the destruction wrought was limited because its instruments were primitive. Modern fanaticisms are likely to possess means of destruction so appalling that its very prospect may induce us to surrender freedoms we have fought two wars to preserve, and submit to dictatorship.

If judgment of objective fact is liable to be twisted by subjective forces—temper, temperament, instinctive pugnacities of faction and party—so that the stone wall with which we may collide, the gulf into which we may stumble, becomes invisible, then the first obligation is to discipline those fact-hiding forces of the human spirit. Just as the first obligation in a theatre when fire breaks out is to discipline the instinct of self-preservation by panic flight, which may mean death.

But that such self-discipline is a primary need or obligation of our society is in effect repudiated by much current theorizing (by no means confined to socialists or communists). It is a theorizing which has had a large part in shaping events, and perhaps accounts for the very existence of Soviet Russia, certainly for its foreign policy.

The present generation's fashionable determinism—materialist, economic, Marxian, glandular, Freudian—has gone far to rob the individual of all sense of responsibility in, or to, his society; or in or to himself. It is not, we are told, the individual with his scale of moral values, his intellectual integrity or skill, or sense of obligation, values modifiable as they all are by thought, discussion, human intelligence, the play of mind on mind, the desire for the approbation of his fellows or fear of their reprobation, his interest in the doing of a good job, his personal pride of achievement—it is not those things (insists the modern determinist), nor the individual so formed who makes society; it is the society which makes the individual and shapes those things; a society itself shaped by the material circumstances of the external world expressed mainly through economic conditions. For his cruelties, wickednesses, errors, follies, the individual is (in theory) not to be blamed any more than he is to be praised for honesty, or industry, or courage, or sacrifice, or generosity. If even a slight measure of free will is an old-fashioned bourgeois fiction, then moral indignation or moral appreciation is an unscientific irrelevancy. The virtues and vices alike, it is insisted, are all the outcome of environment, part of the "historical process" for which the individual cannot be held accountable. If you would get rid of cruelties, crimes, poverty, war, alter the "system". That "Capitalism alone is the cause of war", to be ended only when we ended Capitalism, was a proposition which I have heard stated literally thousands of times, with a finality, as one observer noted which might accompany the statement, "turnips have a terrestrial origin".

Furthermore, I was told that the class war against Capitalism could only be won if fought with the animosities, passions, pugnacities appropriate to any kind of war. In practice the Capitalist must be held up to scorn "for the people must know their enemies".

"Then it would seem," I objected, "that impersonal, material forces of the 'historical process' do not determine it entirely; that personal decisions and feelings, like yours and mine, must enter in. And when the class war is won and society has to be built afresh, who will be the architects, who decide the quality of the Brave New World, its degree of freedom, say? Will purely impersonal forces determine that, or will the personal character of the revolutionary leaders, nurtured in the hates and animosities of the class war, be the main power in fixing what the new society is to be like? And will the people themselves have derived from revolutionary propaganda and doctrinal fanaticisms the qualities which would enable them to co-operate together for the restraint and direction of the new government?"

It was then explained to me that I did not understand. Once the "bourgeois ghouls" and the "Fascist beasts" had been liquidated there would hardly be need for government or restraint at all. The "exploitation of man by man" having ceased, the cause of crime and the need for police would come to an end. The state would wither away, and all would be brotherhood and complete freedom, as in Russia.

It seemed to me then—as it seems now—that what matters most in considering the total effects of revolutionary change is not the external aspect of society or its mechanisms, but the quality of the persons who would compose it—compose it as leaders, or as led. The prospect was not pleasing, and the steady inexorable undermining of all sense of personal responsibility seemed the least pleasing aspect of it. This undermining has been going on, not merely as the result of determinist philosophies, but also as the result of creating a myth, a non-existent entity known as "the People". To say that the "voice of the People is the voice of God" is to say that people are not subject to error, to emotionalisms which lead to massacres, lynchings, or nationalisms which lead to war. This, too, amounts to repudiation of moral responsibility, of the need for restraint, discipline, humility, since "the People" are the community as a whole, not merely manual workers but professional folk—teachers, dentists, doctors, clerks, editors, writers, members of Congress, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, atheists, Tories, Labourites, Republicans, Democrats, one kind of Socialist bitterly fighting another kind, one kind of Communist another, one group of labour unions another group. Are all these conflicting voices equally the Voice of God?

This demagogic appeal is escapist mythology, an evasion of the very first fact we must face, that war, poverty and oppression are due to the failure of wisdom on the part of the masses of men. After all, the Voice of the People was also the voice of the German people sanctioning Nuremberg laws, the Japanese turning an

emperor into a god; Hindus, Moslems, Arabs, Jews, Chinese Communists, Chinese Nationalists, Greek Rightists, Greek Leftists, indulging reciprocal massacres; a Southern community sanctioning lynch law, an American electorate repudiating under Wilson what they accepted under Truman.

The enormous place given to economic determinism has resulted in the very general view that "the economic task comes first" and that if you get the economics right, the political problem will take care of itself. But this surely involves strange confusions? Whether our system is to be Socialist or non-socialist, the tool which we must use for economic restoration is political. No economic remedy or new economic system can be applied until we have a government to see that trains run, food is carried, looting prevented, currency managed. The truth that the political must precede the economic is also illustrated in the very existence of the United States. If the Thirteen Colonies had developed politically at the end of the eighteenth century as the Spanish Colonies did at the beginning of the nineteenth, and each had become a separate and independent republic, we should not now be discussing a Marshall Plan. The means of aid would not be available. Fifteen or twenty separate and sovereign nations in what is now the United States would no more be able to give aid than the existing twenty-one Latin American republics are. Hitler would not have been defeated. The foundation of the wealth and power of the United States is the political fact of the Union, a lesson which, one may hope, this generation may apply in one form or another to the Commonwealth.

Had the British Commonwealth followed the political pattern of the American Union, and the Dominions, instead of becoming sovereign states, become partners with Britain so that a British United States, girdling the earth, now duplicated the North American Union, the present desperate condition of Great Britain would almost certainly not now exist. The Commonwealth—Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa—has both greater territory and greater resources than the United States, with a population nearly three times as great as was that of America in Lincoln's day. A British Commonwealth possessing a common government and no internal tariffs could duplicate the expansion which has seen the thirty millions of Lincoln's time become the hundred and fifty millions of ours. But the political instrument for this has not yet been forged. It may never be. The obstacles are not material, lack of territory, or resources, or mechanical power; they are those of the mind, mainly the emotions of a Dominion nationalism which defeats its own purposes.

A Commonwealth unity thus world-encircling, adopting towards the smaller nations of Western Europe a good-neighbour policy like that of the United States and the nations to the south, would give prospect of a democratic population mass shortly numbering four or five hundred millions.

Only by some such development—which we cannot take for granted—shall we be able to talk on equal terms with a Russia that already dominates about a quarter of the earth.

III

To sum up, and supplement what precedes.

If, instead of fifty years of work behind me I had that ahead of me in which to do what one man might in helping to prevent either the enslavement or the extermination of the peoples of the Western World by war, I should give more weight than I have done in the past to these considerations:

(1) The exposure of specific fallacies and illusions as they crop up is indispensable, but insufficient unless we can in the process ameliorate the habits of mind which lead to the fallacies. To deal with the particular error of the moment (which this writer did in his time) is less important than to remedy the way of thought which led to it. Underneath the errors lie psychological forces, especially those appertaining to the mass mind, which we need to manage, and which have been too much neglected.

(2) This neglect is revealed in the somewhat naïve faith of so many peace advocates in ambitious, far-reaching plans of world government. If only, it is argued, we could get the consent of the nations

to the correct world constitution, federal or other, we should have secured peace. But this faith in constitutions has hardly ever been justified even in the case of national constitutions where the problem is so much simpler. Germany, Japan, Italy, France, Russia, the Balkan States, the Latin American Republics have all in recent times been, for a period, in possession of excellent constitutions. The fact has not prevented—notably in the case of Latin America—constant revolution and upheaval; nor, in the case of Europe, have good constitutions prevented the coming of Hitlers, Mussolinis, Stalins. If Britain shows a somewhat better capacity for democracy it is not by virtue of a "purer" constitution, which she has not even written, and which in practice is a hodge-podge of tradition and feudal vestiges. But it works.

(3) We can never hope to succeed with a world constitution unless we face the nature of the psychological forces which operate against effective and free government. It is in this field that man has failed most consistently and disastrously. He has learned the technology of improved material well-being. He is better fed, clothed, housed, more variously entertained, more adequately defended against disease, enabled to live longer, than ever before in history. But in his understanding of human relations and government he has shown little advance on, say, the Athens of twenty-five hundred years ago. One may doubt indeed whether Athens at its best would have swallowed a Hitler, a Mussolini, or a Stalin. In the six or seven thousand years of which we have some record in Europe, Africa, India, China, the rest of Asia, "government" has meant with only very rare exceptions merely the savage autocracy of a Pharaoh, Khan, Rajah, Czar, Kaiser, Inquisitor; with the mass of the people either slaves, serfs, or helpless puppets of their rulers.

(4) Religion, so far, has not greatly helped: as most assuredly the story of Egypt with its concentration upon death, in India with its legacy of caste, in the Mohammedan world with its military conquests abroad and its subjugation of women at home and of the Christian world with its bloodthirsty wars between the sects, most abundantly reveals. Men desire to do the will of God but seem quite incapable of agreeing upon what it is.

(5) Merely to say "more education"—more schools and longer years passed in them, more universities, libraries, books, printed matter—with little attention paid to content and purpose, may simply be a

not religion but what is mistaken for religion. True religion alone can save the world.

trap. The Germany which accepted Hitler was as bookish a nation as any in the world; Czechoslovakia was notably educated; Japan the most literate of all Asiatic countries; the New Russia is largely the work of the most "scientific" of all schools of modern sociology, of men who were most terrifyingly erudite; as are so many Communists the world over.

It would be easy to interpret the foregoing as a counsel of despair. Yet, curiously, it is those of us who fought for peace in the past that were so constantly being accused of naïve and childlike optimism. We were told that in wanting to get rid of war we were trying to change human nature—which could never be done. Men were innately irrational, and it was blind and foolish to expect them to subject passions like those of nationalism to the cold discipline of reason. This psychological determinism, the theory that we are the helpless puppets of blind forces within ourselves, was supplemented by the material determinism—particularly the economic determinism—of the Marxists who insisted that men were the product of their environment, and that if we wanted to change their conduct we must change the "system" under which they live.

From the paralysis of both these determinisms we must shake ourselves free. It is not true in any absolute sense that man is the helpless puppet either of his own passions or of external circumstance. Yet to believe that this is the case, for men to come to feel that they *are* thus helpless, is to make them helpless; to make true what need not be true; to deprive them of any sense of responsibility—and, of course, to make democracy impossible.

The life which men make for themselves is determined only in part by external circumstance; an equal factor is the way in which they have learned by intelligence to react to that circumstance. The self-same phenomena of lightning and thunder and storms which caused the jungle father—as with his ancestry of twenty or thirty thousand years—to go through life in daily fear of evil spirits propitiating them with human sacrifice, provoke in the mission-trained son an entirely different conduct. Both reactions are equally manifestations of human nature; but the son has learned to interpret phenomena in a new way, by a different use of the tool

Yes, but the vast majority of men
do not know this, they are ignorant,
blind, and stupefied in their present
stage of evolution. It will take millions
of years of [illegible] evolution to awaken
[illegible] as human

of reason. He sees things differently though they are the same things and common things. When the Pilgrim Fathers began building a nation that now numbers a hundred and fifty million souls on soil that for twenty thousand years or thereabouts had supported scantily half a million Indians, the newcomers did not bring new material cicumstances, a new climate, a new soil; they brought new ideas. Because they were more highly evolved.

Men's minds are themselves elements of the social environment. To plant a new idea, start an intellectual or moral fashion, interpret interests in a new way, is to change the environment. And Marx himself is an astounding illustration of the fallacy of that Marxist interpretation which would make "material and objective forces" the decisive factor in all human affairs. The life, not merely of Russia but of the whole world today, would probably be very different if Marx had never lived.

That men can alter their lives by new ways of thought, new methods of interpreting the external world, has surely been demonstrated again and again. The Greeks, with little of that vast knowledge of the physical world which we have accumulated since their time, simply by a new way of thought about facts which were just as available to the surrounding barbarians as to themselves, broke free from the dark prepossessions of savagery sufficiently to make the human mind an instrument of reason in the ordering of society. It was not a difference of physical tissue, grey matter, glands, blood, which distinguished them from still savage neighbours; nor was it any difference in access to the facts of the world about them: it was a difference of intellectual technique, a skill which can be acquired, as other skills can be acquired—acquired and lost.

Our problem is to improve that particular skill.

The organized learning of our schools and universities has not developed it. Formal education has often been an impediment thereto: encouraging the growth of evils like nationalism; failing to make of history (say) what it ought to be, a warning of the pits into which men so often fall; a means of bringing home to the student some sense of the frailities of our nature and the need for a discipline of ourselves. And strange gaps mark our education. What proportion of those turned out by our schools could explain the nature of inflation, or deflation? Yet those who have no such knowledge do have votes; and will determine in one way or another the policy to be followed.

If this generation can be stirred emotionally by the obligation to get at the truth, to judge social issues aright, knowing that this will demand a restraint of first thoughts, in favour of second thoughts; a setting aside of partisanship and the prejudgment of prejudice; if the democracies can acquire in the mass something of the feeling of the good judge who knows that he has a deeply moral obligation to keep a clear head; then we can build a free and prosperous society, and one which can be effectively defended against the alien tyrannies that now threaten it. But not otherwise.

LORD HANKEY

Born 1877, educated at Rugby. He joined the Royal Marine Artillery in 1895 and served in Naval Intelligence from 1902 to 1906. He was Secretary of the Imperial Defence Committee from 1912 to 1938 and of the Cabinet from 1916 to 1938. In addition, from 1923 to 1938 he was Clerk of the Privy Council. Between the two world wars he was secretary of many meetings of the Imperial Conference and International Conferences. He was minister without portfolio in the War Cabinet, 1939–40; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1940–41; Paymaster-General, 1941–42. He was created a baron in 1939.

"*La fenêtre semble ouverte sur un coin du passé. . . .*" (The window seems open on a corner of the past.)

EMBLAZONED in gold letters on the charming front window of a dealer in antiquities (Y. de Bremond d'Ars, 20 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré), hard by the British Embassy in Paris, that motto seems appropriate to this review of a life spent among makers of history, exhaustive study of which has been necessary to answer the unformulated question inplicit in the six simple words of the overall title—"If I had my time again". Simple words, indeed, but how far-reaching, searching out the secrets of every major decision of a lifetime!

And how can one avoid every author's anathema—the egoism inherent in the words "I" and "my"? Only by complete detachment, an effort to see ourselves as others see us, or like a disembodied spirit looking back on his earthly life, free from rivalry, ambition, reputation and all the conflicting emotions of mankind. Such detachment may be unattainable, but is attempted here by using the third person for narrative with occasional resort to the first person for comment.

Two unforgettable circumstances attended our hero's birth. The good fairies ordained that he should be born on Easter Day, 1877, at Biarritz, with Pascal as his second name, but the wicked fairy contrived that this auspicious festival should fall on April Fool's Day. So a fool he was born and a fool he remains—once a year at any rate. His parents, after an early married life in the South Australian bush, settled in Brighton. Kindly, God-fearing folk, they devoted their lives and their modest income to bringing up their family, of which Maurice Pascal was the fifth and Donald Hankey (*A student in Arms*) the sixth member.

Born within sound of the Biscay rollers the youngster early developed a yearning for a life at sea. A nomination for the old *Britannia* roving unattainable, to his intense chagrin he was packed off instead to Rugby, the public school furthest from the sea. But his strange nostalgia persisted and four years later he battled his way through stiff examinations, red tape, and family opposition to become a Probationary Second Lieutenant in the Royal Marine Artillery (R.M.A.), a corps amalgamated later with the Royal Marine Light Infantry (R.M.L.I.) into the existing Royal Marines (R.M.).

What an incredibly foolish decision that seems at first sight—after full warning to enter a service where in those days promotion was notoriously slow, and openings for high command in peace or war rare!

Call it what you like, my friends, chance, luck, instinct, intuition, but I who tell this tale insist that it was *Divine Guidance* which, on this momentous occasion, as on many others, led our young friend to choose aright.

There followed two years' study at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich (R.N.C.), and eighteen months of tough training at Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, and by December, 1898, his batch of seven young officers was passed for sea service.

In those formative years the young officer had acquired some ?? useful assets: from the Army Class Master at Rugby a knack of teaching himself; at Greenwich from his O.C., Captain (afterwards Major-General Sir George) Aston, the precept of "patriotism first, ?? personal ambition nowhere"; at Eastney, discipline and the comportment of an officer and gentleman; and at all three a modest reputation as a cricketer.

As Senior Subaltern, Hankey had first choice of available vacancies afloat. Politely declining Flag-Captain (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Earl) Jellicoe's cordial invitation "to keep wicket for the China Fleet" he opted for H.M.S. *Ramillies*, flagship of the Mediterranean, and in January, 1899, he clambered to the quarter-deck carrying in one hand a preposterously large sword of honour, and in the other a violin which perished in the steam of the steering-engine flat, his "practising room". If he had his time again he would seek some other outlet than a stringed instrument for his musical proclivities.

There now followed an amazing succession of fortunate coincidences. Thanks to an expansion of the Corps and regrettable war casualties in South Africa and China, Hankey became a captain R.M.A. eight months after embarkation. Even his condemnation owing to youth and inexperience to continue, though a captain, to do subaltern's duty, turned to his advantage. For the *Ramillies*, now replaced as principal flagship by H.M.S. *Renown*, became the second flagship wearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, a friend and admirer of the Royal Marines. This was Hankey's opportunity and a few months later, when his major of Marines left the station, Beresford, delighted with the spectacular successes of the detachment in gunnery, musketry, and other fleet and inter-service competitions, obtained for him the Major's vacancy. Thus, through no special merit of his own the young captain was jumped up from serving as a subaltern to a major's command in the second flagship, and at twenty-three years of age too, which, but for the good comradeship of the Corps, might have antagonized fellow captains in other ships, all many years his senior.

Then came a period of intense activity. A spirit of reform had sprung up with the arrival as C.-in-C. of Sir John (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet Lord) Fisher of Kilverstone. Taking advantage of this, our young upstart, with the support of the Rear-Admiral and the go-ahead Senior Officers of the ship, plunged into an ambitious and novel programme for training his detachment for amphibious warfare. In addition he learned Italian and modern Greek (in which latter he became a first-class naval interpreter)—but, between the reader and myself, he was, and is, a poor linguist. He also volunteered to act as Beresford's unpaid intelligence officer, which enabled him to "gate crash" Admiral Fisher's racy lectures to Captains and Commanders, where he learned much naval lore. In 1900, following a spirited argument in the mess about military and naval strategy and tactics, he entered for and won second place among the Captains and Commanders of the Fleet in an essay competition on naval tactics, and his essay was forwarded to the Admiralty. This success he repeated in 1901 with an essay on a naval strategical theme, when he was runner-up to his own Flag-Captain (R. S. Lowry)—but, by the time the results were announced he had been invalided home with Mediterranean fever.

Even in the Mediterranean the sky is not always blue and Hankey had his sorrows and set-backs as well as his successes. His eldest brother Hugh was killed at Paardeberg and his mother died soon after. Once he was "logged" for an indiscreet remark—but the obstinate creature insists that he would do it again! On the whole, however, this was an important stage in his career. He gained self-reliance, confidence, and some culture. A well-read Scotch Fleet Engineer made him read Chapman's *Iliad* in sight of Olympus, Gibbon in the Levant, and the epic story of the Knights of Malta *in situ*. He founded long-standing friendships—Herbert Richmond, Horace Hood, Richard Webb—Admirals all in the making—and many others. He would change little if he had his time again.

Unknown to himself high-up people were watching our hero's career and instead of returning to barracks he was appointed to the Admiralty Intelligence Department (N.I.D.) in charge of the naval aspects of British coast defences at home and abroad. Finding office life almost unbearable he sought an appointment in an international Macedonian Gendarmerie, an error from which Providence rescued him just in time by introducing the perfect wife—whom he would never change if he had his life a hundred times over.

At first his main interest at the Admiralty was to forward his plans for developing the Royal Marines as a nursery for amphibious warfare, and in 1905 he propounded his ideas before an Admiralty Committee which recommended their adoption. In 1921 he saw his scheme in operation, alas, not at Eastney or Devonport, but at Quantico, the headquarters of the U.S. Marine Corps, on the Potomac! The Admiralty, however, adopted some of his ideas in the First World War, and in the Second World War General Sir Thomas Hunton, the far-sighted Commandant-General, R.M., applied an up-to-date version of his conception.

Hankey's horizon broadened out when "Jacky" Fisher swept into the Admiralty to complete the renaissance of the Navy that he had begun in the Mediterranean. Our rivalry with France had given way to an *entente* to meet the growing threat from Germany. The fleet was reconstructed and redistributed. The defence of the naval bases and fuelling stations had to be reorganized to match. One day Hankey read in the *Daily Mail* that a Committee of Imperial Defence (C.I.D.) was to be set up with a permanent Secretary, and he remarked to his wife that that post was the dream of his life, but it was never likely to come true. Little did he think it would be his in eight years.

Very soon, however, he was "devilling" for his Chief, Prince Louis of Battenburg, who was a member of the C.I.D., and in 1906 Hankey became an Admiralty representative on a Committee charged with the re-armament of British (Colonial) ports, most of which were visited. Hardly was that report signed when "Jacky" Fisher picked him out as Secretary to a small naval Committee to draw up his war plans. It was almost his first experience as a Secretary. That task completed (May, 1907) he was sent back to the Mediterranean to work out corresponding plans for the C.-in-C. (Admiral Sir Charles Drury) and in February, 1908, almost dead with overwork, he was recalled by telegram to London as Assistant Secretary to the C.I.D., of which he became Secretary in March, 1912.

Here, on the threshold of his main career, I pause to point out how right had been Hankey's instinct to enter the Royal Marines, and how his subsequent life had followed a pattern marvellously designed to fit him for the post of Secretary to the C.I.D. No university or Staff College could have supplied the training of soldier and sailor too, the first-hand experience of the fleet in being and of our naval bases and fuelling stations, to say nothing of the Admiralty's war plans. Even in matters of detail these experiences had proved useful. For example, in drafting reports and plans he had adopted the principles of the "Watch and Station Bill", a document setting out the responsibilities for the action of every key man for every exercise or emergency in the individual ship. He and his comrades in the C.I.D. Secretariat were very soon to apply the same principle in drawing up the War Book, which realized Hankey's dream of a "Watch and Station Bill for the British Empire". That famous document was the climax of a long series of inquiries into principles, policies, plans, and preparations conducted by the C.I.D. and its many sub-committees under Mr. Asquith's direction, in all of which Hankey had a share.

The preparations of 1914, however, while superior to those in any previous war, were far from perfect, which provokes the usual question. The answer is easy in this case because the hero of this tale remained responsible after the First World War for the preparations for a possible Second World War and to that extent he did have his time again. At the beginning of the First World War he had asked every Government Department to record any mistakes in the pre-war arrangements and at the end of the war he had asked them to compile their reports. These made it easy for the C.I.D. to correct the mistakes in the new War Book, which, after many annual revisions, had become a very perfect document by 1939. But one question which proved very intractable was the provision for expansion and control of supplies in time of war. Ingenious plans were evolved between the wars for calculating requirements and planning the adaptation of industry to provide them, and shortly before the outbreak of the Second World War a Ministry of Supply was set up to carry matters further. But what with the huge loss of material at Dunkirk, the vast expenditure of anti-aircraft munitions, the demands of our allies and the invention of new weapons, supplies remained a great difficulty throughout the war.

Leaving the preparations and their sequel and coming back to the First World War, a complete conspectus of our Secretary's activities is impossible within the scope of the review. He was the confidant and adviser of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George in turn in all matters relating to war control. He was architect and secretary of the War Council (1914–15), Dardanelles Committee (1915), War Committee (1915–16), War Cabinet (1916–19), and Imperial War Cabinet (1917–18), which in succession exercised supreme control. He was British Secretary at inter-allied political conferences and assisted at all the meetings of the Supreme War Council of 1917–18, where the British Section of the inter-allied Secretariat was under his control. He carried out important missions to theatres of war, sometimes alone (notably the Western Front and the Dardanelles in 1915), sometimes with the Prime Minister or other persons (e.g., General Smuts in 1918). He drafted the Supreme Control's reports and decisions and prepared many appreciations of the war situation as a whole.

Hankey's critics said he was too powerful. That was true and he knew it. Knowledge is power and no one else knew so much as he of the central problems and leading personalities of the war. There Sir George Aston's precept was useful: "patriotism first; personal ambition nowhere". To avoid jealousy he refused all offers of high rank. The tail must not wag the dog, but the work he did had to be done by someone. The country was in danger and that alone mattered and in similar conditions he would do the same again. But it was partly to avoid a repetition of this concentration of so much power in one man that he did all he could to promote the establishment and success of the Chiefs of Staff Committee after the war.

At the Paris Peace Conference, 1919, the role for which Hankey had cast himself was that of Secretary of the British Empire Delegation (B.E.D.), an extension into the Conference of the Imperial War Cabinet, where he hoped to organize an Empire Secretariat. But Mr. Lloyd George thought otherwise and insisted on his becoming British Secretary of the Peace Conference, a post which he had at first refused. Mr. (now Sir) Clement Jones, however, proved a super-efficient substitute at the B.E.D. and the Empire Secretariat.

Hankey's new job was a delicate one. The improvised Secretariat-General was slow and cumbrous. But the Council of Ten (the Supreme Council of the Conference) was meeting twice daily and wanted celerity. Hankey was called to fill the gap, which he did for several meetings. Then he persuaded the Secretary-General to bring up the inter-allied secretariat from the Supreme War Council at Versailles, who proved most efficient.

Later on, however, owing to leakages and inefficiency of the original Council of Ten, M. Clemenceau, President Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George, and Signor Orlando took the main business of the Conference into their own hands. At first they met without a secretary, but soon they got bogged for want of a record. Hankey, who had expected this, was called in from the ante-room and became secretary from 5th April to 25th June, 1919. In these eighty-two days the Big Four held one hundred and seventy-two meetings, and the published records (*Foreign Relations of the U.S.A. Paris Peace Conference*, 1919: Vols. V and VI) occupy sixteen hundred pages. Besides keeping the record, Hankey organized all these meetings. Every morning between 9 and 10 a.m. he was besieged by foreign delegates, Prime Ministers and Foreign Ministers, begging him to put their business on the agenda paper. The records of the day's meetings and the business for the morrow had to be circulated the same night and required the services of twelve stenographers, and an experienced office staff, all working far into the night. In addition Hankey had to keep every subject at his fingers' ends. With such heavy mechanical and organizing work he could make little contribution to the vast political problems that passed through his hands. But it was an immense privilege to win the confidence and friendship of those four supermen, who had the future of the world in their hands.

About this time Hankey was sounded by high authorities as to whether he would like to become Secretary-General of the League of Nations, but he refused because he felt sure (in spite of personal assurances by President Wilson and Colonel House to the contrary) that the American Senate would reject the plan, and without American membership he was convinced that the Covenant, of which he was extremely critical, would not be workable.

If he had his time again he would once more (to quote Lord Curzon's phrase) "prefer the realities of the British Empire to the gilded throne at Geneva!"

Every dog has his day and after the war Hankey reached his zenith. Honours and rewards showered upon him and his name was mentioned for satrapies abroad and high appointments at home. He was urged to enter parliament and refused an offer of ministerial office, for his one clear call was to become Secretary of the Peace-time Cabinet and to apply the C.I.D. system over the whole administrative field. He would not reverse that decision if he had his time again.

Then came a set-back. The Cabinet Office was caught in the backwash of an attack on Mr. Lloyd George. At the 1922 General Election Mr. Bonar Law, in a public speech announced that the Cabinet Office would be absorbed into the Treasury and that its secretary should never again take part in an international conference. Hankey promptly offered his resignation, which defeated the plot. The work of the office continued as before, and soon after, by express request of the Foreign Office, he accompanied Mr. Bonar Law to a Conference in Paris as Secretary of the British Delegation—the forerunner of many similar experiences. The only change was that, as a sop to the constitutional pedants, the Clerkship of the Privy Council was added to our Secretary's burdens.

Post-war historians usually overlook that the origins of the

Second World War began in the first decade between the wars. It was an era of shams and catchwords, the more pitiable because the underlying aspirations were noble. Take for example the well-meaning phrase "self-determination". As Hankey foresaw when he secured its omission from the Covenant, it has stimulated nationalism everywhere and gravely weakened the British Empire—the strongest force in the world for peace. Again, the League of Nations itself, on which high hopes rightly rested, was killed by the fanaticism of its best friends. Early attempts to give precision to the Covenant, such as the Draft Treaties of Mutual Guarantee and Mutual Assistance, and the Geneva Protocol of 1925, merely revealed its unworkability. Even the Spirit of Locarno (1925) evaporated with the realization that Britain had not the force to fulfil her Treaty obligations. Like all forms of collective or mutual security the Locarno system was unreliable unless implemented by adequate armaments. But the fanatics were in full cry for disarmament, the most dangerous delusion of all. Starting from the unwieldy Preparatory Commission of 1926, the will-o'-the-wisp of disarmament led peace-loving Powers to the morass of the nineteen-thirties when they discovered that while they had been wrangling over disarmament Hitler was rearming.

Here our country had a grave responsibility. The idea of physical and moral disarmament became a veritable mania. Risks were taken for permanent peace, which we pursued by precept and example. Mothers were encouraged to dissuade their sons from enlisting in the forces. The Oxford University Union refused to fight for King and Country. The Peace Pledge Union, a Peace Ballot, and many pacifist societies added to the din. Politicians irrespective of party, the heads of the Churches, most Educational authorities, the Press, Chambers of Commerce, Municipalities, and many other organizations rallied to the cause. In July, 1928, a Conservative Government introduced the notorious Ten Years' Rule under which the basis of Estimates for the Service Departments was to rest on the assumption that there would be no major war for ten years and that this basis should advance from day to day. It was hard for the subsequent Labour Government to abolish that rule which remained in force until March, 1932. By that time the armaments industry was at its last gasp for lack of orders, and in 1933, on becoming Chairman of an Official Committee to make good our worst deficiencies, Hankey found, as he expected, that their accumulation was so great and the capacity of industry so reduced that years were required to make them good. From that time until the outbreak of war the struggle to make up for lost time and to achieve equality with Germany never ceased.

"Well, what did your paragon do to stop the rot? And what would he do if he had his time again?" readers naturally ask. In that orgy of pacifism not much could be done by officials except to warn the Government. In the first post-war decade there was not sufficient danger to justify a big rearmament programme. It was the fundamentals that ought to have been tackled, as was constantly urged. What was done was to provide an organization to handle the situation when the tide turned. In succession were established the Chiefs of Staff Committee (C.O.S.), their Annual Reviews of Imperial Defence, the Joint Planning Committee, the Joint Intelligence Committee, and the Imperial Defence College, in all of which Hankey had his share. Plans were drawn up for rearming the coast defences of the whole Empire and for the anti-aircraft defences of Great Britain. As early as 1925 Civil Defence was taken in hand. But as these fundamentals of defence were only required for a major war not a penny was forthcoming to provide them.

The Chiefs of Staff Committee of which Hankey was Secretary, the Foreign Office, and Hankey himself never ceased to warn governments of the risk they were running. To quote the famous White Paper of 1935 (Cmd. 4827):

> It is not that British Governments have neglected to keep themselves informed of the position. Every year the state of our armaments has been anxiously considered, and if risks have been run they have been accepted deliberately in pursuit of the aim of permanent peace.

On return in January, 1935, from an Empire tour during which (with Cabinet approval) he had warned the Prime Minister of every Dominion of the dangerous outlook, Hankey found the position further aggravated by the establishment of a Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture of and Trading in Arms, which, by threatening the arms industry and throwing a further strain on Government Departments must hamper rearmament. Notwithstanding that his Defence Requirements Committee had taken up the next stage of rearmament he obtained from Mr. Ramsay MacDonald a mandate to present to the Commission the official case for the retention of the private industry and to establish under his chairmanship a strong Inter-departmental Committee to help in its preparation. After giving the parties of the left, from communists to the League of Nations Union, more than a year to marshal their case, he weighed in with two long memoranda and three days of verbal evidence, tearing his opponents' case to pieces in principle and in detail and submitting powerful constructive reasons for retaining the industry. In their Report (Cmd. 5293/36) the Royal Commission declared that a state monopoly was practicable but undesirable; that no case had been made for taking so drastic a step, and that the reasons for maintaining the private industry outweighed those for their abolition. Hankey's action was resented by the parties of the left, but to their credit when they came into office after the war, they refrained from nationalizing the arms industry. But if he had his time again Hankey would not hesitate once more to risk his future to avert so great a national disaster as the change over from private to Government industry on the eve of war.

Two years later, in August, 1938, Hankey retired from the public service to become a Government Director of the Suez Canal Company.

Would he do so if he had his time again? Assuredly. The *system* of a Minister of Co-ordination of Defence, reintroduced in 1936, was not to his liking—in spite of his admiration for and friendship with Sir Thomas Inskip (afterwards Viscount Caldecote) the holder of the office. He had experienced the system before, with Lord Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George (1920), the late Marquess of Salisbury and Mr. Baldwin (1923), Viscount Haldane and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald (1924), the Marquess of Curzon and Mr. Baldwin

(1925). It had always resulted in temporary loss of prestige to the C.I.D., divided control, and two masters for him to serve, whose views were often hard to reconcile in spite of his friendship with both. To enter the threatening war with that handicap was more than he could face. He was sixty-one years of age. The concentration of three key posts in one man was no longer sound. To take them over, first-rate men were available who all were destined to win their spurs.

There the story can be brought to an end. Our hero's subsequent career belongs to a second life, as adventurous as the first, but as yet unfinished and not ripe for the test of "If I had my time again". Probably, however, if that test was applied the net result would be the same as emerges from the story told above, namely that, broadly, there is little he could alter if he would, and still less that he would alter if he could.

THE RT. REV. E. N. LOVETT

Born 1869; educated at Sherborne and Christ's College, Cambridge; held curacies at Christ Church, Clifton, and Wymynswold, Kent; was successively rector of Bishop's Caundle; St. Saviour's-on-the-Cliff, Shanklin; Farnham; and rector and rural dean of Southampton. In 1917 he was appointed chaplain to King George V. From 1924 to 1927 he was Archdeacon of Portsmouth and vicar of St. Thomas's Church, Portsmouth. In 1927 he became bishop of the new diocese of Portsmouth and in 1936 he was appointed Bishop of Salisbury. He retired in 1946.

"IF I HAD my time again"—such suppositions we rashly entertain from time to time. We do it, secure in the knowledge that the thing can never be. We are well aware that it cannot be tested whether, under the circumstances to which we refer, we should show ourselves any wiser or more far-seeing than in the "time remembered". Barrie evidently did not think it likely. We forget that the intevening years have taught us much of which we had no foresight, and have enriched our minds with many considerations which were not within our ken when we made what we now suggest was a mistaken choice or decision. Probably in cases where we now think we acted mistakenly the completely honest thing is to say: "If I then knew what I know now I would have acted differently; I should have seen the matter in a very different light".

Of course the suggestion may be made with quite a different reference. Some of us might say readily enough: "If I had my time again I would welcome the opportunity with the proviso that I was assured that in all essentials it was to be *my* life as I have known it". Most of us viewing our lives in retrospect can recognize not only mistakes we regret, but also, that so much of importance in life has not been entirely, if at all, under our own control. Most of us in the crises of life are in greater or less degree what we call "victims of circumstances". To have one's life again and improve on it, here and there, would in anything of real importance require far-reaching change in other persons and even in the system under which we had to make our choice. In any case, not a few of us wish that when we were young we had worked harder at the education which was provided for us; that we had not been a "young fool" over this or that, or that we had acquainted ourselves, in those early years of receptivity, with much that we have subsequently found out, and paid for, through trial and error. But even if we had to live our lives again, the "management" could not be expected to provide old heads for our young shoulders; neither would it be in the interests of the community that that should be possible. I do not think that when we were young we were introspective as to hereditary qualities, nor did we in our youth ask ourselves about our natural qualifications which might point in this direction or that. We may have had an emotional attraction for some vocation in which we may see others happily occupied. In these days, however, there is, I observe, a curious apathy among adolescents as to life's career. I do not think that undergraduate was singular who, when I inquired as to his future objective, replied—"I don't know, I have no enthusiasm for anything. How does one get enthusiasm? Is one born with it?" This young man was a Scholar of his College, and had already been through his training as a military conscript. That one should contribute one's share as one who "turns the great wheel of life about" is not a thought apt to be uppermost in the youthful mind. Moreover, it is hard to reorganize one's natural qualifications for that which is little known and quite untried. Although I made up my mind in early boyhood what I intended to be, I cannot recollect at any time considering whether I had any qualifications for it and if I had my time again I have no reason to think I should be more concerned for what I had any qualifications than I was in the first "round". Now, although I have no regrets in this respect, I recognize that I was taking a risk especially serious in the choice I made.

It is a curious fact that at different times I have been told that I ought to have been a barrister, a solicitor, a business man, and a farmer. When travelling in mufti in Norway I was told that some of my tourist companions were having an argument as to whether I was a judge or a professor. I should have enjoyed hearing that discussion. The thought of such deviations which I might make if I had my time over again, and which I unconsciously avoided in making my first decision, makes me thankful, for my part, that the challenge which the title of this book suggests is not founded on possibility. I have no hesitation in saying that I consider my vocation, while in many respects it is exacting and difficult, affords a greater wealth of opportunity for helping human beings in larger numbers than any other profession affords except, on the physical side, the medical faculty. Among them I have found many personal and co-operative friends. Incidentally, I recall that I did offend one of these when after a local public banquet I pointed out to him that, as it happened, in singing *Auld Lang Syne*, he and I and an undertaker were ecstatically clasping hands! But, leaving this digression, I am convinced that a love for humanity, for raw human nature, and a plentiful opportunity of helping it to bear the burdens that, too often, it brings upon itself, should preclude anyone from shrinking from the idea of having one's time again, in a life so splendidly rewarding. I should feel greatly privileged if allowed to travel the same road again, though, like Charles Kingsley and many others, I have a reverent curiosity as to how it will be when I get across the dividing stream beside which I have my moving tent now pitched till for me the Last Post sounds.

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But I do not wish to imply that after being a parish priest for thirty-two years and a bishop for close on twenty years I have nothing to regret. If I could carry back my experiences, my growth in understanding life's perplexities and my insight as to the significance of Christianity for human integration and restraint, to that superficial young man who, in 1902, knelt to be ordained deacon in Gloucester Cathedral I should feel that I was equipping him most valuably to use the service he was undertaking for God and man. I should know that I was endowing the earlier years of his ministry with that which would have saved him, and alas, other people, from much that I now regret. I took life as I found it but without much depth of feeling or spiritual vision, and certainly without any ambition, having been brought up in the country, of having any charge beyond that of a rural parish. One mistake I always remember of having allowed myself to be favourably impressed by an egregious hypocrite despite the warnings of parishoners who saw him in his true colours. If I had my time over again I should be glad to put that straight with him.

When I was only twenty-eight years old I had the temerity to accept an appointment to an important parish in the Isle of Wight. It had a large church and, being by the sea, it had a great congregation of what are called "residents", and a season which brought a crowd of visitors. At the time I was conscious of my presumption, with so small a store of experience, in undertaking such a parish. Even the Bishop of Winchester's Chaplain laughed when I asked him if he could suggest a likely curate for me. However, there I was, and as things turned out if I was twenty-eight now and had my time over again I would repeat my presumption in going there. The warmth of the welcome the people gave me and their appreciation of the church and its services stirred my heart and, I think I may say, "I found my soul", as the phrase goes, in talking Sunday by Sunday, and often in the private houses, of the things that should matter most to the individual personality. It was in that charge that I developed a certain spiritual eagerness to find spiritual teaching that would reach the good inherent in the souls of most people and so light up the lives of men and women with that light "which was never on sea or land". If I had in my "time again" the ten years at Shanklin I should rejoice in the opportunity and no doubt I should hope to avoid the mistakes I may have made through the inexperience which to a large extent was cured there, in one way or another. A thing I did learn was that he who talks in church to the average mixed crowd on the value of the Faith and its implications in common life must never forget that in that crowd what he is saying may be listened to by one, and perhaps by several, whose mind is in the thick of a battle between right and wrong, or who is intending to do that which ought not to be done. This was brought home to me in a manner I was not likely to forget, although I did not learn it until I was about to leave for another charge. A lady, an occasional visitor, informed me how, three or four years previously, she had, on a Sunday, planned suicide by drowning in the sea. She was to pass the church on her way to the shore during the hour of evening service. As she did so she heard a hymn which she had sung a few months before to her dying father. She felt impelled to stand by the church door to hear it to the end. The door opened suddenly from the inside and a lady and a child coming out stood aside for the listener to enter. The listener, taken by surprise, instinctively did so. Sitting on the nearest seat she listened to what the preacher was saying. Telling me about it, she said: "If you had known what I intended you could not have spoken to me more effectively. You saved my life".

This incident, exceptional in its gravity, is only one of so many which, taken in their variety, make, by themselves, the life of the humble parish clergyman worth living and his work worth doing, and at the end, if it were possible, repeating. The romance and encouragement of the clerical life has to do with things so intimate in private and domestic life that one cannot tell of them; but they give the man himself the assurance that if he had to live his time again he would have again the glory of trying to help some more people to live as life ought to be lived.

After what was there a very fascinating charge and after adding four most happy years as Rector of Farnham I found myself Rural Dean of Southampton and Rector of the great parish church of St. Mary. It was the Mother Church. This brought me into relations not only with the vast ship-building and dockland population but with the municipal life, the trade of the town, the University College, the schools and a large residential population. I was there for thirteen years. They were extremely busy, but extraordinarily interesting. One of the most interesting features of those years before the world war of 1914–18, was the building of the spire of

St. Mary's Church and the providing of a pageant of Tudor Southampton to pay for it. In this, generally speaking, all the community of Southampton co-operated and were correspondingly brought into association one with another. This made for neighbourliness and good feeling throughout the whole town to an extent generally admitted to be unparalleled in its story. Certainly if I had my time again as a parish priest, I should, after my experience at Farnham and Southampton, recognize that to create an atmosphere of friendship and goodwill there is nothing so practically effective as to get parishioners and other neighbours dramatically reviving the local history of former times. Among the distinguished people who were good enough to come to open each performance was Lord Haldane, at that time Lord Chancellor. He was welcomed in a neat speech by "Cardinal Wolsey", Henry VIII's Lord Chancellor, and Lord Haldane at once entered into the spirit of the occasion by expressing his gratification that his distinguished predecessor was no longer dead and was having his time again. Lord Haldane then and there recited the seven counts which led to Cardinal Wolsey's fall and death. This, as a *tour de force*, without any notice, was remarkable even in a Lord Chancellor whether of the Tudor or the Georgian species. Of course, at Southampton one is sure to have made mistakes from time to time but in a charge such as that of the Rector and Rural Dean of Southampton one has so many wise co-operators that on the whole one is saved by one or other from making a serious blunder or taking a wrong point of view.

The First World War fell upon us when I was at Southampton, and dishevelled the average order of things there; but it developed, by the constantly repeated casualty list, a sympathy and energy of service in the saddened community which endorses Mr. Winston Churchill's words in connection with the still more heart-searching war that followed after an interval of twenty-one years: "Look deep into the heart of man and you will find that human beings are not dominated by material things but by ideas for which they are willing to give their lives and their life's work". If I had my time again I should not like to miss the services in St. Mary's, for the soldiers came to Southampton to embark immediately for the

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Front—nor the civil congregations which, Sunday by Sunday, filled the church and which included hardly anyone who was not in one way or another contributing to the common effort for relief and amenity, where it could be given, to the embarking soldiers, first of all, "the Old Contemptibles", or to those of their families who were living in Southampton. It was a privilege to me that I was asked to be chairman of the War Pensions Committee. The great majority of the members would call themselves "Labour", and showed not only tireless interest in the statutory work of the committee but evinced such understanding and sympathy together with shrewd judgment as to the cases which came before us as gave me full satisfaction in the spirit in which our work was done.

Although I did not know it at the time it was a grave crisis in my life when, for the division of the Diocese of Winchester into three, it was proposed to me to leave Southampton and go to Portsmouth. As the first Archdeacon there, my objective was to be the completion of the scheme for a diocese centred on Portsmouth. In addition to being first Archdeacon I was to be Vicar of Portsmouth with the small but ancient parish church of St. Thomas of Canterbury. I think it is a very reasonable question as to this: "Would I, if I had my time over again, adhere to the flat refusal which I gave without hesitation?" I do not think I have ever been personally ambitious. But had I been, there was certainly nothing in the proposal to encourage ambition, as it then presented itself.

There were many whose position in the Church made their opinion about the scheme for a Portsmouth Diocese by no means negligible and who were quite definite in saying that it could not be carried through or, if it was, the diocese would subsequently and quickly collapse.

The work in Southampton was alive and going well—moreover, having daughters to educate, it would be a serious thing to drop, by the change, fifty per cent of stipend. It was not nice to think of going to a small church in an almost derelict parish in a still larger town than Southampton: although I was to be Archdeacon there was the additional highly specialized undertaking of forming a diocese so that a Bishop might be appointed with all things ready.

My family regarded the mere proposal as hare-brained. But the Bishop of Winchester insisted that I should think the matter over for three months. Meanwhile the promoters of the scheme in the Diocese at Winchester collectively and individually insisted that it was my plain duty to agree to the proposal. At last I agreed to go to Portsmouth, because the thing became in my mind a formula: "If you refuse to do this you can never again preach to others the essential Christian principle of self-sacrifice". Subsequent events in Portsmouth assure me now that had I refused I should be in the category of those who say: "If I had my time over again I should gladly accept the opportunity offered me then". But at the time I had no idea of the enthusiastic and generous backing which awaited me at Portsmouth. Even the Bishop of Winchester, to whom I eventually wrote my acceptance, while he expressed great pleasure, admitted that he had expected a negative from me.

On my first Sunday evening in St. Thomas' Parish Church, looking down on a mere handful of people and recalling St. Mary's, Southampton, and the great Sunday night congregations, I must confess that I questioned myself "What kind of a fool have I been?"

I have written of this particular crisis in my life as an illustration of the possibility that if one could have one's time over again one might not achieve greater usefulness, but the contrary. It does not follow that a different decision which may seem desirable subsequently, when the mind recalls it, would have led on to things more satisfactory than what followed upon the choice made. We have to remember that "tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow", as Macbeth realized, cannot be reckoned upon, when one is faced with an alternative today, of which every morrow awaits us veiled. No one needs to be reminded that, though he imagines that he ought to have chosen differently on some occasion years ago, yet had he done so he might subsequently have found that he was "ridden off" the satisfaction he thinks that choice would have brought him by some person or contingency unforeseen. In remembering this possibility our desire to have the time again, if we have such a desire, is modified. It is curious that, while we are critical of the lack of foresight in other people's decisions as to opportunities life brings, most of us do not bother about possibilities that may come later as a result of ourselves accepting this or refusing that. It is only later in life that we chatter: "If I had my life again!"

If I am challenged with reference to my own modest career and the alterations I should now wish to make in it, if I could, I can only suppose I should say that if I had to live my life again I should think no more ahead of the immediate enterprise than I did when I settled into Portsmouth in January, 1925. Children, when they have been interested up to the finish of a story told to them, always want to know "what happened after that", but on life's rough road most of us concentrate on one step at a time, the one immediately in front of us.

After two busy but encouraging years as Archdeacon I was offered the See of Portsmouth. There were two considerations which made this offer one which could have but one answer. During the work of preparation there was always the uncertainty as to how whoever came as Bishop would regard the lines on which we had planned the diocese. Would he approve or would he upset them all? If the Archdeacon was to be Bishop that anxiety was set at rest. The other consideration that left one no choice was that all those who had worked with me so ungrudgingly, so generously, and so effectively made quite plain to me their definite desire and preference for a bishop who had been associated with them in all the difficulties of the preparation, rather than for one, whoever he might be, who was a stranger to them and their efforts. So followed ten years in the newborn diocese. They were, for various reasons, the happiest ten years of my life, and if the Recording Angel came to me and said: "You may have just ten years out of your past time over again", I would say: "Give me those ten years 1926 to 1936". I was so surrounded by the whole-hearted enthusiasm of friends and co-operators who each had a place in carrying through the common cause, "the Kingdom of God in the world today", that, in living those ten years over again, I am not conscious of anything that I could wish undone but of very much over which to rejoice once more.

When in 1936 the offer of the See of Salisbury was made to me I could not but feel gratified that evidently the good name of the new Diocese of Portsmouth had proved such that the Bishop there was called to a diocese of such prestige as Salisbury with its glorious cathedral, its grand old traditions, and the illustrious names on the roll of former bishops. But that I should leave all that must be left at Portsmouth to go to Sarum was more than I cared to contemplate. However, as in duty bound, I had to put the matter before the Archbishop of Canterbury in whose province both dioceses were. He was quite insistent and gave reasons which it was impossible for me to disregard. But now, sitting beside that river which we must all cross sooner or later, and living after the days when such decisions come for me to make, I sometimes reflect that had I been left longer to be the first Bishop of Portsmouth it would have been just as well.

This is not to say that I found it anything but *au merveille* to be Bishop of Salisbury. The welcome I received was quite unforgettable and I can think of nothing, despite the constant demands for energy and judgment in that far-flung diocese, as to which I feel I made a mistake and wish I could have an opportunity of correcting it. Both within the diocese and in taking my part in the central duties in London shared by the forty-two diocesan bishops in this country, I found nothing but happy privilege, and I must ever be deeply grateful for the loyalty and affection always outpoured on me in the diocese. But the oncoming years brought with them unexpected private sorrow, and also I had only three years in the diocese when the Second World War crashed down upon this country and, of course, frustrated and upset the ordered progress of our diocesan life, and whatever plans had been made for distinctive development were blotted out. None of us would like to live again those grim six years, though they brought great opportunities to me of contact with the officers and men of the Army and the Women's Services which amply filled the blank which had been left by leaving the Naval associations of Portsmouth. My heart is warm with the memories of the opportunities given to me for contacts with the Navy and the Army as among the outstanding privileges in my life. That life has been rich in human interest just as it has been mercifully free from more failure and frustration than fall to most men.

As I look up from my writing my eye falls on the photograph of Salisbury Cathedral crammed from end to end on V-Day with a multitude whose hearts were shaking with thankfulness that the hour of deliverance had come. "If I had to live my time again . . ." I have had some great moments when I have seen that in other men and women which assures me that we humans belong ultimately not to Time but to Eternity. If it is true that a man's life-history is the shadow of his personality, I am sure that to look backward and cry *encore* is not wisdom. The true wisdom is to keep in mind the paradox: "No man is fit for death who is not in love with life".

LORD TEVIOT

Born 1874; Chairman of the National Liberal Party since 1940; Comptroller of H.M. Household, 1939–40; and Brigadier of the King's Bodyguard for Scotland. Is director of a number of companies, chairman of the National Joint Council of Scotland, and a member of the Council for St. Dunstan's.

THERE are two things I must say at once. I have no desire whatever to re-live my life and I am unfeignedly glad that I do not have to begin to live it at the present time when the twentieth century is passing its meridian.

To re-live life would be a waste of time. Within the limits imposed by circumstances, circumstances over which, in the main, the individual can exercise no control, a man's actions are determined by his abilities and his character. If I had to begin all over again, therefore, I should in all probability behave exactly as I have behaved. For it would only be by possessing different abilities and a different kind of character that I could act very differently, and then, of course, possessing different abilities and character it would not, in fact, be me who was re-living my life, but someone with whom it has never been my pleasure to be acquainted.

The only reason a man could have for desiring to re-live his life would be that at its second beginning he would enter upon it in full possession of all the experience that has befallen him during his first period of existence. This in turn would mean that he possessed the dubious gift of pre-vision. Such a gift, in fact, would not simply be dubious; it would be damnable. Where would it land one?

No doubt there would be advantages in being able to back every winner of the Derby for the last half-century or more, and to know in advance the exact fluctuations of the Stock Markets. But I doubt very much whether wealth accumulated by this method would bring any lasting satisfaction to anyone. This foreknowledge of the future would undoubtedly do much to destroy character. The easiest course always being clearly delineated in advance one would seem very foolish not to take it, but such a course would deaden the qualms of conscience. It would lead one deliberately to avoid all the rigours and ardours of life and cause one to be extremely selfish. One would be tempted to become a monster of self-indulgence and complacency.

It might be said that this gift of foreknowledge could be used to help one's friends or even all mankind, but I personally doubt this very much. So far as friends are concerned it would entail endless embarrassment. For instance, I cannot believe one would be a very welcome guest at a wedding were one to rush up to the bridegroom as he stood at the altar begging him not to make his marriage vows because one had the foreknowledge of the misery which was in store for both him and his bride. As regards the community, unless this foresight was conjoined with the omnipotence of God, one would certainly end in a mental home, if not on the gallows. Imagine the agony of being able to foretell all the tragedies and disasters that have befallen the world during the last half-century, knowing not only that one was impotent to avert them but that if one attempted to one would be considered either a lunatic or a dangerous criminal. Assuredly the Irish lady who tried to shoot Mussolini must have been granted a glimpse of the future. Unfortunately, her aim was poor. If my memory serves me right, the bullet only grazed his nose; but had she succeeded in assassinating him the Rome/Berlin axis might never have come into being, the whole course of recent history might have been changed and millions of people in many countries have been saved from infinite pain and misery. Mussolini himself would have been saved from a degrading and horrible death and an unenviable place in history. What happened to the Irish lady? Instead of her efforts being acclaimed as an heroic attempt at public benefaction, she was promptly certified insane!

I feel that it would have been impossible to impress upon the relevant authorities the exigent need for the sterilization of Hitler's parents or, failing that, with foreknowledge of the destruction and unspeakable suffering he was going to cause, would it not have been incumbent upon one to proceed to Linz for the purpose of ensuring that the infant Adolf did not live? I very much doubt whether one would succeed in persuading anyone else of the necessity and wisdom and ultimate altruism of one's action!

As I have just shown, the possession of this knowledge of future calamities which one would be powerless to avert would be overwhelming. Equally I can see little advantage in being able to foretell the more beneficial things. A man suffering from blood poisoning would not be very interested to learn that in, say, twenty years' time, were he still alive, he would be cured with a wonderful drug called penicillin. At the beginning of the century it would have strained the credulity of the ordinary man had one tried to convince him of the coming of radio and television or of talking films and glorious technicolour. I am certain that most of the pleasures of winning a golf match would be lost were one certain of victory beforehand, although had I known I was going to do a good drive when I played myself in as Captain of the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrews I should have slept better the night before.

Taking one's experience of life as a whole, if one were born with this gift of pre-vision the wisest thing one could have done at the beginning of this so-called century of the common man would have been to buy oneself a nice South American nationality, taking care to avoid those unfortunate Republics which indulge in the jamboree of an annual revolution. Then one would have escaped the rigours and horrors of two world wars and the austerity and planned misery of these post-war years.

There is one other point to consider. If one possessed pre-vision, on the scale I have already indicated, it is possible, if not very probable, that one would also know a little more. One might, in fact, even have pre-vision of the time and manner of one's own end. Nothing, I am convinced, could be more terrible than that. Living life without pre-vision, most of us as we reach the autumn years do so with resignation and with calm. We are content to leave the span of life in the hands of the Creator Who has given it to us. But to have foreknowledge of the end would be so dreadful that it is almost impossible to contemplate its effect on one's mind and character. Let us be grateful that Providence has given us one life here on earth to make or mar according to the use we find for our capabilities and talents.

Equally, as I have said, I am glad not to be commencing life anew armed with my present experience and with the prospect of it stretching away beyond the end of the first quarter of the next century. I am glad of this because the standards of values, moral and otherwise, which now seem acceptable to most people, are so very different from those which were accepted without question in the world I knew. Looking back over a fairly long life I should say that I have spent my time in four different worlds. The first twenty-five years of my life were lived in the hey-day of the Victorian era; the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The second phase spanned from the turn of the century up to the outbreak of the First World War and those years were, in my estimation, the happiest years that this country has known or is likely to record in its history. For they constituted the closing phase of the hundred years of peace between the ending of the Napoleonic wars and the beginning of the terrible German-inspired world wars. The third phase began in August 1914 with what was in effect not simply a world war but a great world revolution, for it destroyed the old Europe and many of the old values which had been accepted in a Christian world, and it saw established over one-sixth of the earth's surface the first great Communist Republic. The inter-war years I regard as part of this same phase because they were, in effect, the years of aftermath. The last of the four phases is that which began little more than ten years ago with Hitler's war, and which is now in process of development through the cold war.

Each of these phases represented, as I say, a different world, and when I think of the standards which were accepted when I was a boy, and those which are accepted now, I cannot resist the feeling that that world I knew so well is now as far away as are the great

Collection Of Late Abdul Haq Bůrq Srinagar.

days of Greece and Rome. I am quite sure that it is beyond my power to convey to the younger reader the exact measure of all these changes. I spent the formative years of youth at a time when the liberal tradition was still strongly rooted in the minds and in the lives of the British people. There was a passionate belief in liberty. It was regarded as a dishonourable thing not to be willing and able to stand on one's own feet and fight the battle of life for oneself without self-pity and according to clearly defined rules. There was pride in achievement; pride in craftsmanship, and in every walk of life there was a sturdy sense of independence and individualism. Men had a lively faith in God and in His wisdom, and from that faith there grew to be inspired a faith in themselves. The man who was most admired was the man who could do useful things, the man who took care to earn honourably every penny he received and who took equal care to pay his just debts on the nail. He was jealous of what was properly his own; he was strict in the respect he paid to what was properly the property of others. No doubt there was much selfishness, much narrow-mindedness and some intolerance, but these things seemed to be inherent in the behaviour of human beings in every generation. I am certain that there was much more self-reliance, much more tolerance and much more respect for truth in that world of my boyhood days than there is in the world today when, alas, I am an old man.

Therefore, if I had to look forward to seventy-five years of life from now, in the light of my experience, and even granted that I was re-endowed with all the physical vigour of the earlier years—which, thank Heaven, I have not yet completely lost—I should not be very happy. It seems to me that we are now living in an age when the Physicist has become more important than the Moralist, and nuclear fission mightier than the sword. Unfortunately, the pen, like the brazen tongue of the broadcast, is no longer a means of enlightenment or entertainment; it has become a potent weapon in the battle of materialism, rampant and unchecked against the eternal Christian values. We may in fact be well on the way to that state of affairs described so graphically by the late George Orwell in his last book, *1984*. He writes of the slogans in use—"War is Peace", "Freedom is Slavery", and "Ignorance is Strength". He writes of the Ministry of Peace perpetually making war; the Ministry of Truth perpetually telling lies; the Ministry of Love constantly torturing and putting to death people like me who believe in freedom; and the Ministry of Plenty perpetually organizing near-starvation. And, my young friends, all the time you would have to remember "Big Brother is watching you". It seems to me that this is no phantasy. Even here in Britain the balance of power as between the citizen and the State has already been tipped dangerously to the disadvantage of the citizen. And this process is likely to continue, sometimes openly, sometimes more subtly, because the older generation which really understands the meaning of freedom is passing away, and the younger generation is being taught either to distrust or to despise it. Certainly the younger people lack the personal experience out of which alone a sound and independent judgment can be reached. Freedom will never be lost willingly by those who understand it, but it may be filched from the rising generation because of their indifference.

They will find that they will not be left to make their own decisions about their own lives. Such decisions would be made for them "in the public interest", and their function will be to do as they are told. That, I fear, is what is coming unless modern tendencies are reversed. If those tendencies are to be reversed it must be done by those who are much younger than people like me, but our experience may be valuable in encouraging them to reassert their individual claim to a free life, and to be ready to take as they come the kicks and ha'pence which are the inevitable penalties and rewards of foolish and wise personal decisions.

I had to make my first big decision in 1892 when I was eighteen years old. My school days being at an end my family urged me to enter Sandhurst and make the Army my career. I did not want to disappoint them in any way, but I wanted even more to stand on my own feet and pay my own way in life without being a burden to them. And I was convinced that I could never live a comfortable life on Service pay. So I didn't go to Sandhurst. Instead I went to Canada.

WORK IN CANADA

My first job in Canada was in connection with a lumber-clearing contract in British Columbia where I did some heavy manual work. Later I got work in a small gold-mine. I started at that mine as a wheel-barrow boy and finally rose to become a No. 1 miner working on the face. I, therefore, know what hard manual work is like, for conditions in a Canadian gold-mine fifty-eight years ago were not of the kind which would be readily approved by modern Trade Unionists of Britain who like breaks to visit the canteen, Music While you Work, and other amenities which were then unheard of. The men I worked amongst were rough customers; they had to be to stand that sort of life. So had I. They were men, most of them, who had emigrated from various parts of Europe to seek a new life in a new country. Men who do that, whatever motive may inspire their action, are undoubtedly men of courage, and clearly they are men who have not been very successful in the land of their birth. But Canada was then, as it is now—a land of opportunity. Given a clear brain, an able pair of hands, and a willingness to "go to it", there was, as there is, a good living to be earned. But among men of that kind, rough and ready in speech and behaviour, it was necessary for a young fellow to hold his own. The experiences that I gained in those days have been invaluable to me in my later life, and I am proud now to recollect them.

Life was indeed tough and there was very little recreation. This was another great advantage, because what money I earned I saved—a thing I have consistently failed to do ever since! In spite of their rough ways my fellow-workers were good companions, and when you took them the right way they were easy to get on with. I liked the underground work, perhaps because geology was the only subject which engaged my interest during my years at school.

After three years in Canada family affairs brought me back to England for a short time. On my way home I was fortunate enough to meet a great American mining engineer, John Hays Hammond, whom I later joined in South Africa as his private sampler. Under his guidance in South Africa it was not long before I became proficient in assaying and surveying. Johannesburg was my headquarters. I lived in a hut on the Simmer and Jack mine. Every

Sunday I went into Johannesburg to John Hays Hammond's house, where I spent the day in luxury and ease and got my orders for the next week. I was very happy and was growing quite well-off. After about eighteen months of this interesting work Hammond received news—very good news—of mining prospects in Rhodesia. He expressed to me the opinion that there would be a big opportunity for me in that country, as by that time I had acquired enough experience and technical knowledge to qualify as a mining engineer myself. This meant leaving Hammond for whom I had a great admiration and much affection. I did not want to go, but after many discussions with him he persuaded me to go to replace one of his chief engineers who had recently died of blackwater fever. I went against my own inclination, which was to remain with Hammond in Johannesburg, because I had much more confidence in his theory regarding the future development of the Rand formation than I had of the likelihood of finding an El Dorado in Rhodesia. Subsequent events proved my own judgment to be right. In all I remained in Rhodesia for about a year and a half, travelling up and down the country and leading a very strenuous life, often in malarial districts. Eventually I contracted the fever and had to return to England. Meanwhile, John Hays Hammond had joined the great mining firm of Guggenheim in the United States, and this finally broke my connection with him. I have always had the feeling that if I had remained with him, as I wished to do, and had not gone to Rhodesia, it would have been greatly to my advantage. I have that feeling still.

It is, of course, easy to be wise after the event, but if I had my time again I am almost certain I should have stayed in South Africa, which remains today as it was then a great land of opportunity for those who are willing to be enterprising and to bear the responsibility for the decisions they make themselves in directing their own affairs. I like the climate of South Africa much better than the climate of Canada, and working conditions were much less severe. In Canada you had to do all the rough work with your own hands, but in South Africa this rougher work was done by the black boys. This does not mean that they were ill-treated or that they worked any harder than a white man would at labouring jobs. Its advantage was that people in my position were left more free to get on with other urgent work. But it had its drawbacks. In many of the South Africa mines the shafts were very narrow and one ascended or descended by standing with one leg in a bucket which was lowered by a rope wound round a windlass. A couple of black boys would be detailed to turn the handle of the windlass until one was either lowered into the mine or hauled back to the surface. Sometimes the boys would get weary of the job or even quarrel among themselves. When this occurred they would stop work on the handle and one was left suspended in the bucket while the matter at issue was hectically debated. Sometimes the debate might end in a fight, when, of course, they let go of the handle altogether and one's descent in the bucket was precipitate and perilous. This happened to me once, but fortunately the shaft was on an incline and I was able to grab hold of some stones as the bucket began its rapid descent. I reached the bottom more decorously than I had the right to hope, and without any broken limbs although my hands were badly torn.

In a very poor state of health because of fever and dysentery, I returned to England rather regretfully in 1899. A few months later the Boer War broke out and I thought I would soon be on my way back to South Africa. But I was not passed fit for the Army so was unable to take any part in the war.

It was about this time that I joined the Stock Exchange, first as a Jobber and later to become a Broker. I remained on the Stock Exchange, save for two short visits to South Africa, and for the interregnum of the First World War, until 1941.

The years between 1914 and 1918 I spent in France and Belgium where I endured all the experiences of boredom, discomfort, danger, fright, and exhilaration which were common to all those of all ranks who were engaged in the struggle, all strung together on the golden threads of conviviality which were created by the complete sense of unity we shared in fighting for what to us all was a common cause. I do not regret those years of active service. They brought one face to face with the elementals of life and death and they proved a severe test of character. They were, indeed, years of endurance. The slaughter of those years was immense, but unlike the experience of the Second World War such slaughter was in the main confined to the battlefields. The struggle was fought out between armies of citizen-soldiers who really had no ambition to wear uniform, and by fleets and air forces who confined their activities to what were generally regarded as legitimate targets, so that by and large the civilian populations of the belligerent countries lived out their lives in comparative safety, interested in, but not directly a part of, the various stupendous battles. In the Second World War, of course, all this was changed. That was a total war in which even babes in arms were regarded as fit and proper targets for destruction. And, in my judgment, it shows how far the moral standards of the civilized world have degenerated in only three decades. If we continue to make the same progress in degeneration, then not only civilization but mankind itself may perish from the earth, and in the end the super-clever materialists, who know everything the world can do without, and who seem to have forgotten the moral values without which life is impossible, may succeed in blowing to pieces the planet itself. In short, by comparison with what we have since seen and what we may now envisage, the First World War, in spite of all the loss of life and blood and treasure, was a gentlemanly affair in which the ancient standards of chivalry were more or less reasonably upheld.

After that war I decided to interest myself more directly in politics, and in 1919 I joined the Liberal Party. On four occasions I was recommended by good and worthy people as a fit and proper person to represent a particular constituency, and on all four occasions the electors came to the conclusion that they could not agree. It looked as if I would never enter Parliament, as I passed through the experience which I fear has since become common to many Liberal candidates. But in 1931 I was returned at a by-election for Montrose Burghs as a National Liberal. Perhaps the electors of Montrose were expressing more their faith in their traditions than they were their faith in me in that Montrose never returned any candidate daring to describe himself as other than a

Liberal between 1832, when the constituency was first created, and February, 1950, when it disappeared under the redistribution of constituencies. The good people of Montrose, all of whom I regard as my personal friends, confirmed the wisdom of their choice four years later when, in 1935, they again elected me to Parliament, and I remained a Member of the House of Commons until 1940, when, having held for some time the office of Chief Whip to my Party, I was made a Peer on the dissolution of Mr. Chamberlain's Government. I am very proud of the honour of being made a freeman of Montrose.

It had been a long journey both in distance and in time from that lumber camp in British Columbia to the House of Lords. In distance more than six thousand miles; in time nearly half a century.

Since then I have ceased to be an active member of the Stock Exchange and have become a Director of two Banks and an important Insurance Company, as well as having other commercial interests. I have been for some years, and still am, Chairman of the National Liberal Organization, and I am as faithful today to Liberal principles and to my belief in free enterprise and personal liberty as I have ever been.

Whether I was wise to spend so many years on the Stock Exchange is something about which I cannot make up my mind. As I have said before, I often wish I had stayed in South Africa where I would surely have entered politics, doing what lay in my power to develop Liberal ideas in the solution of the racial problem which must always remain difficult in that part of the world.

As things turned out, apart from trying to pay a proper regard to my own interests, which is the inescapable duty of any honest family man, I have tried within the limits of my power to serve others, in ways which have brought no reward other than the satisfaction one derives from trying to serve one's fellow man, which is perhaps the greatest reward of all.

One thing I definitely regret is that I never persisted with the habits of thrift that I learned in Canada. In old age a sizeable nest-egg can be a great comfort, although we do not realize this until perhaps it is too late. Of course, I should have had to deny myself many of the pleasures that I have enjoyed, and with taxation as it is today a nest-egg in practice might turn out to be addled. For in the matter of thrift life seems to be standing upon its head. When I was a boy it was a sort of moral crime for a man to be poor; now it is a sort of crime for a man not to be poor, and if he possesses a shilling someone else hasn't got it is thought that he must have obtained it in ways that can do him no credit. I wish, too, that I had taken more pains with my education, although I could never have lived the life of the scholarly recluse.

Golf has been an abiding and lifelong recreation which I do not regret and I am convinced that it has contributed more to a vigorous old age than any other of my activities.

The feature of my life for which I am most grateful is that I have learned from practical experience that it takes all kinds to make a world, and it is surprising how much all the kinds have in common. The reader who has borne with me so far will realize that I have rubbed shoulders on equal terms with Canadian lumberjacks, gold-mine prospectors and workers, the manifold types one meets on the Stock Market, and the man-in-the-street who is the "Governor" in politics. I have been privileged to have some great men as my friends, and have met and known intimately bankers, industrialists and commercial magnets, Trade Union leaders and members of the Church. I have seen life as it is lived by those who are poor and by those who are rich, and there is a common denominator in human decency and charity inspiring them all. I can only hope now that they may have learned as much from me as I have learned from them. Looking back over a long life I cannot recall any one instance of a man or woman doing me an injury or in any way letting me down deliberately or out of malice. When I have been let down, it has been because circumstances have overwhelmed those upon whose word I depended, and not upon their chosen actions. In fact, it is one of the greatest paradoxes of life, a paradox for which I can find no rational explanation, that in a world in which there seems to be so much stress laid upon material values, so much stupidity and brutality, there should be so much of human decency and kindness. It gives me hope to believe that maybe in the long run these finer qualities will end the paradox by regaining their supremacy. Maybe it is part of human nature to worry overmuch about the ephemeral trifles and to neglect the greater values.

I well remember an old miner, who, when he was leaving, came to say good-bye, grasped me by the hand, looked me straight in the eyes and said: "God damn the man who comes between you and me, boy". And the Chinese I met in China during the war, who, when visiting England on a Mission, was asked whether he knew me. His reply was: "Of course I know him; he is Chinese like us!" A great compliment from a proud Chinese.

Attempting to sum up the lessons of my life, as far as I am able to appraise them, and for such guidance as they may give to those whose years are still before them, I would echo the sentiments expressed in the simple doggerel of Walter Savage Landor:

Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand like stone;
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

DR. MARIE STOPES

Born in Edinburgh, but a Londoner from a year old. Doctor of Science, London University; Ph.D., Munich. Lectured at the Universities of Manchester, London, and Tokio. Carried out research on the constitution of coal; discovered other unknown species of fossils. Author of Married Love *and series of pioneering books ennobling sex life. President and founder of the first birth-control clinic in the world. Is also a poet.*

MERELY to be alive and free endows one with the rich privilege of enjoying delicious sensations, beautiful sights and sounds, vistas of knowledge in books, and human and animal contacts so enchanting, unexpected, and tender, that, for the many years I have realized this, there have been few working hours when my heart has not said to itself in some way or other, *jubilate deo.*

Those who live today can see, not only the outward colours of the lily and the rose, but their minute symmetries and microscopic beauties, enjoy not only the sight of the sparkling constellations in the night sky, but learn some of the ordered laws of invisibly distant worlds vast and fiercely incandescent. We moderns wear such diadems upon our brows that our existence is a celestial pilgrimage, with heavenly bodies at our feet as well as our heads. Stormy interludes and events that torture may be interspersed: what of it? There are thunder storms in our physical skies. That I have experienced rather more of agony than do most people does not at all lessen my delight in daily living.

Have I ever wanted, had I to have my time again, to be anyone else? No. Given this self, to train it, enlarge it and make it more and more alive, has ever been my creative will. There are innumerably more interests, potentialities, and pleasures to anticipate. In all the universe, I think, my only real enemy has been Time. He will not give me forty-eight hours in a day, nor allow me to gaze for an immobile week at a sunset over the sea: he wrenches from me the bud to place the rose in my hand, yet even he cannot prevent me encompassing the spring woodlands within me, as I am at work in a November fog in London.

Spring is immortal! For men's minds
Once ravished by her beauty hold her fast
Drawing her essence ever from the past
In close embrace. She lives all winter through
Flowering for ever in men's snowbound hearts.

Time, too, though a mechanically inexorable enemy, may be amazingly elastic, and allows me to do more in five minutes in some conjunctions than in five weeks in others.

Time, surely, is my most annoying enemy: I like Eternity far better, and get on in it far more happily.

Can Time devour the burning heart of love
And gnaw the bones of what were once love's wings
Seeking by ravishment its strength to prove
And tear from out the roots the tongue that sings?
Time seems to conquer in these earthly ways,
To rend the hearts of lovers with their tears;
But there is something longer than Time's days
Glowing beyond the last of all Time's years
Eternity—whose strong white wings will fold
Soft plumed around its dearest, nearest child
And tip love's infant pinions with pure gold.

Were I to have my life again, here and now in different circumstances, to whom could I be born who would give me the mastery over time in this life?

As I do not know, I feel no desire for different parents, for unless I were myself it would not be me having my time over again.

My parents and the upbringing I had are an essential element in my present self: Love was mingled with stern disciplines, bracing, sometimes painful, undoubtedly valuable.

My mother was a learned woman, a Shakespearean scholar who read the old records and knew the detailed life of the court of Queen Elizabeth as a vicar's wife knows her country parish. Her books are still "source books" for the learned. She was a Scottish Calvinist and a stern disciplinarian. Her father had been an artist, and her grandfather a lawyer, a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, friend, partner, and later successor to Sir Walter Scott. My father was a Quaker, an authority on barley and an anthropologist who accumulated the largest private collection of prehistoric tools in the world. (They are now packed away in the National Museum of Wales.) Both were advanced and enlightened people who worked for women's suffrage and never made me feel I ought to have been a boy. Girls were preferred by my father. I owe much to that.

Together my parents took me in a dahabiah down the Nile with the famous Assyriologist, Professor Sayce, months before I was born: in those months also they took me throughout Palestine, Greece, and Italy and across Europe.

If I were to have my life over again, would I choose to give all that up and try another mode of entry into life? No. Could I have my time again I should wish to keep all those and the many other roots my parents gave me. Yet with them all, there were some things that made me sad and sometimes frightened when I was very young.

Could I choose my time again, I should certainly like to know by the age of six that currant buns cost only a halfpenny (they did before the war). Absurd, you say? Not at all. For want of that trifling piece of information I was miserable and utterly humiliated for over two years of my childhood. At that time my mother and father were very well off (though later he lost his money and died prematurely before I was through college, so I learned the need of extreme economy later) and, when small, my sister and I shared a private dancing mistress, and we all went to two or three friends' houses in rotation for the lessons. My mother gave all the children pink and white fondant cakes: one of the other mothers only gave currant buns. Later I learned that my mother, being a fussy dietician never allowed young children to eat currants, but at the time I imagined it was because we were too poor. So I silently suffered torments of humiliation, for, of course, it would have been an unimaginable lack of feeling for my father's pride to have asked such a question. I got it into my head that he was so poor that I should save the pennies of my pocket money and put them, without his knowledge, into his overcoat pockets. He never knew. It taught me one of life's valuable lessons—"What I gave I have".

Yet, if I could have my time again, I should choose to escape that young unhappiness. But could one? If it were not this, it would be some other inexplicable small custom that would penetrate beneath the surface and wound indelibly. I am sure of the inevitability of something of the sort in the happiest childhood of a sensitive person. A lump of clay wouldn't feel comparable pains, but it would not be worth while to be a lump of clay.

To most adults childhood appears to be the happiest time. It is not. I am far happier today than when a child. When I was about eleven I bore the burden of a profound sense of responsibility for the whole world: so much so that I remember bursting into tears and crying again and again: "I couldn't help it, I couldn't help it, what could I have done to stop it?" when someone mentioned at tea-time that there had been an earthquake in South America and many people had been killed. I did not see what to do to help the world then.

The sense of responsibility for the whole world is moderated now, but still remains acute, but now I do know what I have to do. Still I suffer profoundly for the millions of pitiful lives I could have saved had I not been thwarted by theological obduracy and commercial greed. Not the whole of my work, but one particular part of my social service was opposed to the teaching of the Church of Rome. About the deepest truths I teach, my pamphlet, *Sex and Religion*, points the way to universal agreement, not only between myself and the Roman Catholics, but with all other religions. Countless thousands already realize this, and I hope ultimately to convert the whole world. Yet even given my time over again I do not see how I could have done this in the time so far at my disposal. More time is needed for the truths I teach to take root everywhere.

The publication of my book, *Married Love*, with its then original and revolutionary main theme, overwhelmed me with other problems from numerous grateful readers, and the intensity of their demands for wider advice and help brought practical problems to me daily for solution.

By 1920 my husband and I found that no hospital and no other society would initiate certain work for motherhood and the family which was then (and still is in most parts of the world) desperately needed. So we opened the first Mothers' Clinic on 17th March, 1921, where help and instruction on all aspects of sex life could be obtained free by anyone.

Our aim was clearly set out—"That every baby born shall be healthy, beautiful and *loved*, both before and after birth, and that motherhood shall be healthy and joyous". We were so inexperienced and unprepared for real life that we thought that this aim would appeal to every rational and kind-hearted person: but did it? Alas, the most incredible opposition had to be met, including attacks on my life.

Though many of the great ones of the day were with us, and became patrons of this first clinic, including Lady Constance Lytton, Lady Glenconner, Edward Carpenter, Arnold Bennett, Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, Sir James Barr, M.D., Admiral Sir Percy Scott, and many others, we could not at once move the Government to take up work on the lines of my clinic. At that time Lloyd George was Prime Minister, so I went to see him at 10, Downing Street. He gave me every possible encouragement behind the scenes, but told me that governments never led, they could only follow after notable demonstrations of public opinion. He advised me to hold a big meeting. So I took the large Queen's Hall, and, without a committee, packed it. The main idea I presented, which seemed to touch the audience with a breathless astonishment, was of birth-control as an instrument that could be used in a *constructive*, creative way. That it was like the control of a car: steering, as to the right, to bring babies to good homes where they were wanted, to the left to keep them from weakling and overburdened mothers, and straight on by spacing the family so that the mother could breastfeed and care for each properly before another was conceived.

All this was absolutely new and welcome, and I began to sweep the country with my message, speaking to packed audiences in numerous town halls. But—I was hindered in countless ways, sometimes violent, often intangible.

Before long I had to face the charge that I was a criminal! This led to the *cause célèbre* Stopes *v.* Sutherland, a very costly proceeding. One thing I did not have in my campaign, and it would certainly have facilitated it—a large amount of money. Often, often, I have longed for a millionaire to give, or leave, me a few millions.

The prospects for the peace, health, and happiness of all mankind would be greatly increased if he would. But no one has yet had the intelligence to provide me with this tool. Had I my time again certainly I would not be so simple and unworldly as I was, nor would I again allow my original ideas to be commercially patented by tradesmen who not only scooped financial benefits but gravely misused my name.

But I ask myself, could I begin again, with not only the will to help, the knowledge of what is needed, and the worldly wisdom to protect and advance my campaign, would I enter on the arduous task again? At the beginning, could I have foreseen not only all the public fights, but the private cruelties wreaked upon me, the loss of so many family friends, the slanders, the attempts on my life, the successions of subtle devilries—could I, knowing all this beforehand, have set out on this course again? Only if, as in this life, I were guided by clear and explicit instructions, not day by day, but at several major turning-points. There was no choice, it is impossible to disobey clear instructions given in a super-normal way. So, when my enemies tried to frighten me off a public platform by sending messages to myself and my hosts that I would be shot dead when I stepped up to speak, of course I did step up to speak, and carried the audience with me. Having unsheathed the sword to slay a hydra-headed dragon, one cannot lay it down. But if I had my time again, I should be less generous to those who have stood between me and the unhelped millions whom I might have saved.

Now men encompass music everywhere,
That distant ear to distant voice may hark
Potentially springing from the air,
Alas, my mind may not communicate
The strength and freedom of its inward state.

The grinding practical side of my work is counter-balanced by my life of contemplation, with its complement—the creation of poetry. Next to the active expression of love, the delight of writing poetry when "it comes of itself" is the keenest experience. My harvest in this field has been less than I should like it to be, had I my life again.

When I was a schoolgirl in the upper forms, studying chemistry and biology, I wrote many poems, and my biology mistress made me tear them all up. She insisted that I had a capacity for scientific work, and must not "waste my time" on poetry. I was idealizing her then, and allowed her this intimacy and power: if I had my time again I should resist such a bullying materialism. You may well ask, could I have obeyed her if I had really been a poet? Yes, at any rate the great Byron stopped writing one of his greatest poems, "Don Juan", at the command of his Teresa, and long refrained from writing until she gave him permission to continue, when he at once took it up again and completed that wonderful work. My teacher was dead before I disobeyed her with a series of books of poems since 1939. Any school teacher who stops a child writing poetry is a fool: it is not like writing history or mathematics, an exercise of the brain taking much time. Real poetry takes almost no time at all, for it sings itself suddenly in one's ears, and the pencil can hardly write fast enough to take it down. One's heart beats, there is an exultant thrill and a swimming joy, and one is *refreshed* and more capable of other and intellectual toil.

Sprung from that freshly scented English breath,
Set with the jewels of the English flowers,
Wrapt in the colour of our summer days,
There have I lived and sung. Nor strife, nor death
Can now undo the beauty of those hours
Wherein I shared on earth such heavenly ways.

Another delightful and stirring thing is to make scientific discoveries, to look down the tube of one's microscope and see the clear, uncrushed, undisturbed cells of extinct species which were alive three hundred million years ago. It is deeply moving to see their delicate and characteristic tissues, with cell walls and nuclei and to know that in their long past no human eye had seen them, that at the moment, under one's own eyes, they are being observed and recognized for the first time in all time. This pleasure has been mine often. The intellect and the emotions mingle in an exhilarating mixture which goes to the head more effectively than any purely bodily excitement. Workers in all branches of science may enjoy similar experiences. If I had my time again, I must choose again to be a scientist.

One evening, long ago, I was sitting by a coal fire sewing. I noticed some tiny volcanoes bursting out of the coal and pluming themselves with smoke before each burst into flame. Between the stitches I watched them. In a big lump of coal, a band a few inches above the first did the same thing and sprouted a row of tiny volcanoes. I searched the coal box, and found another piece of coal with a brilliant band in its structure. I laid it carefully on the fire and watched. This brilliant band also sprouted volcanoes. That gave me the idea which led to my researches published by the Royal Society, on the four ingredients in banded coal. I named them vitrain, etc., a word now in the great Oxford Dictionary, while the ideas and terminology are interwoven into international research.

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Among the most beautiful of all fossils of past epochs are those in coal, preserved as petrifactions, that is, with the uncrushed cells penetrated by mineral matter. Under the microscope we can get to know them almost as if they were alive. The academic study of coal, its origin, true nature, and preservation, is a branch of science now overshadowed in the popular mind by the practical economic uses of coal. Knowledge of coal can be pursued, as all true knowledge should, for purely intellectual reasons.

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My researches in the English coal measures led me to desire to find petrifactions of a newer geological age—a mere thirty million or so years old. I announced that what I wanted would be found in such and such conditions in Japan. I asked to be sent there to find them. I was sent, and I found them. I lived in Japan for a year and a half, and at the Imperial University in Tokio was the only woman in that great institution. My journeyings in Japan took me to places where no white man had ever been. My fossil-hunts also covered a number of places where they had never seen a white woman before, and so to many diversions of my path. However firm had been my expressed intention of going direct to a coal-mine or a quarry, the local entourage who attached themselves to me persistently guided me to something other, often a school or a temple. While I was emphatically assured I was being led to the coal-mine, I would suddenly find myself in front of a school and being coaxed inside with the request that I would give them just one lecture. I remember, with shame, how I generally refused and insisted on my coal-mine. In the vernacular local papers I was described as a divine being, as so obviously not a man and so obviously it was impossible I could be a woman, divinity was attributed to me. Yet, alas, the only time in my life when I was granted divinity and asked to speak, I turned my face away from would-be pupils and insisted on coal-mines! Had I my time again I should give all those lectures: but now, not on the subjects that were then expected.

But these are profound matters: Life is ornamented by many material trifles. Had I my time again I think I should definitely be more extravagant in the purchase of silks and flowers. Also I should choose to know very early that the best bread is one hundred per cent extraction whole wheat made by oneself and *not* by a baker. Then, too, instead of suffering the many colds I have had, I should like to know early what I learned fifteen years ago, how never to have one at all. Having had my back broken and my heart injured by carbon-monoxide poisoning have been a great waste of time. Had I my time again I should like to escape these hindrances.

One last example, this concerning both my husband and myself. Though he and I were married in St. Margaret's, Westminster—a church we both especially loved, and we were married there by the (then) Bishop of Birmingham and the Rector of Old Windsor—when we reached the vestry we were not allowed to sign the register. It came about in this way. Invitations were out to our friends for this marriage, when my husband (who was in the R.A.F.) received orders to return to the Front. So, naturally, we immediately married at the Registrar's Office. Then he was not sent to the Front, and the marriage as arranged took place. But this meant that we were already legally man and wife when the Bishop married us. Hence there is no record in St. Margaret's of our marriage there. This is a great injustice to us. The clergy profess to consider Christian marriage important, yet they keep no record of it! It is an affront to those who come for the blessing of the Church. If the Church itself treats the religious ceremony in this offhand way, how can laymen be expected to take it seriously? If I had my time again I should start a campaign to ensure that there is a register, a special one if necessary, that is signed by all who have had the religious ceremony of marriage. I cannot at all see why everyone married in a given church should not sign the same register, with a note against the names of those who had the religious ceremony only and had already had a civil marriage.

If the Church has so little respect for its own ceremony as not even to record it, what right has it to be so mean as to deny a religious ceremony to the innocent divorced party?

vain hope!

If I had my time again, I could easily use it for a passionate campaign to christianize the Church.

I shall, of course, have my life again, in many lives in many worlds. I sincerely hope that in every one of them I may be granted some really hard pioneering job to do, the capacity to perceive beauty, the exhilaration of creative work, and the rapture of individual love. Ultimately perhaps, after many, many times, "my time again" to win some glimmering light of understanding of *what* the universe is and *why*.

When I was at school in Edinburgh I learned the Scottish catechism—What is the first Duty of Man? To glorify God and *enjoy* Him for ever.

Enjoy Him: that I have done and do. If I had my life over again, what else could I do?

A primrose, moss encircled, upward peers
Into celestial whorls, with a calm eye
Straight into swift revolving heavenly spheres,
Nor quivers at immensities on high.
Its golden circlet, calmly star-like planned
To show no sign of all the inner surge
Of ion hordes, atomic conflicts fanned
To feed with revolutions life's swift urge.
Its stilly, lucent, surface symmetry
Pleases my eye, reflects within my heart
A pool of peace clear cut from strife. May I
Thus hold a radiant pattern on my part
    Daring serenely from my clamorous sod
    To be myself, and please the eye of God.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

Born 1889 at Peckham, in London, educated at Christ's Hospital and Oxford University. He joined the staff of the Westminster Gazette *in 1912, becoming art critic the following year. In 1914 he became a reviewer to* The Times Literary Supplement. *He joined the Political Intelligence Department of the War Office in 1916 and in 1919 was Chief Censor. Later he became editor of the* Athenaeum *and from 1923 to 1947 was editor of* The Adelphi.

I SUPPOSE there is a sense in which anyone who accepts himself, with all his imperfections on his head, accepts also the circumstances which have shaped him to what he is. And this will apply equally to circumstances which seem to have been imposed upon him, and those which derived from his own choices of action. Since it seems to him good to be what he is, the choices and the circumstances also are good which have made him what he is. There is neither pride nor complacency in this attitude. These may accompany the satisfaction of a man who supposes that he is "self-made". But the essence of this attitude is that the subject regards himself as clay in the potter's hands. He acknowledges the divinity which shapes our ends, however we rough-hew them. He is grateful for what he is, and it gives him a feeling almost of ingratitude to indulge the imagination that he might have been otherwise.

Fundamentally, I suppose, this is a religious attitude, and corresponds to the realization that "all things work together for good for them that love God". For if we translate it into theological terms, the grateful acceptance of what one is implies the grateful recognition of a divine providence. Theoretically and logically this recognition would preclude the desire that one's past should have been different. But possibly theory and logic are out of place in this realm of intimations, in which those things are most certain which are most vague. The inconsistency between the faith that one's life has been ordained by a higher power and the supposition that if one's life were to be lived again one would live it differently is perhaps only formal. For the faith is shadowy, and the supposition an impossibility. They do not really conflict, because they never really meet. The impact between them is enforced and abstract, and is obtained by denaturing the opposites—by systematizing a faith, and making real an impossibility.

Thus it is that the haunting saying: "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait*" is less a regret than a description of life. It lies in the nature of youth not to have the wisdom, and in that of age not to have the power. That *is* life—unique, simple, and mysterious. Were we wise before the event, we should be incapable of experiencing it.

Yet the question "What would you do, if you had your time again?" is not nonsensical, nor the attempt to answer it meaningless. In its way, the answer itself must be a declaration of faith: or at least an assertion of value. Though any man's life is both many-faceted and one, there are two obvious sides to it. There is the intensely personal—the sequence of shaping experience whereby, in the most intimate sense, he has become what he is; and there is the more objective—for instance, the career he chose. Roughly, we might distinguish them as what he tried to be, and what he tried to do. Manifestly, there is no hard and fast line between them: they shade into and interact upon one another at points innumerable; but the broad distinction exists. And it is easier to imagine that, with a second chance, one would try to do something different from what one has done than that one would try to be different from what one has become.

But circumstances count for so much. The more intently I look back on my life, the less possible does it appear that, with circumstances what they were, I could have chosen to try to do anything greatly different. For instance, at the age of fifty-two, I finally and very deliberately turned farmer. In a chaotic and uncertain world it appeared to me that in trying to rescue a dilapidated and underproductive farm from decay I should have the satisfaction of aiming at something which was certainly good—an end which my mind, at its most critical and sceptical, could not but approve. And I wished, very heartily, that I had turned farmer long before. There is so much that at fifty-two one is too old to do, too old even to learn. Yet, if I ask myself seriously: But *could* I have turned farmer long before? it seems to me that I cannot honestly answer "Yes". Materially, I had not the capital required; still more important, I had not reached the mental condition in which I felt that I *must* take the plunge. I could indeed, after a fashion, imagine myself as having been dedicated to farming all my life; but the person I thus imagine would not have been me or a colourable imitation of me. He would have been far better off than I was at the age of twenty, and, to take to farming with a mentality and a purpose like mine, he would have had to be intellectually precocious in a way I never was. Inwardly and outwardly, my circumstances would have been so different that there would have been no identity of person at all.

I have been reading lately the novels of that admirable and neglected writer, George Gissing. Their recurrent theme is the suffering that attends the combination of unusual intellectual gifts and refined tastes with poverty. I do not doubt the veracity of Gissing's picture of life, or at any rate the reality of his own suffering in the situation in which he continually places the most significant characters of his books. And certainly I have known what it was to be poor, and I have been pretty miserable in that condition. I well remember a time when it seemed to me that it would make *all* the difference if I had had a secure pound a week. Nevertheless, supposing I had Gissing's gift as a novelist, I cannot imagine myself making the suffering of refined poverty my central theme. It may be that I have been a little more fortunate than Gissing; it may be that social conditions have changed very much in the fifty years since he acquired his experience of life; or it may be that our temperaments are totally different, despite the fact that I am deeply attracted by his work, and find the character reflected in it greatly congenial. But, whatever the cause, I cannot conceive myself attaching the importance he did to the spiritual effects of poverty.

There is not, I think, the faintest doubt that if Gissing had been asked what he would have done if he had his time again, he would have answered: "Be born with a modest independence". His demands were never exorbitant; £200 a year—of the good money of the 1880s—would have sufficed him. But that, he believed, would have made all the difference to him. He was convinced it would have made him a better man. It would be presumptuous in me to say that a man of Gissing's ability and insight was mistaken about himself; and yet I am not persuaded that the trouble lay precisely where he thought it did. I suspect in him some fairly deep-seated incapacity to cope with the demands of daily life, from which he imagined that the possession of a competence would have shielded him.

But the example of Gissing raises the question: How much latitude may we allow ourselves in imagining what we would do if we had our time again? Is it legitimate to imagine our material circumstances essentially changed? I hardly think so, for that would take the speculation into the realm of pure fantasy, and to imagine ourselves endowed with the magic ring of the fairy stories. That may be a delightful form of day-dreaming. I found it so when I was a little boy, and was fond of supposing that I had been born a duke—why not a king, while I was about it, I cannot say: but most certainly it was a duke I would like to have been. And the chief reason, as I remember it, was that a duke could do what he liked. By which I meant that a duke (as I imagined one) made his own rules. Oddly enough, they were very modest freedoms which I coveted, and it was certainly not necessary to be a duke to enjoy them—to have a boat of my own to sail, and a horse of my own to ride, were, by far, the most exalted: and even these were accidental and trivial in comparison with the one on which I brooded deliciously: which was to be myself and be a duke at the same time, to have my dukedom up my sleeve, so to speak, so that nobody should know about it except myself, and the chosen sharers of my secret. Of these I can remember only one. She was as imaginary as my dukedom. But it was a thrilling moment when I revealed to my sweetheart that, in addition to being my wife, she was a duchess.

Compared to those heady possibilities, what may be called legitimate speculations on what I might do or be, if I had my time again, are pedestrian indeed: for they are things which might, with reasonable probability, have happened to me, or which I might have made to happen if my material circumstances had been essentially the same, and I had been a little wiser, or a little more wisely treated, than I was. Of these humanly possible things, which did not happen to me, those I regret the most are concerned with my education. I should like to have been taught at an early age to do things with my hands—to have learned to be a moderately competent carpenter, a competent draughtsman. The rudiments of the first I have taught myself after a fashion: the second is for ever beyond me. I see no good reason why it should have been so. I think I could have learned all the Latin and Greek I did learn—and which I am devoutly thankful to have learned—in half the time I actually spent upon them. If I could have spent the other half under a capable woodworker and a patient art-master, I should be much better pleased with myself than I am, and I should have had a more enjoyable time at school than I actually had. These are aptitudes which have to be instilled and developed when one is a boy, if they are to be acquired at all. Allied to this missed elementary training in a handicraft or two, but on a slightly different plane, is the power of close and quick observation of Nature. That also, I think, might have been developed to a certain point in me while I was still ductile; though someone would have needed to discover that I was abominably short-sighted, and for the most part did not observe things simply because I did not see them. By the time my short-sightedness was discovered, I was twenty and the power of careful observation had atrophied, so that I am not naturally observant of the external world. It requires a very deliberate mental effort.

But even if I had a second chance, it is by no means certain that these defects would be remedied. As the remedy did not originally lie within my power, so it might be again. All it amounts to is a declaration of my belief that an all-round education, manual, sensuous, and intellectual, is the best; and a desire that the educators into whose hands I might fall on my second journey would share this conviction of mine. Such teachers were not very numerous at the beginning of this century, though I believe they are more plentiful now. But by the rules of the game I am not allowed to choose to be born fifty years later. Nor would I, even if it were permitted. For I would not willingly surrender my brief adult experience of England and Europe as they existed before the First World War. To me, poor and at the bottom of the ladder, it was not a very friendly world; I knew, mostly, the reverse of the medal called Freedom: nevertheless, the lovely obverse was there, and I had a glimpse of its enchantment.

It is when I come to man's estate, and to the choices for which I was, in the legal sense, wholly responsible, that my real difficulties begin. Was I a fool, or well-guided to leave Oxford abruptly at the beginning of my final year to take the plunge into journalism and marriage? For the life of me, I cannot tell. Though I have no doubt that more education would have been good for me, I believe, too, that my very absence of circumspection, my incapacity to take the prudent view, was also good for me. The values that prompted me then are my values still, and I am forced back to the acknowledgement that what I did I had to do, and that, unless I were a totally different being, I should do it again.

So it is, it seems to me, with all the major choices of my life. One of them, in particular, from the point of view of a detached observer, or even of a sympathetic friend, was quite desperately foolish. It led me into ten years of continuous and increasing misery. During that time I would have agreed with anyone who cared to condemn me, that I had been guilty of an irremediable folly. I should have added that I felt that I was being exorbitantly punished for it. But, although I did feel this, for some reason it never rankled. The reason is difficult to define, for I was vastly unhappy, and, as I say, I did feel that my punishment was disproportionate to my offence. Yet it is true to say I did not resent this. It was because I had a sort of religious faith, which I find it impossible to describe in simple terms. I can only say that, at a certain moment in my life—to be precise, at the age of thirty-three—I was overwhelmed with the conviction that everything that had happened and would happen to me had a meaning. That conviction has proved to be quite unshakable; indeed I never had any doubt that it would be. It was of another order, and from another dimension, than any conviction I had had before, or have had since. This conviction, though it did not diminish my misery, changed its nature. I could see no meaning at all in what was happening to me. To regard it as a just punishment for my folly required an impossible effort of casuistry, indeed, a positive dislocation of my sense of values. So there was nothing to do but hold on to the conviction that the event had meaning, although the meaning was incomprehensible to me. In the course of time there came a total deliverance, and it was then apparent to me that it could never have come at all if I had not endured what I had.

That sounds a barren platitude. Obviously, if I had never got into the mess, I could never have got out of it. But what I mean by a total deliverance is very different from an escape from trouble. I was delivered not only from my bondage but from all that was false in the belief that led me into it. That belief was a compound of truth and error. The error was purged away and the truth vindicated and enlarged as it could never have been except through my actual experience. And, though I should never dream of denying that what I did was foolishness, equally I could not dream of denying that the folly was redemptive. It is as though my foolishness had within it some saving grace of whole-heartedness. I had plunged into it with the whole of myself, without a scruple or a misgiving; and the very completeness of my folly and the consequent disaster seems somehow to have saved me. And this I surmise to be the meaning of Blake's profound aphorism: "If the fool would persist in his folly, he would become wise". Certainly, I can say that whatever wisdom inhabits me—it may not be much, but it is sufficient for me, perhaps because it is all I am capable of—is the direct outcome of my persistence in my follies. Though it is open to anyone to tell me that this a very comforting persuasion to have and that is why I have it, I stick to my conviction.

It may therefore be that, owing to my idiosyncrasy, I am about the last person on earth to expatiate on what I should do if I had my time again. There is so little—and of that little there is nothing of importance—that I can honestly say I wish I had done otherwise. Even of the meannesses and shabbinesses which, when I think of them, bring a blush to my soul, I can only say that I wish I had not done them, and I hope I should not do them again. But even they have not been without their advantages. They are indelible from my memory, as it were scarified into it at the moment of commission, and the discomfort they have caused me has been a very potent safeguard against repeating them. Once is emphatically enough. These things are not fit to be dignified with the name of follies, in the sense of Blake's aphorism, for the simple reason that to persist in them is unthinkable.

The follies in which it is possible to persist are another kettle of fish. They are courses of action which at the beginning one believes to be wholly right, to which one is willingly and deeply committed. One persists in them, because it is not possible to do otherwise without being false to oneself. The word of Cromwell to the Scots Covenanters: "Bethink you, in the bowels of Christ, that ye may be mistaken" finds no purchase on this condition of mind, because the whole man is involved in his belief. The portion of mind which can doubt must be detached; and in this condition it is not detachable except by a violent contortion which would shatter one's own integrity. To give way to this would, one feels, undermine for ever the possibility of choice and action. One would be self-condemned to remain a timid and withdrawn spectator of life. The current would not flow through one any more. Certainly, it remains an intellectual possibility that one's belief may be wrong and that one's action may be a mistake. But the possibility is purely intellectual; it receives no endorsement from one's being. For a belief of this kind there is only one possibility of correction—and that is by sheer experience, as incontrovertible in its kind as the original belief itself.

It seems to me that a belief of this kind can never be wholly mistaken, and that the experience which is powerful enough to correct it must have the same quality of completeness as the belief itself. In the same way, it involves the whole man, and therefore demands to be expressed in a course of action. This course of action when scrutinized is found to be a completer expression of the original belief. I can account for this only by invoking another sentence of Blake's: "Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth". Everything, that is, that a man can believe with his whole being: for belief was, for Blake, something which was compulsive and demanded obedience. Such a belief may well be folly to the outside world, if it is communicable to it as a belief at all; but it is a folly that must be persisted in, because it has the power of compelling obedience, and the harvest of wisdom is eventually reaped. The imperfections of the particular image of truth are purged by the fire of experience, and something truer, and probably less expressible, remains.

But all this is no more than an assertion of the uniqueness and inviolability of the main structure of the pattern of one's life. To a person with my philosophy it is impossible seriously to wish that this had been otherwise, or to imagine that it might have been. With the details it seems different. One acquires in the course of one's life a certain amount of practical wisdom which one can, without undue strain, imagine oneself acquiring earlier, and less slowly. As I have already said, I, with a rather different education, might have become much better balanced than I am. But, with precisely the same education, I might have become aware of my unbalance much more quickly than I was, and striven to correct it more quickly than I did. Therefore, in my second innings, I should say to myself quite firmly early on: Three hours of intellectual work a day is quite enough for the likes of you, and you had far better spend the rest of the working day in working with your hands: above all, in growing things. That I hope would enable me to throw off my lamentable dependence on tobacco, or even better—if it happened early enough—prevent me from ever becoming dependent upon it. On the other hand, it is only fair to recognize that, if this had been so, I should never have known the peculiar satisfaction I anticipate from growing my own tobacco, whereby I hope to get the best of both worlds.

Still, no doubt I should have been a better man if I smoked an ounce a week instead of four. A non-smoker I should never be, of my own free will. But I should like to be more acutely and continuously sensible than I am of the delight of smoking tobacco. It is a pity that I have allowed it to degenerate into a mere habit. How fortunate I should be if every cigarette had the aroma and bestowed the beatitude of the after-breakfast one!

Then, I should retire more quickly than I actually did into the depths of the country. I thought, at the time I did it nearly thirty years ago, that I had done it at the earliest possible opportunity. But I believe that, had I been more resolute and determined, more prepared to take a risk, more convinced that I could learn to cultivate the land, and more persuaded of the benefit that it would do me, I could have taken the plunge some years before. I will take it earlier next time.

Since I am no believer in a reversion to the primitive, I will certainly take steps, quite early in my new career, to master the principle and practice of the internal-combustion engine. I am sorry to say that I have not greatly advanced from my original attitude to it, which was distinctly fetishistic. My boyhood was passed in the age of the pedal bicycle, and that admirable machine set the limit of my mechanical knowledge. When eventually I came to possess a primitive motor-car and it stopped, as it frequently did, my repertoire was quickly exhausted. When I had cleaned the plugs, and that failed to produce a response, my one remedy was to walk resolutely away from the contraption as though it did not belong to me. I have even thrown stones at it. Surprisingly, these primitive expedients were sometimes successful. But my feeling of helplessness remained. And I have never really overcome it. I should take the earliest opportunity of putting that to rights.

Then I would learn to be really tidy. The tantalizing old adage: "A place for everything and everything in its place" would have in me an obedient devotee instead of a wistful admirer. The amount of time I spend in forlornly looking for things—hunting for them is far too purposive a phrase for my pursuit—is a standing disgrace; and a good deal more than fair wear and tear is caused by my exasperation at my own stupidity. Every now and then I try to take myself in hand and commence a new system, one of which, I can honestly report, has conquered half the chaos of my study. Moreover, at the moment of writing, my workshop is almost exemplary. But it is a precarious and unending struggle against the powers of darkness. In my new incarnation I shall be victorious over them at an early age, completely and once for all.

Where am I now? I am not yet thirty. I have taken up my abode permanently in the depth of the country. I do three hours' writing work a day at a surprisingly tidy desk. The rest of my time I am cultivating the land, and tending a reasonable quantity of livestock. Since the internal-combustion engine no longer has any terrors for me, I have a small diesel engine, and an excellent electrical installation with a variety of small power machines—a lathe, a saw, a Hoover, a refrigerator, a grinding mill. After a good deal of anxious thought, I have decided to keep a couple of cows, though that means getting up rather earlier than I care to. But I am the right side of thirty, instead of the wrong side of sixty: so it makes no odds. How many acres shall I have? I think, not more than ten. Through them runs a convenient stream which I have harnessed with a ram and a small turbine. On second thoughts, indeed, I think I will dispense with my diesel, and get sufficient power from my stream and turbine to run all my stationary plant. With my crops, my cows, my pigs, my chickens and my ducks, and my bees, I think I need not be over-anxious about the profitability of my performance at the desk. I can afford to bide my time. I shall know the bliss of security.

Then comes the horrid thought. This admirable small farm is going to be rather expensive. It must be my own property, otherwise I shall not have the heart to undertake the continuous improvement at which I aim. Buying and equipping it would not leave me much change out of £5,000 today; or out of £2,500 thirty years ago. Where on earth, when I was on the right side of thirty, should I have got together £2,500? The answer, unless I invoke the aid of the magic ring, is "Nowhere". Since I cannot plausibly conceive the circumstances changed under which, throughout my life, I have had to make my own way, I shall have to mitigate my demands. My small farm will have to be much more gradually achieved. At the beginning I must be content with a cottage and an acre or two of land. I did manage to buy exactly this in real life when I was thirty-one. It cost me £480, and I had to borrow half of it. If prices have gone up, so I may imagine my earning capacity to have increased likewise. So without undue strain, I can imagine myself able to do this again, and, with a slight increase in clarity about my purpose and a little more determination, I might be able to do it rather earlier. And I would be rather more circumspect in choosing the situation. That running stream is essential.

But then I remember by what compulsion of circumstances I never inhabited the real cottage I did buy. They were adamantine. How can I avoid them in my second chance? The answer is: I cannot, unless I become a totally different man. And that I have no desire to be.

I am driven back once more to the old conclusion. Substantially, I *cannot* imagine the pattern of my life changed; and, even though much of it was exceedingly painful, I have no desire that it should be changed. The only details I can imagine changed are those that, being changed, would not change the pattern. And I even suspect that it is only through my inadequate understanding that I can conceive that even these trivial details might be changed without destroying the pattern. It is only too likely that if I had been better balanced, tidier, more business-like, if I had smoked less and been better able to cope with an internal-combustion engine, I should have been deprived of more important experiences which I would not willingly have foregone. That I cannot, in every case, see the connection between the details of my life and the major pattern of it, is (on reflection) much more likely to be due to a deficiency in my power of comprehension than to the actual absence of connection.

RT. HON. ERNEST BROWN

Born 1881; *was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health in* 1931; *Secretary to the Mines Department,* 1932; *Minister of Labour,* 1935–40, *and Minister of National Service,* 1939–40; *Secretary for Scotland,* 1940; *Minister of Health,* 1941–43; *and Chairman of the European Council of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration,* 1944–45.

"IF", like many small words in our language, is important. The "If's of History" are, as the late Professor Hearnshaw showed, many and varied, from "If Blucher had been four hours later at Waterloo" to "If Cleopatra's nose had been half an inch longer".

"If I had my time again" may mean a judgment on my past days without the power of correction as the result of the change of mind and with which is repentance and which experience brings to the wise.

It may, on the other hand, mean "If I had my time again" in the light of gathered experience and with the power to make new decisions. And yet, both would be impossible because the days are gone and cannot be recalled. The verdict is "Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now". The world in which I should start afresh is not the same world. I was born in a little house, then called a cottage, and now a villa, by the loveliest bay on the English coast. There is no landface round our coast which I find so exquisite as that seen at dawn on sailing to Torbay and reaching its waters just after sunrise. I would like to be born once more in Torquay, where my father owned and let sailing-yachts and rowing-boats and gave me the opportunity of tumbling in and out of the sea from childhood. In the winter he went fishing. He was the coxswain of the lifeboat for nearly fifty years and was that rare and salty person "a character" and, what is more, an active Christian. My mother was a quiet woman with a keen brain and was one of the few who really knew one book—the Bible—from cover to cover. It was, except at Regatta times, a quiet town. Its houses were built on seven hills and nearly all those overlooking the sea had gardens and the slopes were green with a great variety of trees. It was specially quiet on what my parents called "The Lord's Day". The only vehicles were horse- or pony-drawn. If I had my time again I would like that quiet background and would stand all the sneers of those who write about Victorian Sunday as a dull day.

My father, bless him, would never let a boat out on "The Lord's Day". That day was for religious exercises and for a five-mile walk across the fields to teach village children in Sir Walter Raleigh's ancient parish of Compton. I cannot have that experience again. The physical surroundings are different, for the houses with gardens are now hotels or boarding houses. Educational facilities are ampler and more varied, and if I were born there now I should not leave school at thirteen but probably find my way to college at Exeter. Modern desires are innumerable. If I were to make a list of the conveniences which today are deemed essential but which did not exist when I was a little boy it would fill pages. There was no internal-combustion engine and not even a dream of jet-propelled aeroplanes. The coins of the realm were gold, silver, and copper, and the sovereign was not only a beautiful coin but it bought its value in goods. The climate of opinion and conviction was entirely different, and a university extension lecture was an event. People then knew the value as well as the price of things. The theological atmosphere was stern, but many more people were interested in ultimate things, and the time had not arrived when our citizens were in the danger that comes to all great nations which have a long history of continuous creation, that they may fail at last from not understanding the springs of the constitutions which have helped to make them great. We were nurtured to believe in God, to support the Christian Church, to take our politics seriously, and to respect, and in a few cases to revere, our statesmen. If I had my time again I should like the gains of our day but in that background and setting. It was a day of conviction and we answered the question "Does it matter what a man believes?" with one word: "profoundly". "If I had my time again" I should like to be brought up in the Sunday School of Upton Vale Baptist Church where I met my wife in the infants' class. They call it "beginners" today. That day was the day of the person and not of the abstraction. I should wish once again to learn the great passages of the Bible and the great hymns of the Church as well as fresh poems by heart, although I understand that it is now regarded as a dubious method by modern experts. I made gains then which are treasures now. I was taught to believe in the immediacy of the soul's communion with God, in the spirituality of religion, and that religion was the life of God in the soul of man. I should like, in addition, the gains that the labour of great scholars have given the children of today but not at the expense of these basic convictions.

It is from these teachings that my beliefs as to the rights and responsibilities of the individual flow and have led to a passionate opposition to any coercion of belief. It was a day of great preachers for it was a day of great hearers, and every man of God could express truth through his personality assured that a majority of his listeners had a knowledge of the greatest book in the language.

If I had my time again I should wish it to be one in which the evangelical emphasis on conversion with its fruits of moral responsibility and human freedom was vivid and effective. In that quiet and assured nineteenth century we learnt spiritual awareness of the things intangible, inaudible, and invisible which released great powers for the service of mankind in every sphere. Yet this awareness was the awareness also of life in all its expressions. If I am to have my time over again let me please be taught to sail a boat. My father had a "Una" boat which was fool-proof—fifteen feet in length and nearly as broad, with a centreboard and a mast stepped in the bows with one gaff-rigged sail, and in her most of the amateurs of that day took their first lessons. But I cannot have one thing again. I cannot hope to see the great yachts of that period.

Those who saw and appreciated *Britannia* and her contemporaries should have grateful hearts. I saw the first race that greatest of all racing-yachts sailed in Torquay. My uncle, Jack, was her pilot and I lived to sail in *Shamrock*, then owned by my friend Dick Fairey, when ten J. class yachts started in that beautiful bay. They were lovely as were the great clipper ships, and Uffa Fox has put all future generations in his debt by reproducing, in his great books, pictures of most of them.

The Economics of our day will not allow us to have those experiences again but nobody can stop the Englishman sailing small boats. We had no association football in those days in the West Country. We loved and still love "Rugger". But if I had my life again I would wish to have made earlier acquaintance with the darker social side of our city life, for the sharp distinction in politics which showed itself in the General Election of 1950 between the majority of those living above and below a line drawn from the Bristol Channel to the Humber might not be there if the fathers of both majorities had known more of the social and industrial background of each other's likes and occupations. Politics were political and the social conscience was voiced by few. Yet it is not such a modern thing as is sometimes claimed.

There is in the Angus Library a little four-page tract, "An appeal to the Parliament concerning the poor, that there may not be a Beggar in England". It is dated 1660 and bears the initials "T. L.", the signature of a well-known Baptist of the seventeenth century. The surprising thing about the document is its modernity. It is a vivid illustration of the sense of serious moral responsibility and of social sympathy which are quickened by a deep conviction of the competency of the soul before God. Yet in my youth our political fathers were slow to apply it, and the course of our national affairs might have taken a different direction if they had been less reluctant to adopt the principles it set forth. Benevolence flowed from the churches and at each Communion service an offering was taken for those in need. These needs are now mainly met by the National Insurance and Health Schemes. But the Communion offerings are still made and cases still occur which the State organization does not meet and never will. But politically, I wish the leaders of those days had more quickly appreciated that the widening of the franchise meant a fair opportunity for citizens, whether rich or poor, who had proved themselves as leaders, to become members of Parliament. The decline of the Liberal Party dates much farther back than the First World War and its cleavagestic post-war affairs. It dates from the formation of a group with varied views under the title "Labour". If Arthur Henderson had come into the House earlier, and as a Liberal, that label—for it is, in my judgment, a label—might never have been accepted and Socialism would have been advanced as a philosophy and a political programme springing from its own thoughts and ideas. But these thoughts occurred in the 'nineties to only a few and they made their voices heard in vain.

If I could have my life again I would do my best to prevent the use of the great word "Labour" as the sole property of the propagandist of a varying body of proposals some reformist, some radical, some reactionary, and some socialist. I would also do my best to get all citizens to attend the meetings of all parties and to listen to the speeches of those who hold differing views from their own. It was the perception of the fact that masses of modern voters do not listen to "the other side" that led to the stroke of genius in the selection of "The Radio Doctor" as a man against whom no wall of prejudice had, as yet, been created to command the attention of listeners who would not have switched their radios on to listen to a statesman not of their own party. Yet it is easy to think back. The parties of the nineteenth century were old, they had organized machinery throughout the land and the enthusiastic support of millions of male voters and female workers. The wards of the towns and villages were under the constant lure of volunteer workers, removals were noted and traced, and so good was this organization and so thorough were the workers that one election day before the votes were counted, as soon as the checkers at the polling booths had reported the total votes cast, forecasts were made at party headquarters in the constituency which were surprising in their accuracy. Every man was known in his locality and he was a very reticent or very misleading citizen if in the course of years he had not revealed his leanings.

Heckling was then an art in Scotland, and in Yorkshire a fine art. I would like those days again, for the most disquieting sign of our times is the organized attempts made by extremists to prevent those whose views they do not like being heard. To handle a meeting against these modern rowdies requires immense vocal, mental, and physical strength. The heckler of the old days could be a joy even if he sometimes beat you. Jimmy Rowlands, a classic nineteenth-century campaigner, used to say: "Always treat a heckler as a friend if you can. If you can't, 'it 'im on the 'ed with the 'ammer". A general election was full of colour and people got really excited not merely about results but about persons and issues. Everybody went to all possible meetings and it was possible to change votes by speeches. If I had my time again I would like that time again. Mrs. Brown and I have fought ten elections together. Five brought us victories and five defeats, and reflecting on them and on hundreds of others in which we have helped produce the great change, I would want, if it were in my power so to win great social welfare changes, that the great majority of questions would not be concerning new demands for public money for some citizen or band of citizens but a greater concern for the common wealth and the national burdens. My wife calculated that in the last election we fought, eighty per cent of the questions contained demands for public money. If I had my time again I would do more than ever before to secure a definite conscience leading to regular attendance at those meetings which lead to the selection of the key men and women in democratic organizations of every kind. Good citizens were often bewildered at the views expressed by leaders on behalf of organizations of which they themselves are members. They talk to their fellows in the various societies, organizations, and trade unions in order to discover how such and such a man was elected. The answer is, as a rule, that they and their friends were absent at the critical branch or committee meeting and the minority elected those who held minority views. Democratic rights vanish whereever democratic responsibilities are shirked. Few read Carlyle today but if I had my time again I should wish to recapture the thrill I got when I first had a conviction of the sin of neglect of public duty and service by reading page fifty-one of *The French Revolution* and realized that public life was dependent upon private duty, the private duty of every citizen: "Nay," answered the courtiers, "it was Turgot, it was Becker, with their mad innovating; it was the queen's want of etiquette; it was he, it was she, it was that. Friends! it was every scoundrel that had lived and, quack-like, pretended to be doing, and had been only eating and misdoing, in all provinces of life, as shoeblack or as Sovereign Lord, each in his degree, from the time of Charlemagne and onward".

"Every scoundrel," i.e. sinner; "Each in his degree." If I had my time again I should like to understand much more clearly than I have done that history is lived forward but it is written as a selection of facts and events in retrospect and that we can never wholly recapture what it was to know the beginning when it began. For history is a living sequence of events, and parliaments are elected, trade organizations and trade union leaders selected and appointed, and life goes on. If I had my time again part of it would be used to strengthen local opinion that local affairs are best conducted by local men of character. The modern mass intrusion of the party success into local government has deprived all our great cities of the services of able men and women of character who wear no party label but who, by their intimate knowledge of their fellow-citizens, are perfectly qualified to govern the county, city, or town where they live so that the mother in the home, the child in the street, the man in the market-place and those who carry the heavy responsibilities of trade, commerce, and business have all their needs considered. For one of the weaknesses of our modern reforms is that so much is made to depend upon the case-paper and so much depends upon the person who fills in that paper or form. If he or she is a man or woman looking at each case as a "case", or a "unit", a "figure" on an Insurance or medical-benefit card, then those public men who preside over our local authorities need to be specially human and full of imagination and sympathy so that the "person" shall not be overlooked.

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If I had my time again I would like to increase the movement to decrease the size of the great city and to increase the size of the town that is too small to carry our modern services. Our national life has become more and more city life. From all sides for a century our sons and daughters have been crowding from hamlet to village, from village to town, from town to city, from city to capital. They have been coming from the quiet countryside with its ancient church and its village Bethel, from the manor-house and the cottagers' fireside with its daily prayers to the city to be just unknown units among millions. I remember an essay read in boyhood which said: "The Londoner knows that the muffin boy supplies the muffins. That is all he knows about the muffin boy and all he wants to know". I love London but am thankful every day for my quiet seaside background for because of that the size and swagger of London has never deceived me.

And having spent twenty priceless years in Parliament what if I had my time again? First I would desire once more to have a similar feeling of reverence for that ancient institution. I am glad that the new House of Commons chamber is to be small and intimate and to follow the old lines. This leads to intimacy in the knowledge of members of one another. It makes for debate, for read speeches should really be "important" and, indeed, vital statements. It also is large enough for all ordinary occasions but when packed heightens the sense of the dramatic. I should like to be, once more, a member of the House within the House, that is, of those members whose attendance is regular and intelligent and who make a House for their fellows when there are few to hear. It is upon the loyalty and capacity of that minority of members who are to be found in all parties and whose sympathies overlap party boundaries that the limit of the work which any particular parliament can do depends. I would not want to change it much. I would guard question hour against all further limitation as from abuse. I would return to the custom of taking all important measures in "Committee of the Whole House" even if this meant fewer measures, which might not be a bad thing for it would give Ministers an opportunity for review and time for sound administration. Above all I would like again to cherish with affection the memories of the "characters" of the House—its great leaders, its great speakers, its great humorists, even its great bores, for, as the Speaker Fitzroy found in a passionate debate, even bores have their uses.

I would encourage the knowledge of members, of the human beings who are human beings with surprising views and an amazing diversity of knowledge. I would remember my own view that much of Earl Baldwin's hold on the House was due to the fact that he took trouble to find out the facts about and discern the quality of the shyest and humblest M.P. If I had my time again I should still oppose the ideas of those who want a separate economic or industrial parliament unless and until they had really worked out the basis of the relation to the National Parliament and the method of its selection, election, or appointment. Nor should I be fond of those who, like my friend Sir John Anderson, would group ministries under the chairmanship of a series of Cabinet Ministers without Portfolio. I do not think they quite appreciate the position of Ministers of Cabinet rank who are not in the Cabinet. To hold a heavy portfolio, to carry out the doctrines of government responsibility and not to be in the Cabinet is to accept a difficult task. To be in the Cabinet means that a mass of Cabinet papers is available to a minister which is not available to one outside the charmed circle. While generally called when issues deemed to affect his Department are to be discussed, yet he can never be sure when a sudden discussion may arise which may lead to a decision vitally affecting his responsibilities and may actually be against the advice he would have given had he been present. A necessary war-time device, perhaps, but able men will think long before taking one of the first Ministries, especially those whose administration may lead at any time to severe political conflict, unless they are not only "Right Honourable gentlemen" but members of the Cabinet.

You, Mr. Editor, have posed a difficult question for those few who were born in the political 'eighties and have seen the conflicts and changes of more than sixty years. To have come through those conflicts, to have fought in one major war and helped to serve in another, to have served under three Kings and with, or under, six

Prime Ministers is an experience not to be lived again. For, while I have always loved Dr. Joseph Parker's reply to the pessimist who said: "All the great men are dead". "Yes! and I do not feel very well myself", yet but one figure in the contemporary House of Commons ranks with the Immortals. No! I can never serve again in the House of Commons with Asquith and Lloyd George and that fine soul, Herbert Samuel, or in a government under MacDonald, Baldwin, and Chamberlain. But I will not let your question deprive me of the memory of what Mr. Winston Churchill said when he left the Cabinet room in 1945 not, I hope, for the last time. If that great historian, emotional artist, statesman, and man of action does not tell the story I will seek his permission for the publication of a classic understatement. If I had my time over again, however, I would like to give more time than I have to working out and witnessing for the faith which I was taught in those days of long ago and especially to spread my belief that the greatest disaster which mankind can suffer is to be deprived of the future tense.

I am not concerned to live my life again, full and happy and varied though it has been. The important question is "What of the days to come?" My readers will have gathered what my friends know—that I love preachers and preaching. I first heard Dr. Parker on my first visit as a lad to London. He was expounding the text "Never Despair." "Despair! Despair!! Despair!!! it is an ugly, black, night bird. I took it up to the attic, I wrung its neck and I flung it out of the window." If I am to live let me live in conviction and under the faith. "I believe in God"—"I believe in the Life Everlasting." This is the day of the multitude. It is a city word. There is always something heart-stirring in the sight of a great crowd or a great city. If I had my time over again I would ask for a preacher's voice to call attention once more to the fact that He Whose sensitiveness to all natural beauty was so delicate and prompt, to Whom flowers and cornfields and running water and the faces of young children suggested thoughts sublime, was never moved to admiration by the magnificence of human words, by the splendour of architecture, and the gorgeous romance of wealth. It was the men of the city not the stones of the city that moved him to compassion. It was their need of the Life Eternal. So if I have my time again let me be a preacher and let Herman Melville in *Moby Dick* have the last word. That sailor wrote: "For the pulpit is ever Earth's foremost part; all the rest comes in its ear; the pulpit leads the world; From thence it is that the storm of God's quick wrath is first descried, and the bow must bear the earliest brunt. From thence it is that the God of breezes fair or foul is first invoked for favourable winds. Yes, the world's a ship on its passage out, not a voyage complete; and the pulpit is the prow".

B-o-s-h =
Bosh

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LORD GORELL

Born 1884, second son of the first Lord Gorell. Educated at Winchester, Harrow, and Balliol College, Oxford. Played cricket two years for Oxford University. After being called to the Bar, he was on the editorial staff of The Times, 1910–15. *In 1916 he was Adjutant to 7th Battalion, the Rifle Brigade, till wounded on the Somme. In 1918, on the General Staff at the War Office, with the rank of Colonel, he began the initiation of the Army Educational Corps and completed it in* 1920. *He was Under-Secretary of State for Air,* 1921–22; *and Editor of the* Cornhill Magazine, 1933–39. *He has been Chairman of the Society of Authors and President of the Royal Society of Teachers, and is the author of many volumes of poetry, fact, and fiction.*

THERE WAS once a man, so I have heard, who kept a diary in what might be termed a double-entry fashion, that is to say, he devoted two pages to each day of his life—on the one he wrote beforehand what he hoped, feared, or expected the day would turn out to contain, and on the other, writing after the event, he set down what had actually occurred. It is difficult to imagine a more abysmal waste of time and, indeed, the story may well be apocryphal: but this at least is certain, that no day of anyone's existence is ever exactly as planned or anticipated; and, more than that, that there is no one who ever lived who would not wish, if they had their time again, to alter something.

Only this very morning, when I was about to sit down to write my own recollections, reflections, and regrets, one to whom I mentioned my employment remarked—not sadly but decidedly—"I would do nothing the same!" Few of us ever go so far as that;

but all desire to make some change—even though they may be fully assured by experience that it is little likely to be for the better.

I ended a poem once by describing Death as "the door of second chance". In this world we are not given wholly—though we may be at times partially—a second chance. We cannot really, in fundamentals, alter ourselves: it is, therefore, to the next world that we must look for a real chance of rectification. J. M. Barrie knew that well enough and gave it rather poignant dramatic form in his *Dear Brutus.* We should most of us, being as we are by character, temperament, and training, do again very much as we did the first time: with that, I am quite sure, almost every philosopher would be in agreement.

There are dreams, not very frequent but very unpleasant when they come, in which we imagine ourselves to have committed some heinous crime; and this imagination is normally followed, first, by a fearful feeling of dismay when, semi-conscious, we are overwhelmed by a sense of what we have done, and, secondly, by an immense rush of relief as, fully awake, we realize that it is only a dream. It is this dual feeling which enables the most innocent to appreciate the poignancy that may lie behind the age-old aspiration of the human heart expressed in the lines:

> Oh, God, put back Thy universe,
> And give me back my yesterday!

But, for the most part, our recollections are not criminal—by which I mean that, though there is indubitably in the life of every man much for him to remember with regret, shame, and even remorse, only the actually bad have something in their pasts which very definitely and undeniably is to be condemned and, if it might be, totally expunged. And so, in my experience, it is not the things one did—in general, that is—but the things one did not do that are the things one would alter, if one could. I am not thinking only, or even mainly, of errors: everyone naturally regrets these when, in the after-days, they are recognized as having been beyond question errors—and that recognition is by no means inevitable. I am thinking rather of missed opportunities—omissions, that is, rather than commissions.

There are, of course, things I did that I deeply regret; but, on the whole, I regret much more the things that I failed, or omitted, to do.

Some of these, as I look back, weigh heavily. First and foremost is the knowledge that in youth I did not attach nearly enough importance to the presence of God: He did not mean in my daily life the reality He is—but of that I cannot say more than that I hope I would, if youth returned to me, try to see Him with a much more attentive eye. And second, is that sense which I imagine must come to all but a very few rare and saintly people—probably to them also, as it certainly must have continually weighed upon St. Augustine. I mean that realization, as one grows old, how much more one might—and should—have been to one's parents. At any rate as my own children come to adult, independent life I often think of my approach—now many years ago—to the similar problems, chances, and enjoyments, and wonder as I watch them unfolding their wings whether in every generation it must be the same. So far, for all their increasing independence of mind and activity there is, very happily, no cleavage or dissension: nor, let me add with gratitude, was I ever at war with my parents, of both of whom I had indeed every reason to be proud. But I cannot rid myself of the knowledge that I might have been much closer to them in my later years. This is the governing thought of my poem, "The Wild Birds," with its expression of the sad knowledge that in this life and in this respect there is no having one's time again:

> Never again on Earth a clemency
> Of later chance across my love can steal
> To let me make the vanished feel
> How much they were, and are, to me:
> From this stern sentence there is no appeal.

That is, of course, unhappily true: it is the basis upon which the fine old prayer rests, urging us all to do what kindness we can as we journey, for "I shall not pass this way again".

At least for many—and very deeply for me—there is no regret, no wish to change in the biggest thing of all. "My marriage," said my dear old Chief at the War Office at the end of what those of my generation call "*the* war", that is, the war of 1914–18, "was the best action of my life": and so say I. There is not the faintest shadow of doubt in my heart and mind that, if I had my time again, I would do it again—if, as I think I may humbly hope, my partner would do likewise—only I would do it earlier. I left it, as books of reference inconveniently exist to prove, until I was nearly thirty-eight: I certainly very greatly hope my children will not need to wait so long. I can imagine nothing on this queer and crowded—and in these days very difficult—Earth more entrancing than a really happy marriage contracted not later than, say, the middle twenties.

However, when all is said and done, there are compensating factors in leaving it till later. Today most of my contemporaries are grandparents, some several times over; and, though I have always thought that the relation of grandparent and grandchild can be one of the most delightful possible, and that is one at present all in the future for me, still I have this great addition to vivacity, that having one's children still in the very first flush of their adult life certainly keeps one young.

Since beginning to write these reflections I have, for instance, been helping a very big, strong, elder son labour at the conversion and levelling of a bit of field to make a tennis court: he wielded a pick in the hard chalk with a vigour that I looked upon with reminiscent envy, but I could still be a coadjutor and not a mere adviser—and when we both tired we turned, with my younger son at the wicket, to a vociferous, healthy, and amusing half-hour at a cricket-net hard by. And for a space I was able almost to believe myself still their contemporary. This—and such-like hours—are what really make one's life worth living: here, at least, no regret, no might-have-been. Last year I could still hit the stumps in spite of the big defenders—not with regularity but with enough frequency to let the old war-horse feel that all skill had not entirely deserted his arm: it may be so again.

I have mentioned poetry, because to that, for better or worse, I have been faithful all my days—and still am: in that at least I would do it all over again, and this completely apart from the nagging toothache of Fame. Every writer who ever lived hoped, and hopes, to be read widely if not universally; but it is true of some as it indubitably was of John Keats who wrote: "I feel assured I should write from the mere yearning and fondness I have for the Beautiful, even if my night's labours should be burnt every morning, and no eye ever shine upon them". Without, for a moment, suggesting the slightest parallel of merit, so also has it been with me, and so in that particular—for all the heart-burning and the childbirth pangs—I say with Browning's Andrea del Sarto,

"I regret nothing, I would change still less."

I have mentioned cricket also: and here I would make a change, if all were to do again. I feel this now, in spite of the very great and long-lasting pleasure to be found in the greatest of all games—and it is long-lasting: only last summer, roped in rather unwillingly for a match on a Sussex village green, I could still hit the ball out of the ground, carry out my bat, and take wickets too. How we old-stagers boast!—but what fun it all was! As we had it at Harrow in the long ago, as they have it still,

Oh, sweet is the sing of a volley,
Oh, sweet is the grip of a catch!

Yes, and that remains enduringly if one has ever really spent hours acquiring any degree of mastery in the art: but, all the same, I do regret one thing, and that is, that during those many leisurely weeks, for instance, of my first long vacation—spent in the days when country-house cricket-parties were possible and Life was a slow-moving, delicious stream instead of a turbid torrent as now—I did not upstick and, with knapsack on back and the glorious resiliency and activity of adolescence, walk across Europe or do any one of the many, many things that can only be done by Youth with Time to spend. Four months on end—a spell that never comes again when in a literal sense "shades of the prison-house begin to close" and youth is set to office and desk, with only brief breaks of holiday.

It is true that I was very unexpectedly able to have one ever-remembered summer hunting big game in what is now Kenya

Colony—that was when I was just beginning at the Bar, the idlest portion of one's life, if, as to me, Law is uncongenial. Years after, a Solicitor-General next to whom I chanced to be at dinner asked me if I did not feel that, even though I had left the law for *The Times* and letters as soon as I could, it had been a great advantage to me to have been called to the Bar and for a while to have practised therein. I thought for a moment and then answered, quite truthfully as I fully believed, that I did not think the experience had ever been of any use to me at all. So there clearly seems to be one thing —and it took up several years—which I would not repeat, if I had my time again. I made a number of good friends and also wrote quite a lot of poetry (good—or the reverse) in chambers: but it was a wasteful expenditure of Time—to me.

And yet, I wonder now whether my answer was completely true.

> All experience is an arch wherethrough
> Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever as we move,

says Tennyson in the greatest of his poems: and so it well may be. Almost perforce, as I was most unusually and indeed very surprisingly gathered in by Lord Curzon to become an Under-Secretary of State straight from the cross-benches, on which up to that time I had invariably sat since succeeding to the peerage on my brother's death in "*the* war"—almost perforce I have, in my time, had a lot to do with Parliamentary debates, with the work of Government departments, with Committees of many kinds, and the like. Law certainly does keep cropping up, even when it is not being made in front of one, and so often its jargon is almost unintelligible to the layman. I sat, for example, for a number of years on the Consolidation Committee of both Houses of Parliament; and without some background of legal knowledge most of the explanations of the Parliamentary draftsmen would have been meaningless indeed. Whether that would have really mattered is less clear, and it still remains true that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing". Nevertheless, perhaps, my answer was a shade too sweeping; and to be able truthfully to describe oneself as "barrister-at-law" is useful occasionally—if only on some of the innumerable forms seemingly inseparable from life, modern and so-called civilized.

But this thought leads me inevitably to another. Most of us, as Jacques knew, "in our time play many parts": and that, undeniably, leads to interest and—perhaps—breadth of mind and accordingly better, or at least more tolerant, judgment. But one can pay a high price for variety: it does not make for worldly success, either in general or in literature. The man who sets his eyes on a single peak and works undeviatingly towards it is the most likely to be what is known on earth as "successful": and that applies to almost every career.

Take politics: I well remember a friend of mine saying to me that the reason why he particularly admired Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was because that Prime Minister had never changed his opinions since he first entered the House of Commons. I, with my bagatelle-board of a mind, asked him whether he really thought that was a virtue—and he dismissed me as frivolous, if not altogether irresponsible. To get on one must do one thing only and all the time —nowadays, not like the times of old when, with Knowledge so much more circumscribed, one could take it all for one's province. That is wholly impossible now: and, more than that, with mass education, the wireless, the cinema, and all the other modern centripetal forces, people have minds that desire to group everyone into categories.

The barrister who writes books today has to do it under another name—or solicitors will say he is not in earnest over his law and send briefs elsewhere. The politician—unless he is a genius of the order and magnitude of Winston Churchill—must stick to one party, right or wrong. The writer must allow himself to be neatly labelled. It is not a particularly pleasant process, it is decidedly narrowing —but it pays.

In literature it is almost essential to popularity. An eminent bookseller told me once that library subscribers—for the most part (there are many exceptions, of course)—like books of a known kind and of a certain length: he said so many readers come in on a particular day of the week to change their book and accordingly they always want a book of the length just right to last them the interval. This, no doubt, is an exaggerated, if not a professionally special, view: but certain it is that the mass of readers do not like an author who, as it were, jumps about; they do not like to ask for his latest book and find that instead of a detective story they are handed a volume of poems—as might frequently happen if they asked for one of mine. But, all the same, there I would not change; indeed, I think I could not, unless I were to change myself—and that is the one thing no one can really do.

Life, after all, is fun—or is meant to be: and fun is not static; on the contrary, its breath is variety. And this I do contend, that the writer who does one kind of writing only is apt soon to become stale, if not tedious, and the writer who does nothing else but writing is terribly apt to become narrow-minded. Human beings were never designed to run in blinkers.

And so, even though it is admittedly not the best way to succeed, I would still not do differently. I will not, of course, go so far as to declare that I write better poetry because I also write detective stories, any more than I feel that I have been helped as a writer by also taking a deep and prolonged interest in educational developments or in the conquest of the air; but I will say that all human activities are grist to the creative mill. One cannot spend three years toiling night and day at the creation, let us say, of an Army Educational Corps (made "Royal" since my day) and at the same time have a brain fresh and fit for imaginative literature; but one can, when one piece of work is done, turn for refreshment to another, with widened sympathies and extended knowledge. No, I would not, as I look back, change much, if anything, of the variety I have been enabled to enjoy.

I would, however, unquestionably—if allowed a second journey as it were—begin painting at a much earlier age than in fact I did: I delayed until I was over forty—a grievous lapse. As a pastime painting is, as any who has ever indulged in it will agree, all that Winston Churchill has so vivaciously described it—but it is, of course, much more. It is a pursuit that readily becomes a passion, and it is—whether done well or indifferently—an educator beyond parallel. At all events there have been no hours in my life when I have been more simply happy and, in spite of the eternal dissatisfaction of the striver after Beauty, more satisfied than those spent in the most English of all the arts, nor has any honour come my way equivalent to that of being the third amateur in the years since its foundation in 1804 to be elected in 1939 an honorary member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

There is something else I would, if I could go back, begin much earlier; but for that I was born a little soon. My father owned one of the very first motor-cars to travel the roads of Suffolk and I remember when I was in the United States being shown the first Packard, dated, I think, 1909; but I was not brought up, as this generation is, breathing in petrol fumes from the nursery days. As a result, I only acquired the art of driving a car in adult life, and though I have now driven one, and with no more mishap (touch wood!) than a few dents, and dints, and scratches on mudguards, for many a thousand miles, still I never have any feeling but one of gratified surprise when the silent engine awakes obediently at the pressure of the starter-button or any but one of noteworthy achievement when on the conclusion of a run I turn the still obedient servant into its garage. I know only too well that if for any reason it refused to obey, I might, perhaps, be clever enough to discover the reason, but would be quite unable efficiently to apply the remedy. I can substitute the spare wheel for one with a punctured tyre—but that is practically the full extent of my mechanical erudition. It was the same in the Army in 1915 when I was signal officer (as well, incongruously, as adjutant) of a battalion in the trenches: I had undergone instruction in the mysteries of the D3 field telephone, but was adjured on no account myself to try to repair one if it went wrong. If I were to begin life all over again I would unquestionably submit myself to a thorough course of mechanical instruction. It is humiliating to be in charge of something that will only function when it will and not always when you tell it to—and motor-cars, to me, are rather like film-stars, one day all glamorously a-quiver, the next obstinately immovable.

Similarly, too, I would learn the proper usage with a type-writer. I was given an old Remington by my father when I was a boy at school—he had had it a long time and it must have been an extremely early model, but I loved it: it remains the one and only machine I have ever been able to take to pieces and put together again. But as a typist I was, and still am, self-taught: I have to peer, I cannot use all my fingers, and, though I go fast, I make many mistakes. If only I had been properly taught, I should have saved myself many hours and much fatigue.

These are, perhaps, the minor deficiencies I find in the past, but they are daily exercisers of themselves upon me in the present: these I would certainly remedy if a second chance were to be given me.

What else? There comes back to me across the fields of memory one tiny incident—or, rather, a lack of happening. When I was just grown up, I was invited to a small lunch party to meet Henry James—and, having something or other else to do and not then having much realization of the accomplishment in literature of Henry James, I declined. I have always regretted it. As chairman for eight years of the Society of Authors, even as I was for twelve of the Teachers Registration Council and for four of King's College Hospital, it has been my happy fortune to be brought into touch with many, if not most, of the principal authors, teachers, and medical men of the recent past—and in other capacities with the clergy, politicians, soldiers, airmen, artists, and even—though these are the hardest to get to know—musicians; but I still miss Henry James. I still wonder whether I should have found out for myself what comparison there was between his speech and his writing: would he in casual conversation have evolved one of those wonderful, almost interminable sentences which are at once such an exasperation and a delight to read?

Yet here again I am not sure that the omission is to be regretted: as a young writer, flushed with the recent appearance of his very first book, I was invited by my kindly publisher to dinner to meet the great hero of my boyhood, H. Rider Haggard. I think I had pictured him as a kind of Sir Henry Curtis, with, possibly, a dash concealed in him of the one and only Umslopagaas: alas, he was none such, but an elderly, unadventurous-looking man not in the least then interested in African mystery but only in the revival of English Agriculture. I came away with a sense of disappointment that not all the intervening years have quite destroyed. Never meet an author whose work you like.

But that is individual. For the most part without any question at all, what I regret is not what I have done—though I am painfully aware that there is much that I ought to regret and wish to do differently, specially, perhaps, a "keeping silence, yea, even from good words": people do not want good words, they want encouragement and not criticism, however justified. No, what I regret and continue to regret is what I have not done, the friendships I should have "grappled to my soul with hooks of steel", the adventures I might have had, the journeys I might have made. It is more than forty years ago, but to this hour I still thrill with that ecstatic standing outside the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence beside the stone marking the spot where Savonarola was burnt: I was quite alone, I was steeped to the core in Italian medieval history, I was a mystic, a seer, a dweller in the past—oh, why, why have I not had many a similar hour, in Italy, in Greece, and elsewhere before wars, and rumours of wars, changed so much?

And to that a queer little exemplifying addition—and in this, as in so much else, it is the little things that are so vital. I left school with a saving of 17*s.* 6*d.*: there were the coins in my pocket, unspent—and I might have had a real beano with them with a number of young friends: in those days one could have quite a beano on such a modest sum! Happy days—and a chance neglected, never to return. I was given immediately afterwards a young man's allowance by a generous father: 17*s.* 6*d.* was as nought, and I had not spent it when it was my all.

No, my learning from Life is—in the main, and excepting murder and the baser arts—that it is not the things one has done but the things that one has not done that one would change, the opportunities missed, the words unspoken, all the greatness and the glamour of the lost unknown.

to read

SIR HAROLD BELLMAN

Born 1886 in Paddington. He began work on the staff of the Railway Clearing House and during the First World War was lent to the Ministry of Munitions. He is a director of several companies, serves on numerous boards and committees, is a Governor of the London School of Economics, and Chairman of the Governors of two public schools. He is the author of several books on economic and travel subjects.

TO BE ASKED to write on the subject, "If I had my time again", is at once inviting and bewildering; inviting because few of us have not at some time or other in our lives toyed with the notion; bewildering because it is extremely difficult to reach any hard and fast conclusions on the matter. Given this subject, one's thoughts almost instinctively turn to Barrie's *Dear Brutus*, but since many other contributors have no doubt also succumbed to the temptation of this by-path, I need only recall Shakespeare's lines on which the play is based:

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Wherever the fault lies, however, the "ifs" of history and personal fortune have a perennial fascination. One cannot help feeling that this has some significance. Does it signify, so far as individuals are concerned, a general tendency to be disappointed with the course of their lives? In many cases this may be the answer. There are still many, alas, who feel with Dr. Johnson that life is rather something to be endured than to be enjoyed, and that happiness is an accidental by-product rather than a natural right.

On the other hand, it is equally true that such a point of view is not universally held and especially since the Romantic Movement—I mean the movement which was inaugurated a century and a half ago, as opposed to the celluloid concoction associated with Hollywood in the last thirty years!—tempted many of us to weave dreams of happiness that were largely unknown before. It may be well, however, to acknowledge a fundamental difficulty at the outset. Quite often the proposition is put forward implicitly, if not explicitly, on the assumption that one could have one's time over again, *in the light of one's life-time's experience*. This possibility may tempt us to wishful thinking, but it obviously has no practical importance whatsoever. None the less, one would be less than candid if one did not admit that most people have that in mind when expressing the wish to have a second chance. The only useful aspect, as I see it, is to discuss the problem of the second chance without that advantage of previous experience, i.e., starting from "scratch", so to speak.

At this point, with Shakespeare's lines fresh in our minds, it may be helpful to remind ourselves what the psychologist has to say on this matter; that is to say, the responsible, academic psychologist, rather than the popular newspaper variety that merely dabble in a fashionable cult. In general, the average man is, as the psychologist sees him, essentially the product of heredity and environment, each playing a more or less equal role in his life. If this is true—and I do not think that it is seriously disputed—we have to begin by admitting that, since we cannot alter heredity, there is a very important element in our make-up which is quite outside our control; and perhaps many of us would not wish to make any alteration in any event. Then, too, the environment likewise is "given" up to a point. In our early years, which are the most important in our lives if we accept the view of the psychologist, our environment is almost entirely determined for us. To this extent, therefore, a large part of the circumstances which govern our actions and responses to the world seem predetermined. At first sight on this view, it would appear that we would probably, in regard to major decisions, do much the same in the same circumstances, even if we had a second chance.

There are some, no doubt, who at this stage would say that that is more or less the answer to the problem. Is this, however, quite the whole story? My own answer is "No". I am convinced that there is scope for the element of personal initiative in almost all our lives. Admittedly, Nature has distributed this gift somewhat unequally, since we are all aware of people who have utilized this gift with varying degrees of success.

Let us, however, leave our everyday lives and think of the special cases which prove the point beyond any shadow of doubt. Consider the Greeks and their outstanding position in the development of European culture; Shakespeare in the world's poetry and drama; Darwin and the new perspectives in science which he opened up; Ford and the social consequences which flowed from his revolutionary technique; and, coming nearer our own times, Lord Reith and the distinctive character which he stamped upon the B.B.C. and which it largely retains. Admittedly, these are all exceptional cases, and it may be suggested that they are far removed from the common man luxuriating in his common century. For me, however, it proves this point: that since such a quality is present in exceptional cases, it may very well, in greater or smaller degree, be available to most of us. If this deduction is correct, as I believe it to be, then the question, "If I had my time again", is not entirely irrelevant.

As I have said, we have no choice in regard to our heredity. Looking back on my own life, I have nothing to regret in this limitation. I could not have wished for a different, and could not have had a happier, childhood. My father, of splendid Cornish stock, came to London as a young man in search of wider opportunities than the Duchy afforded. My mother unhappily died when I was young, but my father remarried and our home life was surrounded by all the influences which contribute to a happy childhood. I have recounted the story in some detail in my autobiography, *Cornish Cockney*, and I need not say more here, except to emphasize the great importance which I attach to the years of childhood as the foundation for so much that follows afterwards.

Of all the forces which mould us at that malleable period, perhaps few, outside home influence, can rival education. For centuries the philosophers and pedagogues have disputed as to what is the ideal form of education. The problem is still far from being solved. In any event, for many of us it is a somewhat academic question, especially in our young days. It was often in practice less a question of what was ideal than what was best in the circumstances. In the actual circumstances, given the times and my parents' fortunes, I am sure nothing better could have been done for me. Have I, however, in the light of later experience, any particular regret that my formal education ended at a comparatively early age, in contrast with those who were more fortunate and able to go on to the University?

I will confess at once that there are times when I could have wished for that leisurely approach to fundamental problems (and equally leisurely discussion of them) which is possible only at the University. I think, too, one gains a sense of detachment which is one of the most valuable qualities of a University education and which nothing but a University education, perhaps, can provide. On the other hand, I was destined for a business career and perhaps there was some danger in that detachment being pushed to a point in which it could have been a positive hindrance, remembering that I had to start from the bottom rungs of the ladder. By starting early with the humbler tasks, I was trained to pay due attention to detail. In this way I had the sternest of all lessons in the importance of detail, without which a business career is almost a contradiction in terms. It can, of course, be argued in turn that such a training can defeat itself, so that the person undergoing it becomes capable of nothing more than detail in the long run.

As against this—so the argument runs—the University will implant the habit of grasping principle whereby detail will automatically fall into its proper place. Not that the other side of the picture should be overlooked. It has been said that the candidate for a University honours degree hears everything discussed and nothing settled, while a student preparing for a "pass" degree is crammed so that he learns the real truth. In other words, there is the danger, especially for the business man, of seeing so many sides of a question that he becomes uneasily poised in an attitude of habitual indecision.

As in much else, in the practical affairs of life one would like to obtain the best of both worlds! Alas, in practice this is so rarely possible. In my own life, however, I have endeavoured to preserve a balance between these two desiderata; training myself to have a clear recognition of general principles and their significance, while at the same time preserving a sufficient grasp of detail so far as the day-to-day problems of business are concerned; for, after all, business is largely made up of questions of detail, with a seasoning of policy.

If the ideal education is a matter of dispute, this is almost equally true regarding the ideal training for a business career. In my own case, as I have already indicated, I began early, and in a position destitute of privilege. There is perhaps this to be said for a limited experience of the rut: in this way one definitely samples its trials and is, with the right spirit, as definitely inspired with the determination to escape from it.

It is in such matters, indeed, that the opportunity for the exercise of personal initiative arises, particularly in the business world. Not that this is merely a matter of seizing Dame Fortune's apron-strings and hoping to be whisked along in her wake. It is one thing to have the ambition to escape from uncongenial work, but another to prepare one's self for responsibility. It is here, perhaps, that many who blame Fortune should rather blame themselves, although admittedly the deserving do not always reap their due reward. Yet, looking at the economic world broadly, it is so made that, with all its imperfections, nothing better has yet been contrived which, in the literal sense, so effectively "delivers the goods".

What the future may bring in this respect remains to be seen, but we are here concerned with the present, which has problems enough.

Sooner or later, however, the question obtrudes itself: do we choose our life's work or do circumstances choose it for us? This is, I suppose, one of those controversial questions on which mankind will beg to differ for a long time to come. In some cases the course seems almost predestined; in others, the element of personal choice and initiative is apparent at various decisive points in a career. In the circumstances I can only outline such thoughts as occur to me on the basis of personal experience. Thus, unlike the great majority of boys, I never myself cherished the ambition to become an engine-driver. As time passed, however, I felt gradually drawn to fields of public service which gave scope for such individual gifts as I possessed. This ruled out the Civil Service, a decision based on personal experience during the First World War. During that war, however, I had been invited to join the Board of a highly respected but quite unpretentious London building society. In due course I was afforded the opportunity of becoming its Chief Executive Officer, an opportunity which I eagerly seized and have never since regretted. My association with the building-society movement has, in consequence, been my principal life-work. It has abundantly satisfied my desire for a career in the field of public service, while giving that scope for personal initiative, the successful exercise of which is one of the most rewarding aspects of the business man's life.

If, at this distance of time, all this seems to follow a neat pattern, the facts are far otherwise. At one stage, for instance, I was strongly drawn to accept a commercial appointment in China and it was only by yielding to the entreaties of my fiancée that I refused it. Whatever momentary regret I may have had on this score, however, was removed by the knowledge that shortly afterwards the person appointed had been the victim of a cut-throat—and this was not a case of suicide!—with the result that he lost his life. We cannot, then, overlook the effect of the unexpected and the unpremeditated in our lives.

The play of chance and mischance in our lives, however, raises a large question. What would, indeed, have happened to the world had Cleopatra's nose been a little shorter? The answer is, we don't know, but, as the late John Buchan (as many of us prefer to remember him, rather than as Lord Tweedsmuir) said: "Our sense of the mystery and variousness of life is enlarged when we realize that the very great may spring from the very small". History is full of such momentous trifles, and so, too, are our own lives in their way, despite the vastly smaller stage on which they are played. To quote him again: "To reflect how easily the course of things might have been different is to learn perspective and humility. The world is bigger and more intricate than we thought, and there are more things in heaven and earth than we can bring within the pale of any copy-book philosophy".

If I have ever, in moments of "fancy free", toyed with the notion of an alternative career, it has been to wonder how I might have fared had I gone to the Bar. I frankly enjoy the advocate's role—I mean all the work of preparing a case and working it up into an orderly, coherent form. Then, too, I have, if I am to believe my friends, some gifts for public speaking which would presumably have stood me in good stead in the presentation of my case. On top of all this, the subtleties of legal problems have a special fascination for me. All this, however, is mere speculation. I realize that to the Bar, of all careers, many are called, but very few indeed are chosen.

Although the building-society movement has been my principal life-work, I have always endeavoured not to limit myself to a narrow range of activities. For one thing, a variety of experience acts as a wonderful stimulus, and we are usually all the fresher in attempting any task by having interests outside that particular field. The mind can, after a time, become jaded by excessive concentration, and is the more likely, as I have said, to retain resilience by a variety of occupations. Thus, in addition to my building-society work, I have been concerned in a number of other kinds of activity, whether education, hospital administration, child welfare, to name several that first come to mind.

Moreover, the constructive use of leisure in this way not merely serves as an antidote to a tired mind, but actually broadens one's outlook as well. Here I attach the greatest value to travel, and if I had my time over again I think I should begin to travel rather earlier and certainly to travel more extensively. I have already visited many distant countries and feel that I have learnt something significant from each of them. I am only sorry that business responsibilities have precluded me from undertaking journeys to the farther ends of the earth, but all the same, I am very grateful indeed for the not inconsiderable travel which fortunately I have been unable to undertake.

This serves to introduce another aspect of the problem of making the best use of our lives. so that when the question arises, "If I had my time again", we need not as a matter of course long for a second chance. To a large extent, indeed, the point which is now in my mind is a logical sequel to the preceding paragraph. By diversifying our interests as far as possible—without, of course, carrying the process to extremes—we tend, at the same time, to enrich our personalities, which is perhaps one of the most precious boons that life can offer us. For too many life is without hope or vista of any kind; yet perhaps there are few who are necessarily foredoomed to such unenviable servility. The galley-slave may be a thing of the past, but the galley-slave mentality is not extinct. Today, in this age of the Welfare State, the great majority have been raised above the level of actual want. Hours and conditions of work are safeguarded, so that the serfdom of wage slavery is no more than a Communist nightmare. Much that is stimulating in the best creative sense of the word is readily available to large numbers of people, whether their tastes range from the Third Programme to the *Third Man*.

Furthermore, we should recognize that it is hardly ever too late to begin something new. There are innumerable instances all through history of the elderly, and, indeed, the old, starting something new. Our minds, unless they have really gone to seed, are much more plastic than we suppose and are capable of absorbing new experiences and enjoying new interests in a way that will often surprise us in the event.

I cannot attempt to sum up my impressions of this fascinating, but somewhat elusive, subject: "If I had my time again". The wish, as I have said, comes to many of us at some time in our career, but whether we would really welcome the opportunity if it were actually given to us is another matter. Some, no doubt, would grasp the opportunity very eagerly, but one is less certain about large numbers. Apart from this, there is no certainty that we would not follow much the same course and make many of the same mistakes—unless, which is quite inconceivable in practice, we could have the advantage of our first life-time's experience. In the end, therefore, the more philosophic among us will perhaps come to the conclusion that it is better to make the best of the opportunities that are open to us rather than to spend our days vainly dreaming—or what is worse, vainly lamenting—on what is quite outside the realm of practicability.

This is, in my opinion, the best essay in the book.

RT. HON. LORD PETHICK-LAWRENCE

Born in 1871; educated at Eton where he was Captain of the Oppidans in 1891, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, becoming a Fellow in 1897. He edited the London Echo *1902–5 and* Votes for Women *1907–14. He was imprisoned in 1912 for his part in the campaign of the militant woman suffragists. Elected M.P. for West Leicester in 1923 (defeating Mr. Winston Churchill) he was Financial Secretary to the Treasury 1929–31 and a member of the Indian Round Table Conference 1931. He sat for East Edinburgh from 1935 to 1945 when he was elevated to the peerage and made Secretary of State for India and for Burma. He has written books on finance, economics, woman suffrage, and other political matters.*

IF I HAD my time again? Should I do so very differently? I wonder! On the whole, I think not. I think that if the choice rested with me I would go to the same school (Eton), to the same university (Cambridge) and to the same college there (Trinity), where I would read the same subjects (mathematics, science and economics). If I were lucky enough to find and win her I would marry the same wife, and with her help and encouragement I would take up a Parliamentary career and do battle for the three equalities—of sex and class and race. I hope I should have the same large circle of delightful friends and that I should play football, lawn tennis, and billiards with the same relish. I should count myself fortunate if at seventy-eight I had the same record of almost unbroken good health and was in possession of all my faculties and still able to live a life of continuous activity.

In all this I am not, of course, suggesting that my life has been free from the average number of mistakes, some of which I was painfully aware of at the time and some that I have only learned to regard as mistakes in later life. I used to worry over these and wish to have my time over again so that these blemishes might be erased from my scroll. But I have come to recognize that such mental self-flagellation is merely a form of vanity and does positive injury to the tissues of the brain. To make mistakes is part of the law of being of all living things who mainly progress by trial and error. Further, just as our body immunizes itself against serious disorders by having to combat the impurities in the air we breathe, the water we drink and the food we eat, so our personality has to learn wisdom through making mistakes. The fool is not the man who makes many diverse mistakes but he who goes on making the same mistake over and over again. I remember that when I was a new boy in the House of Commons an old hand once told me that the only sure way of learning all the rules of order and procedure there was to be guilty of breaking each one of them at least once. At the time I thought it was a silly remark but I learned afterwards how right he was.

I have no intention therefore, in order to supply a fuller answer to the question set me in this book, of raking over my memory to recall and record the many things which I should like to have said or done differently or to guess at the might-have-beens which would have resulted from such changed conduct.

It seems to me much more worthwhile to sketch, in broad outline, the personal equipment which, had I possessed it, would have made my life happier and more efficient. Inherently there is an element of unreality in this because understanding can only come through experience. The charm of childhood lies in its irresponsibility, of adolescence in its impetuousness, of the prime of life in its strength and of old age in its mature judgment. No one can partake of the banquet of life in reverse order or have all its courses together. Each has to be tasted and eaten before the next is served. But unreal questions provoke unreal answers and we are all children enough to love to play sometimes at make-believe.

The first essential is to be captain of one's own ship, and the

sooner one learns to take full command the better. This sounds easy, particularly when one remembers that not only the captain but the crew, the passengers, and even the barque are all, in a sense, oneself. But those of us who have sailed the voyage of life know that in fact it is extremely difficult. The crew may fall sick or mutiny, the passengers may become discontented, the ship may spring a leak or refuse, in a storm, to answer to its helm. To discard metaphor, each one of us is in reality a multiple personality. Not only are we made up of body, mind, emotions, and a central ego, but we bear within us predispositions inherited from our innumerable forebears, and instincts originating with our more remote ancestors throughout the long period in which they were evolving from primordial
2. protoplasm. Moreover, we find to our surprise that our inclinations vary from hour to hour and that what we think and feel today is by no means the same as it was yesterday or will be tomorrow. In these circumstances to integrate our personality completely and to pursue a perfectly consistent and steady course is beyond the power of even the wisest of mankind. But the nearer we can approach to this ideal the greater will be the satisfaction that we shall derive from our life.

This is in no sense a moral or ethical maxim; it is plain common sense. It is just silly to be at war with oneself or to be pulled hither and thither by conflicting emotions. Robert Louis Stevenson in a most suggestive work of fiction (*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*) imagined a different way out of the difficulty. Starting from the assumption that man has a higher and lower nature he supposes a discovery by which the two could be temporarily separated. Of course Stevenson knew well that any such dichotomy of the personality is impossible in real life, and even in the story the experiment ends in disaster. But I am not thinking exclusively or even mainly of higher and lower but of the countless divergent desires on the same or different
3. planes which cry out for gratification. Every moment of our lives we have to make our choice between them and, having made it, must abide by it and take the consequences of it for better or for worse. If later we come to the conclusion that the choice was mistaken it is up to us not to repeat it; it is not open to us to alter the

3 past and it is generally a mistake to worry unduly about it.

Before I go further with my theme I feel that I ought, in fairness, to tell a true story which shows that one must use common sense in applying all maxims, however sapient. A friend of mine, in her capacity of magistrate, was once visiting a women's prison. She went into one of the cells and had a talk with the prisoner. She found her in tears and constantly moaning and repeating the words "I wish I hadn't done it". Seeking to comfort her my friend said at last: "Well! Make up your mind that you won't do it again". With that she left the cell and, turning to the wardress, asked what was the crime that the woman had committed. "Murdering her husband" was the unexpected reply!

I suppose that nearly all, if asked, would agree in a vague sort of way that it would be nice if they were less troubled by conflicting desires and a little more consistent in their words and actions. But how to achieve this result most of them have no idea. When they are told that it is through the exercise of thought and will, they conjure up a picture of an Indian ascetic subjecting himself to the most painful discipline. "The cure would be worse than the disease" they say and dismiss the tiresome subject from their minds. Broadly I shared this view for many years of my life. But the time came when I changed my mind. I now see that thought and will can be strengthened and toned up by training just as can the muscles and sinews of the body; and both the process and the result of training are pleasurable. 4. There is really no satisfaction to be got out of brooding over things that have gone wrong or dwelling on the horrid things some people have said or done to us. And it is often not so very difficult to entice the mind to contemplate instead the things that have gone right and the generosity and friendship that some other people have shown us.

Most sensible people in charge of children try to divert the minds of their charges in order to stay their tears or their tantrums. When I was a child I generally saw through and resented the well-intentioned efforts of my elders to divert me from my annoyance. I preferred to wallow in my vexation. Looking back I sometimes wonder whether if they had pursued a somewhat different line of

approach I might have been more amenable. Be that as it may, I grew up outwardly obedient but inwardly with a sense of grievance against the limitations of freedom imposed upon me; and this conflict continued long into adult life when it was no longer parents but circumstances that frustrated my desires. Was mine an unusual experience? I opine not. I suspect that many suffer as I did; and I suggest that much of their fret and suffering could be averted if they were taught, as soon as their intelligence was capable of absorbing it, that there are only two alternatives, either to change
5. the circumstances if that is possible or if not to change one's own attitude towards them. There is much truth in the homely adage:

> For every evil under the sun
> There is a remedy or there is none.
> If there is one try to find it,
> If there isn't never mind it!

How thoughts originate is a mystery. We have not the same control over them that we have over our actions and we cannot command their presence or absence at will. It is just as well that we cannot do so for otherwise our lives might be very humdrum and dull. Some thoughts are beautiful like flowers and reveal to us a world that lies behind the world of sense. They inspire the writer, the artist, and the musician. They prompt the scientist to make discoveries. They stimulate the common man to acts of courage and devotion. They shine out from the eyes of lovers. They fill with
6. beauty the face of the woman as she gazes, after her travail, at her newborn babe. They comfort the sick. They sustain the dying.

But not all thoughts are joy-bringing like these. Some are just worthless and stupid. Some tease us with needless fears and anxieties. Some are poisonous and prompt us to lust and cruelty and crime. When a thought "strikes" us—as it is said—we can by an act of will "harbour" it or repel it; and it is our discerning inner self which has to give its orders to the will as to which course to pursue and to see that these orders are carried out. This is one of the lessons which I learned late in life and I should have been happier, a pleasanter companion and more efficient in my work, had I understood it earlier and put it into practice as far as I was able.

From early childhood I had a mathematical bent. This does not mean merely that I could do "sums" quicker than my school mates. It also means that I generally saw things in harder outline than they did and that I tended to reason from the abstract to the concrete and particular, instead of proceeding in the reverse direction as most other people appear to do. Further, for me, the whole is much more than the sum of its parts; it has a character and significance of its own. One result of this is that I have been inclined to take a greater interest in mankind than in men and women, whose individual idiosyncrasies tend to cancel one another out in the larger entity. The wrongs of a class or sex or race have appealed to me more cogently than the purely personal troubles of a particular John or Mary.

I am far from regretting that I have had this peculiarity. For the fact that my view-point is different from that of the majority of people has enabled me to make a special contribution to the community which has given me much satisfaction. But in my younger days I did not adequately realize the corresponding limitations to which I was subject in both my public and private relationships. A public man comes in for a considerable amount of criticism. When this is persistently adverse it is naturally most wounding to him. But he will be ill-advised if he regards it all as malicious or false. I was told that my speeches in the House of Commons and still more on the platform, failed to attract sympathetic attention because the human element was lacking. I should have been wise to take this criticism to heart and profit by it. But I failed to do so. Fortunately, however, I was to learn my lesson in other ways.

An M.P. has two almost distinct functions to perform. He has to help to form and defend the national policy of his party; and he has also to be the mouthpiece of his constituents in the presentation of their individual grievances for redress. So, at the suggestion of my agent, I set aside certain hours when I was in my constituency to be available to all comers who wanted my help or advice. At first I was frankly bored by these personal and seemingly trivial interviews. But as time went on I became more and more interested until at last I thoroughly enjoyed them. If ever I was instrumental in straightening out some tangle or in getting some grievance redressed I think I was as happy as the individual concerned. A day was to come when one of my constituents who was talking to me about an M.P. whom she liked added these words: "But we feel more *intimate* with you". It was one of the nicest compliments that I ever had paid to me.

Most people suffer from shyness at some period of their life; but with the majority it is just a childish complaint like measles which passes off and leaves no ill-effects behind. Others suffer from it longer and with a few it becomes chronic and dogs their steps through the whole of life, as is incomparably depicted by Arnold Bennett in his play, *The Great Adventure*. If I were asked, I would define shyness as a failure to allow one's personality to flow out naturally into that of others or to welcome the inflow from them in return. In my case it sprang partly from my unwillingness to expose my inner thoughts and feelings to the icy blast of indifference and ridicule and partly from sheer lack of interest on my part in the individual reactions of my fellows. Much of what they said or did left me cold or critical, while many things which moved me greatly drew from them no response. Robert Browning in one of the most beautiful of his poems has put into the mouth of Rabbi Ben Ezra words to express something of what I felt:

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me; we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?"

Fortunately for me, first my wife, and later others at different periods of my life, have prized open the lock that imprisoned my personality and displayed to me the rich treasures of intimate human contact which for so large a part of my life I had missed.

I have learnt further that all human relationships, if they are to yield their full fruit, have to be cultivated with care and protected from blighting frost. This does not mean that they should be kept in hothouses and never permitted to harden and mature in the open air. I am all for truth. But I have learnt that truth has many facets, and that that form of expression of truth should be chosen which accords best with the individual temperament of the person to whom it is addressed. We all know the intense indignity implied by the phrase "loss of face". Why then inflict it on others? We ourselves only give of our best when we receive encouragement or the wise admonition that springs from true understanding of our personalities. Why then do most of us so often fail to show the 7. same wisdom in our treatment of others? I cannot emphasize too strongly that I am not ruling out firmness where it is required or preaching copy-book maxims unsuited for practical people. They are recipes for getting the best out of love, friendship, casual acquaintance, or service whether as employer or employed. Every sensible motorist knows that he requires the utmost understanding and patience in handling his car; it would never occur to him to illtreat it if it failed to come up to his expectations. The same is 7. true of the captain with his ship. How much more is it stark common sense in our personal relations with our fellow human beings. I should like to think that, if I had my time again, I should have early in life the wisdom to put these ideas into practice.

When I was born nearly eighty years ago, fierce controversy was raging between the orthodox teachers of the Christian religion and the protagonists of scientific discovery. Charles Darwin had just published his famous books on evolution which ran counter to the literal narrative of the Old Testament. The earth, he said, instead of having been created in the year 4004 B.C. had been in existence for many millions of years. The genealogy of the human race did not begin with an individual Adam but could be traced back through countless ages to far more primitive creatures.

It is no wonder that devout souls were sore perplexed. They seemed to be placed on the horns of a dilemma. If in order to keep their faith they shut out from their minds the new teachings of science, fresh evidence for which was continually piling up, would they not be fighting a losing battle, and would not their reasoning faculties ultimately either atrophy or rebel? If on the other hand they accepted the scientific evidence as conclusive would they not be admitting a breach in their implicit belief in the Scriptures as the authentic and inspired Word of God? They dreaded to think how far this breach might go. Could it be stopped short at a restatement of remote history or would it lead them on to throw over one by one the cardinal elements of their faith—the unique character of the Christian revelation, their assured hope of an after life, the distinction between right and wrong, the efficacy of prayer and the very existence of God?

I have never ceased to be grateful for the fact that the religion on which I was brought up was a liberal one. I was not taught to believe in the terrible doctrines which, as survivals of earlier thought, were still current in my childhood and which vexed so many of my contemporaries. To name only one in particular, I was never asked to regard devout Buddhists and Hindus as "heathen" and, as such, foredoomed to eternal damnation. Therefore I found no difficulty in accepting the new teachings of science. But as time went on and my experience widened I found myself being carried a great deal further. Though I never lost my innate sense of a purpose in life I was unable any longer to subscribe to many of the simple beliefs which had sustained my parents. Still more was I in disagreement with much of what was preached from the pulpits of the land. I had many years to go before I was able to replace this merely negative rejection of the views of others by a positive faith which should satisfy the whole of my personality.

I am most anxious not to be misunderstood. I am not so foolish or so presumptuous as to set myself up as a spiritual critic or instructor of others. I realize that everyone who is not content merely to drift through life from episode to episode must form for himself some faith by which to live. He needs to acquire, it may be through great joy or through acute suffering, his own individual ladder up which to climb from earth to heaven. Far be it from me to seek to break this ladder or to take it away from him. But I have been asked to tell my own story and I feel that if I do so in all sin-

8.

cerity it is for my readers to select from it those parts which appeal to them as truth and to reject as unsuitable for themselves those which they account as error.

Psychologists tell us that one of the signs of an incompletely 9. co-ordinated personality is undue annoyance at the minor disappointments that are the common lot of humanity. Intellectually we may be well aware how stupid and futile are most of our irritations, frets, fears, and anxieties. "My life has been full of troubles", a man once wrote up above his chimney-piece, "most of them never happened". But emotionally we continue to be plagued with them; our thoughts go round and round harping on the same mischance, regretting the same mistake, dreading the same unlucky consequence. Earlier in this essay I have suggested that every one of us can do something to abate this tiresome habit by a purposive substitution of happy and constructive thoughts for negative and unpleasant ones; but this is at best only a partial remedy. If in the background of our minds we have no fundamental harmony because we see no meaning in our existence or in that of other living things, we shall remain sick at heart; and all the cudgelling of our brains to start a different train of thought will be in vain. Only a sublime thought is great enough to put to flight the traitor 10. thoughts which deprive us of happiness and may, if left in possession, even wreck our lives.

For years I sought in vain for this sublime thought which would satisfy at the same time my reason, my emotions, and my consciousness of a spiritual world behind the world of sense. I find it now in contemplation of the wonderful universe around me and of my own essential union with the Central Fount of Life which is at once its source and its substance. I am filled with awe and reverence 11. when I learn of the majestic law which is the same for the glorious stars sweeping forward through the vast distances of interstellar space and for the minute particles which constitute the tiny atom. I am thrilled when I find the beauty of the Central Life leaping forth in the little flowers in my garden, in the birds singing in the trees, and in the inspired poems, paintings, and music of my fellow men. I am melted when I see Love Incarnate transfiguring the faces of the parent, the lover, and the minister to the sick and dying. I am exalted when I become conscious that to me has been entrusted a share in the continuing work of creation.

I do not shirk the sterner realities; I do not forget sin and suffering and death. They are the discords in the Opera of Life. I do not deny my own limitations, failures, and pettiness. They are the price I pay for my separate existence and my free will. But within me as within all living things, from the meanest creatures to the great teachers of mankind, there burns a light which, because it was kindled at the Central Flame and has become a part of the light of the Universe, no failure of mine can ever hide and no power of darkness can ever extinguish.

DR. MAUDE ROYDEN SHAW

a blooming old goat!

Born 1876; educated at Cheltenham Ladies College and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. She joined the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies in 1908, writing and speaking chiefly on the economic, ethical, and religious aspects of the Women's Movement. From 1917 to 1920 she was Assistant Preacher at the City Temple. In 1921, with Dr. Percy Dearmer, she founded the Fellowship Services at the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, London.

IT IS supposed that I should be the same person? It is my time that I should have over again, not myself? I should not be a different person? Only perhaps a better one?

For I have often wondered whether I should like to have been Sara Bernhardt or St. Teresa of Spain, and the bald fact that I could not have been either hasn't prevented me from wondering. I couldn't have gone on the stage because I am physically handicapped. It is true that when young I acted a good deal in an amateur way and enjoyed it more than anything else I have done. It was sheer delight to me, especially when I was with the Chipping Campden Guild of Craftsmen. These bold fellows revived every year some ancient play, Elizabethan or eighteenth century, such as *The Elder Brother*, *The Fair Maid of the West* and *The Critic*. We weren't at all bad, though only one of us became a professional actor and, as Henry Cohen, made quite a brilliant start at the Old Vic, which he—to my lasting regret—very soon abandoned. As for me, I think playing Bess in *The Fair Maid of the West*, a part in which I had all the "fat", was the greatest fun in the world. But my lameness, though at that time unnoticeable on a small stage, was an insurmountable obstacle to a career as a professional actress and I can't regret what I never could have had. I only record with some glee that a very good critic, hearing me speak many years afterwards on a League of Nations platform, wrote that in me "the world had gained a great advocate and lost a great actress".

And Teresa of Spain? Assuredly I had not the intellectual or spiritual genius of that greatest of women, but I ask myself what it was in these two so different that attracted me. It was, I believe, that they both *lived*. Both give the impression that they lived every hour of their lives and in every fibre of their being.

I suppose that couldn't be literally true. They must sometimes have had their times of gloom and flatness or they wouldn't have been human (and how human they were!) but not many times, not very flat. They give one the feeling of the versifier:

> I burn my candle at both ends,
> It will not last the night:
> But O my foes and O my friends,
> It gives a lovely light!

Actually it didn't last too badly either. St. Teresa lived to be sixty-seven and Sara seventy-eight. And what a light! They both *burned*.

However, no amount of "time over again" could make me such a burning and shining light, and I am to think what, being myself merely, I would do if I had the chance now.

I count the decisions I might have made. Did I do well to accept celibacy as my lot in life? To that I can only say that I had no real choice. In that respect life chose for me and I neither rebelled nor regretted the decision. I have told the story in my book, *A Threefold Cord*, and have nothing to add except that I regret nothing. Some people are incurably monogamous and if they can't marry the man or woman they love, must go without. I was so and am so, and I know others. We are neither better nor worse than other people but we can't change ourselves and, in that respect, don't want to.

There are splendid people, too—and again both men and women—to whom some great cause or labour is first in their lives and so much first that there isn't room for any second. Mrs. Mary Stocks, in her biography, *Eleanor Rathbone*, tells us this was the case with that lady, one of the greatest women of our century; and I have known, in confidence, of others. Dear old T. P. O'Connor thought it was true of me and lamented that my career had excluded marriage for me. He was mistaken. It would not, in itself, have satisfied me as it does some, though it is true that it seems to me one of the hardest things in life that it is so often necessary to choose between them. More often it is a necessary choice for women but quite often for men, too. I suppose it is one of the first lessons one ought to learn from life and *for* life—that one can't have everything. I wonder whether I should ever have learnt that myself but for the limitations which were not chosen but imposed upon me by circumstances, for I always wanted to have everything. Most people do, and waste a large part of their lives trying to get what they want and feeling frustrated because they can't.

The only thing I never wanted was to be a man! So many feminists I know do wish that, and remind me of the obstacles women have to overcome if they want to "do" anything outside their own homes, or even inside them. I resent such obstacles as much as anyone but they no more made me wish I was a man than I could wish in any circumstances whatever that I was French, American or Chinese.

I look back and consider the choices I made which really were choices and not mere force of circumstance.

I am glad I left home. There were too many of us there and I, the youngest, vaguely felt that I was cramped. I am glad that I lived for a time in what was then a very slummy part of Liverpool, as I am glad that, later on, I lived in the East End of London. I wouldn't have missed those experiences for a great deal.

I am glad I lived as an unpaid curate in a little country village in Rutland. Apart from the fact that the rector was Hudson Shaw, whom at the very end of our lives I married (see my book, *A Threefold Cord*). I am glad to have had the experience of life and work in a village even more completely rural than my home in Frankby. Frankby was in reach of the great city of Liverpool but South Luffenham's nearest towns were Stamford (six miles off) and Oakham (five). There were no buses and the station was inconveniently placed outside our village. Stamford is one of the most beautiful towns in England but no one could call it, or Oakham, a buzzing hive of industry or commerce. We did our shopping there and I can remember that it was quite a thrill to go and have tea in a café. I wouldn't have missed that for anything.

One of the best things that ever happened to me was my acceptance as a lecturer by the Oxford University Extension Delegacy. I had been educated at Lady Margaret Hall and there gained all that women were then allowed—a "testamur" to say that I would have been granted a degree if I had been a man. Women could get degrees even then at some of the more modern universities but I don't regret my going to Oxford. I wasn't very happy at Lady Margaret Hall which was too much like a school for me then. The timidity of pioneers of women's education is a thing hardly to be believed, and Lady Margaret Hall was definitely "Churchy", and this intensified the general feeling of nervousness. The Principal, Elizabeth Wordsworth, was, in my considered judgment, as unsuitable a person as could possibly have been chosen for the job. She had no interest whatever in the education of women, higher or lower. The students who had gone down interested her only if they married and had children. She was something of a cynic and her conversation, which was brilliant, made her the joy of many an Oxford dinner-party. I remember going out for a walk with her one day and finding that we were bound for a call, which surprised me as I knew she detested these observances. The mystery was soon dissipated, however, for she added: "You see, it is Wednesday and Mrs. Blank is *always* out on Wednesdays". By a horrid chance Mrs. Blank was not out and her maid invited us in. Miss Wordsworth was not disconcerted. She never was. After the shortest possible pause for thought she said—"Well, tell her I think I won't come in this afternoon" and we proceeded on our walk.

I still think this very unusual lady highly unsuitable as Principal of a women's college and can only suppose that her name—Wordsworth—and the fact that she was the daughter of a thousand bishops, cast a halo of respectability over the place. Again I can truly say that, though I occasionally cast a slightly wishful glance at Somerville

College, I don't really regret being sent to Lady Margaret Hall with its very remarkable and unsuitable Principal. She was worth knowing and there was only one of her.

As for the unfortunates who go to Cambridge instead of Oxford I can only feel sorry for them.

Great was my joy on being promoted to the lowest (and cheapest) rank of Oxford University Extension lecturers. It was a great and wonderful experience. I loved it. Here, too, I was to find some curiously "olde worlde" ideas. Many times people who were good enough to move votes of thanks to me dwelt with admiration on my "fluency" and seemed to think that what can in fact be a horrible vice in a speaker was a very wonderful quality in a woman. Great concern, too, was shown by some for the feelings of womanly modesty which were supposed to be troubling me. On one occasion I was about to mount the platform (which seemed the obvious place for a speaker) when I was intercepted and my steps guided to a little rostrum placed in front of the platform and raised only a few inches above the floor. "We arranged this", the local secretary explained, "as we felt you wouldn't like to be conspicuous". I am hardly five feet two inches in height and wished that, like Zaccheus, I could climb a tree.

I am glad, not only for my own sake, that I added my minute atom of weight to breaking down these now almost unbelievable absurdities, though I still come up against them occasionally in ecclesiastical circles. "You wouldn't wish to speak from the *pulpit*?" I have often been asked. "Yes, I would", I say firmly, "and so would you if you were as small as I".

For a long time I always took my cap with me and asked the parson whether he wished me to wear it. It is significant that for many years now I have never been asked to do so (except in one instance, in a Church of England church, a few years ago) and have ceased to take the cap. This is only one of a number of silly snags that call for some exercise of judgment and tact. They are all rather ridiculous but apt to become tiresome. For instance, I was once asked to take part in a series of addresses to be given by three women in Newcastle Cathedral. I was overworked at the time but the hope of helping to open the doors of cathedrals to women preachers touched me, and, at great inconvenience to myself and some others, I arranged to go. Later, the organizers told me that the idea had created such an uproar that they felt bound to give it up and the addresses must be delivered in a hall. They were very courteous and said they felt badly about it but couldn't help themselves and would I go all the same? I did. I could not seem to attach more importance to the place I was to speak in than to what I was to say: but it did involve an acceptance of a slur on women in general that I hesitated to allow.

Tiresome as this hair-splitting is, however, I believe that on the whole it is right for the pioneer to accept silly restrictions rather than to stand on her dignity and give them an importance they do not deserve. This was my guiding principle and I do not regret it. I think the time comes, in all such movements, when it is ripe for refusal and the refusal should be made. The difficulty, of course, is—when, and in what circumstances?

I remember one occasion when the bishop of the diocese laid down such an array of absurd conditions that the vicar, in despair, offered to release me from an engagement which, he said, had become almost an insult. But, he added, if I felt I *could* preach in his church in spite of this, he believed that it would forward the cause of women preachers in the end because Englishmen are more impressed by seeing a thing done than by any number of arguments. I agreed with him and went, and I feel sure I was right. Later on I was reminded of this by an occasion of a different kind. A friend asked me to conduct the funeral service of his mother, also a friend and a very dear one. It happened that he brought with him—very reluctantly I must suppose—an exceedingly "High Church" priest. This priest remarked afterwards, in tones of some perplexity, that the thing that struck him most was that "it seemed so natural".

It seemed natural to me too.

If I had my time again would I have taken a different path and preferred, say, politics to preaching? No, I would not. I have been asked to stand for several constituencies and had a strong inclination to do so, but I am glad I refused. My experience when fighting for the vote was something I enjoyed a good deal at the time and often I felt that I was much in my element on a political platform. I liked the rough and tumble of it, the heckling, the turmoil. And I record the remarkable fact that, rough and even brutal as political fights can be, there is something in ecclesiastical squabbles that seems to me more slimy and therefore more unpleasant to the fighter. That a bishop, highly respectable and father of a family, should actually object to a woman celebrating Holy Communion "because as she stood at the altar the congregation could see her ankles", and a priest to women acolytes because the (male) celebrant might be distracted by her beautiful red hair (these objections were actually made, and one of them publicly), suggests a measure of yellowness that, I confess, surprised me. I do not remember any politician objecting to women speakers standing on a platform for any such reason. Their reasons were often silly but not worse. It remained for ecclesiastical opponents to plumb a lower depth.

On the other hand, I have received extraordinary kindness and courtesy from the same quarter. The vicar, whose invitation to me to preach was offered with apologies for the "insulting" conditions on which his bishop insisted, went into church without his surplice because one of the conditions was that I should not wear one—and all the choir did the same. Another, who was ordered to preach a sermon himself and not allow mine to be part of the service, preached for two minutes on the text, "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets!" (Numbers xi, 29). Moses, himself one of the greatest of prophets, had been asked to stop the prophesying of two "unauthorized" young men, and refused, saying that no one need be jealous on his account, since he only wished they were all prophets. "The Church of England", commented this twentieth-century priest, "is not so wise". And with that he descended from the pulpit and pronounced the Benediction. Immediately after doing so he conducted me to the pulpit and I preached my sermon.

These hair-splitting absurdities no doubt lie in wait for all who are trying to do something never or seldom attempted before. Perhaps, when one makes mistakes, they do not in the end greatly matter. There are in all lives decisions that have to be made that matter a great deal, at least to oneself. Had I, for example, really a vocation to the priesthood?

Yes, I believe I had. Certainly when one says this one may seem presumptuous. It is, however, not the belief that one is called by God to a certain course of action that is presumptuous: it is the belief that one is worthy of the call. If it were not so there would be neither priests nor ministers, for who can say that he is worthy of such a vocation? No one. All one can do—and it is both the most and the least—is to ask God's grace that one may, by Him, be made worthy. And my call, I believed and still believe, was to the priesthood of the Church which is and has always been my spiritual home—the Church of England. The good old dead Church!

I do not regret going to the City Temple or to the Guildhouse. I believe that I was called to be a preacher as well as a priest and it is with the deepest gratitude that I recall the extraordinary generosity of the City Temple authorities who, knowing that I was an Anglican and intended to remain one, made no difficulty about this when they called me to the City Temple pulpit. My position there was perfectly clear to Congregationalists, who are the most truly ?! broad-minded of all Christian communions. It didn't seem to me to matter much if other people were confused. Indeed it was not surprising. The *Church Times*, for example, always alluded to me as "a Congregational minister" and when someone wrote to protest that I was a communicant member of the Church of England I could not but chuckle to read the note appended by the Editor of that journal: "We apologize. Miss Royden is not a Congregational minister: she merely ministers in a Congregational church" (or did he say chapel? I don't remember). But the fact that I was a communicant member of the Church of England was part of my belief that I was called not to be a preacher only but a priest also. I did not ask for ordination to the ministry of any of the Free Churches, grateful as I am to them for their kindness to me.

This influenced me in a way which I think was perhaps unfortunate. I am more and more convinced that if a parson has a church he must make it the first and most absolute claim on his time, his strength and all that he is and has. To my mind Dick

Sheppard was the perfect exemplar of this. While he was vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields the needs of his people came before everything and—much as he was asked for as a preacher in other churches, Free as well as Anglican—he gave little time to them. He was always at St. Martin's and always accessible. He used to sit in his vestry, writing, reading, praying, and except when someone was actually with him the door of the room was always open. It must be remembered that Dick's house was in Trafalgar Square, that is, in the very centre of London's crowds and traffic, before one can realize what the open door meant. How he could work at all I cannot imagine. He told me that, once, after his protest against the ugly brutalities of a Fascist meeting in the Albert Hall, he was writing in his vestry when a shadow fell across the paper. He looked up and saw an out-sized Black Shirt standing before him. "Have you come to bump me off?" he asked with mild interest; "If so, give me time to write a note to my wife." The Black Shirt burst out laughing and they parted friends.

It is my belief that Dick's preoccupation with his people was of the essence of the vocation of a parish priest. I, not an ordained priest, never gave to my Guildhouse congregation this sort of service. I gave them what I could. I hope those who remember me will believe that. But the fact that my vocation was narrowed by the refusal to me of the priesthood turned me, perhaps inevitably, more and more to the work of the preacher. I was constantly away from London, on preaching missions in various parts of the country and travelling about the world. During my time at the Guildhouse I visited the United States four times and went also, on separate occasions, to Canada where I was in charge of Dr. Stanley Russell's church for six weeks—a very joyful experience; to India twice, to Egypt and to Palestine. In 1928 I travelled round the world via America, New Zealand, Australia, Japan, China, Ceylon, India, and so home. Not only did such journeys involve very long periods away from the Guildhouse but they exhausted my strength. I am naturally very strong but I used to return, even from missions of a few days preached in this country, very tired and after travelling round the world I was a wreck. I kept at work for the following year and then was obliged to take a year's complete rest.

I cannot regret these journeys. They were at once an education and an opportunity. But I imagine there are few churches which could survive them. At last I had to choose between the Guildhouse and the travelling which was done chiefly in the service of international peace. As that grew more and more precarious I felt more and more bound to work for it. At last I knew I must choose one or the other. Neither my strength nor the Guildhouse could bear the strain. Either I must make up my mind to stay at home and devote myself, as a priest should, to my people; or I must free myself from that responsibility, so dear to me for seventeen years, and become the preacher and speaker which was all that my Church would (and that grudgingly) allow me to be.

If I had my time over again should I make the same decision? Yes, I believe I should. I could not be the priest I believed I was meant to be, I was frustrated by my inability to teach or preach that sacramentalism that is the foundation of my own spiritual life.

But there is another question I cannot answer with such certainty: was the sort of peace for which I worked, the right peace?

When the First World War broke out I became a pacifist. It seemed simple then. With no clear idea of the enormous amount of discipline and training needed to make pacifism a constructive thing, I saw war as utterly contrary to the teaching of Christ and threw myself into the work of carrying absolute pacifism into effect. It is true that from the first I was troubled by the negative attitude of many of my fellow pacifists but I hoped we should soon see the way more clearly and be able to give some positive thought and action to our way of life. I wrote a pamphlet, *The Great Adventure*, which had, even in war-time, a considerable circulation and which advocated, not (as Dick Sheppard put it many years after) "peace at any price but peace at any cost".

That pamphlet has long been out of print and I have only one copy of it. I read it again and realize that I do not now dissent from it. It represents all that I then believed. I believe it still.

There is, however, much that I now see and did not see when I wrote it. One can, of course, be as much misled by what one fails to see as by what one sees wrongly. Strangely enough it was the world's supreme pacifist, Mahatma Gandhi, who showed me where (as I now believe) I was wrong.

Again and again he emphasized the long and hard training needed by those who dare to lay down material weapons and rely on the power of the Spirit. Again and again I was brought up against the bald truth that, as a friend said to me, "You pacifists are trying to use a weapon you haven't got". Some indeed, like Gandhi himself, had that weapon and used it nobly. They had peace in the very centre of their being. No one who knew them could wish them other than they were. They had the Sword of the Spirit and were far stronger with that than with a bomb or a torpedo.

They were very few and they had been, in fact if not in name, pacifists long before 1914. The rest of us were not so. I met much bitterness, much conceit, much imputing of wrong motives, in our ranks. Years afterwards an Indian friend of mine told me that she had asked Mr. Gandhi whether she should, like many others at that time, seek to provoke arrest and imprisonment. He asked her if she felt she could accept all that this involved without bitterness or resentment. She reflected, and then admitted that she could not. Then, he said, she was unfit for prison.

Again, he said of the British Raj in India that one of the worst things we had done there was to disarm the people and thus emasculate their spirit. I have often been asked if I can understand such a paradox. Certainly I can. We must be able to fight before we have the right to refuse to fight. We must have spiritual power before we have the right to refuse material force.

I should have seen that it was not so with us in 1914. It was not so with me, at least. And if we have not such power we must not refuse to use the power we have, even though it means war; nor must we weaken the force of those who are fighting.

It took many years and another war to teach me this. I wish it had been otherwise. If I had my time over again it would have been. Now I can do nothing but offer my regret and sorrow to those who, by such small influence as I had, were led astray. Fortunately they were not enough—we were never enough—to influence the fortune of the war, and those who had in their hearts the true pacifism with all its power and discipline set an example which will not perish.

Long before I resigned my ministry at the Guildhouse I had known that pacifism must be constructive and my service was given not to the negation of war but to the ideal set out in the Covenant of the League of Nations. Though it was not realized in action it was the right way and I can never regret my absorption in it. Those who created the League knew what they were about. Had the idealists been left to work out the world's salvation they would have succeeded. That their work was undermined by "practical" politicians does not for a moment shake my faith in that. It was a constructive attitude of mind and not, whatever critics may say, beyond the reach of the man in the street. Those who worked for it knew this well, and are, I believe, as sure now as then that, because of this, the League could have been made to work. No one of us will regret for a moment whatever service we gave to it, and I think it a great thing that, in spite of the pacifism to which I still clung, I was allowed to serve with them. I gloried in the comradeship we shared and found in it inspiration and hope.

So when it came to a choice between my ministry at the Guildhouse, which was always in part frustrated, and my work for the League of Nations, I chose the League and do not regret it.

What I do regret is my short-sightedness in not seeing more clearly that my sense of satisfaction in this work was really a sign of my dissatisfaction with my position as an "absolute pacifist". This came home to me in 1932 when Dick Sheppard, Herbert Gray, and I launched the idea of a Peace Army which should place itself unarmed between the armies of China and Japan in Shanghai. We made our offer to the League of Nations, and its Secretary, Sir Eric Drummond (now Lord Perth), did us the service of handing our letter to the representatives of the Press of the world. We had an enormous publicity and just over a thousand volunteers! That so few saw in this a way of sacrifice equal to that of the soldier and demanding even greater courage was a terrible shock to me. Still I believed myself a pacifist. Then came the Peace Pledge Union which reverted to the old negativism and had no positive policy at all. I was a member for a few weeks only. My only regret is that I ever joined at all. All my devotion to Dick Sheppard could not persuade me that to "renounce war" was a way to peace. Mere renunciation could never be enough for that.

And so when the Second World War broke upon us, I gave up this barren creed. It was too late, and I too old, to be a matter of importance to anyone but myself: honesty, however, compelled me to make my change of mind known and I became a target of the bitterness which so strangely infests the hearts of many who believe themselves to be pacifists. Both here and in America (I visited the U.S.A. in the winter of 1941–42) they were much more venomous than my friends, known and unknown, were when I became a pacifist in 1914. However sure they were that I was wrong, they did not suspect me of mean motives or cowardice. It remained for pacifists to do that.

Not all, indeed, were venomous. Mahatma Gandhi himself rebuked me (in an article in his paper, *Harijan*), but, as one would expect from so lofty a spirit, without bitterness. Others, who were true pacifists like hin, were also kind. I do not regret my decision. What I regret, as I have said, was that I had not made it before.

Finally, as I look back and seek a calm and dispassionate view of my life, having in mind the things for which I cared and the causes to which I gave myself, I am inclined to say that I should do the same "if I had my time over again", but that I should do less and do it better. I am conscious of an immense fatigue and of a working against time to which I attribute the extreme faultiness of all that I did. And yet I believe I am mistaken here.

I read the lives of saints and I see how immense was the work undertaken and brought to perfection by them. I watch them at work and am awe-stricken. What made them able for all this? How did they differ from the ordinary race of men?

In the source of power with which they were in continual communion. They lived by prayer. They were upheld by God.

Let me, then, amend my verdict. I would, if I had my time over again, do more and do better for I should pray more.

THE REV. DR. S. C. CARPENTER

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THIS ESSAY cannot fail to disappoint. For, whereas other contributors to the volume will say: "I am an astronomer, but I would give all my knowledge of the stars to have had the experience of a sailor's life", or: "I am a politician, but I can see now that I was made to be a College don", I have no such intriguing confession to record. I did not make my vocation. On the contrary, it has made me. I have no ?? repinings. I do not know why God called me to the Ministry. The male members of my family were religious men, but not clerical. My elder brother went into what was then called the Indian Staff Corps. I did not drift into the Ministry, but I am quite certain that I ?? was led. This essay has accordingly no news value. The things that are generously recorded by the Press and eagerly read by the public are the stories of the misfits. I am doubtless much more of a misfit than I imagine, but this volume is not an attempt to anticipate the Final Judgment. It is only an estimate by a few fallible mortals of what has been, might have been, ought to have been. It cannot be other than auto-biographical. And how it can escape being egotistic I do not know. Yet in a multitude of egotists there is safety. They cancel out. Nevertheless, I hasten to add that my satisfaction is only about the path that has been followed, not about the steps that have been taken.

Within these limitations, even of the slender material that remains available, some must be dismissed as beyond the terms of reference. Things in a man's life over which he had no control are not relevant to the subject. I will therefore not spend time in regretting that I was not born and brought up in the country, or that I was not sent as a boy to boarding school. Financial considerations, and the fact that my father was a master at University College School, London, then occupying part of the College buildings in Gower Street, caused me to spend the years from nine to eighteen there. It was a very good school, and I owe much to the Headmaster, H. W. Eve, and to G. J. Hawkes and J. W. E. Pearce, who taught me Classics, as well as to other men who strove rather less successfully to impart to me other kinds of learning. If I have a regret about it, it is that I could not also have been there a little later, when J. L. Paton was Headmaster, and F. W. Felkin on the staff, I think also that I should have been less immature at eighteen if I could have been sent away to school. Whether in any circumstances I should have achieved anything like the ripe maturity which I have observed in Wykehamists is very doubtful.

In due course I obtained a Classical Scholarship at Gonville and Caius College. I was happy about that, and very happy afterwards to be there, but, as we are talking of what might have been, I must confess that, a fortnight before, I had sat unsuccessfully at Trinity, and I was sitting during the next week at King's. On the Wednesday night I was in my lodgings when the porter came to tell me (but I was not, like Mr. Newman, engaged in playing the violin) that the Caius examiners were willing to accept me, and I accordingly withdrew from the King's Examination. Trinity is a great foundation, and King's has its peculiar charm. Should I have been happier at Trinity? I think not. It is too large, and unless you are very eminent, intellectually or athletically, you are lost in the crowd. About King's I do not know. It has great attractions, but there was at that time a slightly Oxonian air about King's which might have turned my callow immaturity to precociousness. Caius certainly prevented anything like that. It was a cheerful, happy place, less noisy than ——, less idle than ——, and I somehow there grew into a man. Moreover—and this meant much to me—it had been my father's college.

Cricket, to which I was devoted, I did not play at Cambridge, except in the Long Vacation. It seemed likely to consume too much of a poor scholar's time. Rugby football, to which I was equally devoted, I also put aside. For that I am sorry, because I never got very far on the river. Boils in my second term (we rowed then on fixed seats for two whole terms), and water on the knee in the following year, kept me even from the modest place to which my weight might have entitled me.

A more serious matter, the thing which I hope I should arrange otherwise if I had the chance again, was in Classical reading. I was goodish in Composition, but for the old three-year Classical Tripos the ideal was to have read almost the whole of Classical literature. This I had not done, and my translation of the twenty-four passages of Greek and Latin Prose and Verse set in the Tripos was not so good as it might have been. I was expected to obtain a First, but, to the expressed surprise of my Tutor, J. S. Reid, I just failed to do so. It was a disappointment, but I had no regrets about the time spent at various college Societies, the Shakespeare, the Debating, the Fortnightly, the Science and Arts Society, or in editing the college magazine, or in promoting the interests of the College Mission in south London. These things, I felt even then, had a humanizing influence.

The sense of vocation to Holy Orders, which had been vague and intermittent, developed during my third year into something stronger. A. M. Knight, the Dean of Caius, helped me a good deal, and the turning-point came when Edward Talbot, then Bishop of Rochester, paid a visit to the college. My understanding of what vocation meant was still very imperfect, but it was enough to make me say: "Here am I; send me".

With the help of two post-graduate studentships, I remained at Cambridge for two more years, and read Theology. In that study, and in the comparatively dignified status of a resident B.A., I found much happiness. I have always had a theory about the inhabitants of colleges that some men are born Freshmen. They have that gay insouciance which suits the time when everything is new and interesting, and there is a freedom which was not at school, and the shops will give you credit, and examinations are a distant terror. Others are by nature second-year men, still young enough to enjoy a rag, but with a wordly wisdom that is impressive to the Freshman. I discovered that my real line in life for the time being was to be a B.A. You have seniority, without responsibility. I worked hard at Theology, but I regret that I did not perceive at the time much of its relevance to life. I did not complain at the time that it was over-abstract. In fact it was not so in itself. The relevance was there, and has since then been accentuated, but I did not perceive it very clearly. The result was a fairly good knowledge of the Bible and of the history of Christian Doctrine to 461, but it was all rather in the air, and I was still very immature.

I read at the time a book of essays by C. F. G. Masterman and other young Cambridge men who knew something about south London. F. W. Head remarked in his essay that the young curate went into a parish where the people's lives were, unconsciously but vitally, affected by the French Revolution. The curate had heard of that era but did not understand its bearing upon London life. That was just about my case. A little thing which illustrates the rawness of a young man who had had the education that I had is this. I used to think vaguely at times about my first sermon. I thought it might be based on Psalm ciii, 7: "He shewed his ways unto Moses, his works unto the children of Israel". The idea was that the Lord explained His "ways" to a few selected persons, i.e., in my view, the theologians, while the people have to be contented with gazing at the works or the results. It sounds very conceited, but I do not think it was vanity. It was the unwisdom of a youngster, who has been trusted with sharp instruments which he has not the skill and experience to use aright. This sermon, in forty-eight years, has not been preached.

About one vital and decisive thing there are no regrets. A number of my best friends at school went to Oxford, where two of them became Presidents of the Union. The ancient University of Oxford is one of the great glories of English life, but it was not my choice. A passionate and wholly unreasoning prejudice in child-life was later re-formulated and civilized, but never ceased to exist. It quite lost its element of hatred, and was to a certain extent rationalized, but the result was in effect the same—*Cantabrigia contra mundum*. Had I gone to Oxford (and the fact that Newman nearly went to Cambridge is one of the most fascinating might-have-beens in history), I might have read for Greats under Hastings Rashdall, and become something of a philosopher. But the cloak would have sat ill on me. In spite of a willing, and enthusiastic, acknowledgement that someone must tackle philosophy, and in spite of later laborious and not very successful attempts to understand Ward, Whitehead, Alexander, and some others, I am for literature and scholarship every time. Of course, I know that both the ancient universities teach everything, that Oxford has had its Gaisford and its Robinson Ellis, and that Cambridge, as well as its Shilleto and its Walter Headlam, has had its Henry Jackson and its McTaggart, but there are differences of emphasis. I should be sorry if this outburst made any Oxonian reader unhappy (it is not likely, as they are armed against such petty manifestations of brutal ignorance—the words come from Matthew Arnold, a devoted son of Oxford. He said of C. J. Vaughan, Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, Headmaster of Harrow, Master of the Temple, the fine product of Cambridge Scholarship, "A good fellow, but brutally ignorant"), but veracity compels me to confess that, whether the context be the Classical Tripos or the Boat Race, my vote is deeply pledged to Cambridge. I have grown to love Oxford, and to have many friends among the most Oxonian of its members, but I love it at a distance.

Cambridge was followed by a year of teaching as headmaster's assistant at Durham School. It was a very pleasant job. I renewed my acquaintance with the Classics, and had plenty of time for private reading. I had my first introduction to cathedral worship, and also developed a new-born interest in social questions, e.g., in the housing problem. I wish it could have been longer, but I was already nearly twenty-five. I had in boyhood desired to be a school-master, in spite of the fact that they were in those days very poorly paid, but by this time I was quite sure that I must be a curate, although they received even less. The Bishop of Rochester happily prevented me from seeking a title on my Cambridge experience alone, which would have been a great disaster. He sent me to Cuddesdon, where I spent all too short a time.

The theological colleges are sometimes spoken of by those who do not know them as hot-houses. "Here is one of my hot-house plants," said Edward King, the much-loved Principal of Cuddesdon, to a visitor, laying his hand on the enormous shoulder of a man who had stroked Oxford to victory a year before. The hot-house theory is all nonsense. I thought of Cuddesdon, before I got there, as a kind of monastery, but it was nothing of the kind. The training of a novice for the contemplative life is designed for the elimination of everything that is not directly and utterly of God. It is very hard, but, where it succeeds, it produces a very beautiful standard of recollection and holiness. Food and sleep are, of course, necessities, but they are made to have as little earthliness as possible. A theological college is a place of professional or vocational training for the work of an English curate in an English parish. It was strenuous enough. The first morning I rose in my attic bedroom about 6.15, and breakfast was not till 8.30. I had not been accustomed to so long an interval. I found that other men, who wore Norfolk jackets and flannel trousers, and smoked pipes at times and in places where smoking was permitted, could spend half an hour on their knees in meditation, and so I thought that I would try. The two chief lessons that I learned there were (1) that prayer is a reality, and (2) that Christians are brothers. The first lesson was learned, not from J. O. Johnston, S. C. Gayford, and E. C. West, who were the Princeps, "Vice" and "Chapper" (it was near enough to Oxford to have learned the contemporary jargon), but from the other men. The officers I took for granted. The second illumination came in this way. I arrived in the middle of a term. A man entering an ordinary college at such a time, when things are well under way, is likely for a while to be rather out of it. I was given a friendly welcome at once.

The importance of vocational training is now generally recognized. For almost any profession, the ordinary college course must be followed by a further period of special training, or the young man or woman will not get the job. The imperfectly trained curate, supposing the bishop would ordain such men, would perhaps get a job of sorts, because there is a scarcity, and town vicars, with many thousands of people, and country vicars, with scattered populations and two or three churches to serve, are crying out for help, but he would be immeasurably less useful. To have been schooled in habits of devotion, to have learned the history and meaning of the Book of Common Prayer, to have heard lectures from experienced priests on Doctrine and Pastoralia, to have had some help in sermon-making, to have lived for a time in a thoroughly "church" atmosphere, which was also human and wholesome, with plenty of games and laughter—this was of immense service.

As one of the four assistant-curates in a huge parish in south London, St. Paul's, Walworth, I wish that I had been more methodical. The vicar, A. M. Pickering, did his best to train me in good habits, but I wish I had kept better lists of people visited and had ordered my days more profitably. A young curate, for the first time in his life, is left very much to himself. He can be rather lazy, without incurring much open opprobrium. We were not lazy, but I never learned to be so well-disciplined as my senior colleague, C. O. Pickard-Cambridge, who afterwards went as a missionary to Japan. Except for one of us, who was married, we lived in lodgings. I received £140 a year, a good screw at that time, and I paid thirty shillings weekly for board and lodgings. Those, economically speaking, were the days!

Would it have been a good thing if we had lived together in a clergy-house? It is often done, where there is a considerable staff, and it has its advantages. Young priests help one another, and parochial efficiency is promoted. But the atmosphere is limited. The talk is often too shoppy, and unless the young curate is going to be a celibate and still live in a clergy-house when he is a vicar, it seems better that he should have the chance of learning to rule his own life by himself. His vicar can generally be relied upon to prevent him from going very far wrong.

One of the things which I wish I had done there was to overcome a natural, and perhaps even in a way a right, shyness in speaking of the joys and duties of religion to people who were not prepared to meet me halfway. There is such a thing as an unnatural straining after effect, there is a cowardice which misses opportunities, there is an elephantine pomposity which devastates. These things are to be avoided, if possible. There is also a habit of dwelling in the eternal world, such as George Howard Wilkinson had in Eaton Square, which wins without offending. Such a *charisma* has always been to me an object of far-off desire. I did, however, make friends with people of a kind that I had not known before. The churchwardens were an assistant-master in a Westminster Board-school, and a foreman carpenter. One of my best friends was a night-worker. We had many a serious talk between his breakfast and his time for going to work again. But, though I longed to break fresh ground, I was ill-equipped as an evangelist. I tried to take advantage of events, sad or happy, in family lives which were patient, as so many events are, did one but know it, of a religious interpretation.

I ought to have stayed there another year or two. I refused one offer while I was there, to begin a Durham School Mission in Gateshead, because I knew that I was not ripe for an independent job, however small it might be at first. I was, however, attracted by the offer of teaching work, and I became the sub-warden of the newly reopened Queen's College, Birmingham. There I learned much from the brilliant and versatile J. H. B. Masterman, Warden, and S. A. King, my colleague, as well as from some very fine characters among the students, who had made very great efforts to reach that stage of their training for Holy Orders. One had been a London postman, another a Yorkshire miner. One man, who became a very well-known priest in after years, had been an actor of some note. Queen's College at that time (it is now in a different home and differently organized) was an interesting experiment, but rather a mistake. It contained non-graduate theological students and was also a hostel for Birmingham University students. The theory was that the minds of the theologians would be broadened and the souls of the University men would be edified by contact with the other sort. Up to a point it worked, but the two sides did not really mix very well.

I passed from there to be Vice-Principal of Westcott House, Cambridge. There are various theories about theological colleges. One is to plant them in the country or in a small cathedral city, as Cuddesdon, Wells, or Ely, where there is a peaceful atmosphere conducive to concentration. Another is to choose a large town like Leeds or Birkenhead, where the students can get some insight into the problems of urban parishes. A third is to bring them into touch with a university, without necessarily mixing the breeds, as was done at Birmingham, within the actual walls. The students get the advantage of the educational and cultural life of the university. Westcott's idea for his Cambridge foundation, which was originally called the Clergy Training School, was that it should be non-resident. Its graduate members should still be members of their old colleges, sharing the life of the college, adding to it such weight and seriousness as the graduate student of theology might be able to contribute, and adding to their own education and experience the teaching and training that they received at the Clergy School. It was a high ideal, and if all had been of Westcott's own calibre it would have worked well. The School gradually became resident and acquired more buildings, and, under the wise guidance of B. K. Cunningham, who by common consent was *sui generis*, became a large and important institution.

In both these places the necessity of having to give lectures and to be (in part) responsible for younger or less-experienced men had a steadying effect, and at Cambridge there was always the University to correct any tendency to become over-specialized. Nevertheless, there was a temptation to consider that the spiritual and intellectual welfare of post-graduate ordinands was the only thing that mattered. I remember a University Sermon by Professor (afterwards Bishop) H. E. Ryle, that was based on Ephesians iv, 12 —"For the perfecting of the saints, unto the work of ministering (A.V. "the Ministry"), unto the building up of the body of Christ".

He said, no doubt quite rightly, that St. Paul, although he had just before mentioned apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, was not in these particular words referring to any order of ministers, but to service in general. A group of young clerical dons was discussing this sermon. One said: "I think he ought to have said more about the Ministry." "Yes", said another, "Carp. called it a rotten sermon". Another time Archbishop Randall Davidson preached to a crowded congregation on the Sunday after Ascension. I wished that he would preach about the doctrine of the season. Instead, as it happened to be Empire Day, he preached an admirable sermon about the responsibilities of Empire. I was at the time disappointed, but I can now see that both these senior men were right. Young priests, with a specialized cure, are like that. It may be hoped that in time they shed their narrowness, without losing whatever depth there was in it.

In 1908, on marrying, I had to leave Westcott House, and was invited to become Warden of the Caius Mission in Battersea, a small riverside area, containing about five thousand souls. That was a chunk of real life. On almost my first day there I saw a man being chased by a policeman along the road that passed the mission church, and I was summoned to a tenement where a man had just tried to murder his wife. It was not all like that. In the most part life was rather drab and dreary. There were a great many happy homes, and some marvellously good Christian people, but conditions were not easy. There were what Samuel Barnett used to call "walls" to be broken down before minds were ready to entertain Christian teaching. Most of the people were unskilled labourers, earning—will it be believed?—about twenty-seven shillings a week. You could get a two-storeyed house for thirteen shillings, including rates. You let half of it for seven shillings and so your own rent stood at six shillings, leaving a guinea a week to live on. There was no Unemployment Insurance, or (except in voluntary clubs) sick pay. The mission was a small affair. I don't suppose that John Burns, M.P. for Battersea, had ever heard of it, but that stage of my life did greatly strengthen my belief in Christian Democracy. Every evening was spent in clubs (men, boys, and girls), which were on the whole a strength and not, as sometimes, a weakness to the Church.

I am disposed to think now that a college or school mission ought not to be a parish, as this was, though not in the legal sense. A parish must be run ecclesiastically. The undergraduates who visit the Mission or reside there (we had a Settlement House, with room for five or six men) are interested in the boys' club, and only some of them in the Church part of the Mission. The billiard table and the boxing-room are the places where the priest meets and makes friends with his people, and out of them confirmation candidates do proceed, but the priest is tempted either to be too ecclesiastical and frighten them, or too secular. I think I fell into both these snares alternately. Perhaps the right thing would have been to have a Christian layman at the head of the Mission, with a friendly vicar of the parish just round the corner, ready at any moment to be, as it were, the godfather of the clubs.

At the beginning of my time there, having come from Cambridge, I thought it right to try to explain everything at immense length. I soon found that this was no good. The people were simple and lived by a few formulas, such as "Mustn't grumble", and "There's a good time coming" and so forth. I came to the conclusion that the only thing was to instil into them a few of the right formulas, such as are provided in the rubrics of the Prayer Book. It is a great responsibility, but if you know what you are doing and how easy it is to be unfair and take a mean advantage of their lack of education, you are justified.

From there I was recalled to Cambridge to be Tutor at Selwyn, and very soon, when the new Statutes were adopted and Fellowships were created, also Fellow. It is one of the many things that I would not have had otherwise that my life has run in alternate periods of parochial and academic experience. For me it meant that at the beginning of each new period either the people were puzzled or put off by lingering traces of a Cambridge accent or I had to rub up my rusty learning and fill in some fresh gaps which became manifest in my equipment.

To be at Cambridge again was a great happiness. I had a good deal of lecturing and class-work to do, and as I have just hinted, there were some stitches which had been dropped at Battersea, and had to be picked up. The main thing in this period which might have been ordered otherwise was this. A university is a place of learning and research. I had a great many practical interests, the religious life of the University, conferences during vacation in connection with Christian Reunion and the newly formed Anglican Fellowship, work for the National Mission, and, a little later, the Life and Liberty Movement, and I was driven by penury to undertake a great deal of examining for the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board and for Cambridge Locals. I also took some part in Cambridge Town politics, and the result was that I had no time to become really learned. I knew my stuff, and gave my lectures, and my pupils did not know that I was sometimes not very far ahead of them, but if I had remained at Cambridge I should never have become a professor. A professor should know all about his subject. He should be able to guide younger graduates, to say: "This or that would be a good line of research for you to undertake, and here are three or four German books and periodicals which you will find useful". To this sort of height I never looked like rising, but if I could have done more research I should have been more worthy of my place as a Fellow of the College.

Selwyn is a Church College. At its foundation in 1882 it was viewed with a good deal of suspicion, as Keble had been at Oxford ten years before. The University had just been thrown open to all comers, a wise and liberal reform, and it was thought well by Mr. Gladstone, the Marquess of Salisbury, and many other churchmen that there should be one college which should keep alive for ever the name of George Augustus Selwyn, and, without judging or criticizing any other, make it possible for its members, whether they were preparing to be clergymen, doctors, schoolmasters, engineers or Arctic explorers, to live together in an inexpensive way as Churchmen. By reason of its principles, it had at first considerable disabilities, but these have by this time been almost wholly shed. The reputation of the College, now nearing its centenary, is, intellectually and athletically, very good, and the quality of the present teaching staff is very high.

One thing I did which was much criticized at the time, and may have been wrong. Being, ecclesiastically, something of a free-lance, and not vicar of a parish, I joined the Labour Party, and took some share in politics. I spoke at some meetings, and was at one time a candidate for the borough council, until it was discovered that a clergyman of the Church of England, though he may stand for a county council, and though he may be nominated for appointment to the Cambridge Council by the University, may not be put up for election by the voters of the town. Whether it is right or wrong for the clergy to take part in politics is a disputed point. When I left Cambridge again, and became Vicar of Bolton, Lancashire, I maintained an entirely independent course, and took no part whatever in local politics, although the rumour of my supposed left-wing proclivities was not long in reaching Bolton and was received in even an exaggerated form. I have come to the conclusion that a parish priest, having pastoral responsibilities, should not take what many will think an unfair advantage of his position. I know of course that many clergymen in the past have worked publicly for the Conservative cause, and some for the Liberal, and I know also that when people complain of "political sermons", they mean sermons which betray political convictions which they do not share, but my considered opinion is that the priest will have better opportunities of forwarding the objects, religious and political, for which he cares most if he is clear of party politics. He certainly cannot keep from touching political subjects, because politics is an important region of life, but I have always felt that he will be on sure ground if in his pulpit, where no answer is possible, he says nothing except what Christian hearers would be unable on Christian grounds reasonably to deny. I remember once at Cambridge during this period, when St. John Parry and a few more of us sent round a circular relating to some current industrial trouble. One don, receiving it, is reported to have said: "Almost they persuade me to be a Christian". That he used what is in fact the rather inaccurate rendering of the Authorized Version does not impair the value of his tribute.

One more incident occurs to me. After the First World War, one plank in the Labour Programme was the Capital Levy. It was not, I think, well understood by the more simple of them. They thought that if a man had £50,000 to his name, you could extract £5,000 from him in golden sovereigns, and he would be poorer, the State would be richer, and industry would not be disturbed. Anyhow, they talked about it, and some of my Labour friends said to me: "You ought to preach the Capital Levy in the pulpit". I answered: "No. It is not a thing for the pulpit. It is simply one way of paying part of the cost of the war. We have had the war, and we must pay for it. I do not mind saying in the pulpit that people should be willing to pay, in taxation, etc., according to their means, but how exactly it shall be arranged is not a matter with which the preacher is concerned."

Having declined two offers from Bishop Chase of Ely of benefices in Cambridge, St. Giles' and St. Luke's, I was at length invited by Bishop William Temple of Manchester to become Vicar and Rural Dean (fifty-three parishes) of Bolton. For Temple, whom I had met through the Anglican Fellowship and the Life and Liberty Movement, I had an enormous admiration, which has gone on increasing ever since. I have known many people who were both good and clever, but I think that he was the best brain and the finest character that I have ever known. If he had a fault, it was that he was too innocent, too guileless.

I think that Bolton found me a little disconcerting. They had their traditions, which were firmly held. They said when I got there that they wanted the vicar to give them a lead. I replied: "All right, I will do my best". But what they meant was a lead in the exact direction in which they were already going. Many of them thought that I was dangerously High Church, and also dangerously rationalistic. Some, though I never gave any cause for it, darkly suspected that I was little better than a Socialist. That terrible rumour leaked out in this way. On the day of my arrival, before the furniture came into the vicarage, a member of the congregation of the parish church, being by profession a valuer, was estimating the worth of certain fixtures in the house. He said to me: "There is a lunch next week, to which I should like you to come. It is a Conservative lunch." I said: "I'm afraid I'm not a Conservative." "Oh, a Liberal, then?" "Not exactly." "Then you must be Labour. Take my advice, Mr. Carpenter, and don't mix up in politics." I took his advice, which accorded with my already-formed intention, but the advice came oddly from the man who had just been asking me to a political lunch!

It may be that the shock, such as it was, did Bolton some good. It certainly was a valuable discipline for me to have to attempt to commend to a number of rather conservative-minded cotton-workers, managers, and operatives, the Prayer Book standard of churchmanship with very little of the symbolic ceremonial to which I had become accustomed in the south. I perceived the desirability of not being impatient and of attempting to understand the other man's point of view. They were affectionate, warm-hearted people. They did sometimes bark, but there was no bite. As soon as they were convinced that I was, in my curious way, a real Church of England man, they even enjoyed having their legs pulled.

Bolton is said to be the largest town (i.e., not city) in England, and, as all good towns should be, is full of civic pride. It concedes a certain primacy to Manchester, but is accustomed to class Blackburn, Preston, Oldham, and the other towns among the "also rans". I wish I could have done more of what the vicar of the Mother Parish of a great Industrial town should do. What he should do is to interpret the emotions of a tough, hard-working, good-living industrial population, and shew them how it is met by the descending divine Revelation. Two verses of the Bible together put this ideal into words. One is: "So we built the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto half the height thereof: for the people had a mind to work." And the other is: "And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God." When I was spending a night at Bishopscourt, Manchester, before paying my first visit to Bolton, Mrs. Temple said to me something like this: "You will have to shew them that all this busy industrial life has a spiritual background, a sacramental significance, and it will not be easy." A few years later a man in friendly conversation said to me:

"Well, Vicar, what exactly is it that you are trying to do?" I repeated what Mrs. Temple had said. His comment was, "Yes, I see. That's very good. But you will never be able to persuade these hard-headed men of all that." I said: "Perhaps not. But that is what I am here to do. I must do it, or perish in the attempt."

On the whole, I suppose it may be said that I perished. Yet, if it be allowed to borrow great language for a small affair, the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. I have many friends in Bolton to this day and on a visit to the town less than a year ago, after an absence of twenty years, I was greeted affectionately by many with whom I had reasoned, like St. Paul at Thessalonica, "from the scriptures, opening and alleging". And so I think, perhaps, that more was accomplished than I knew—

> All instincts immature
> All purposes unsure
> That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount.
> Thoughts hardly to be packed
> Into a narrow act,
> Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
> All I could never be,
> All, men ignored in me—

All this was perhaps less ineffective than it seemed. There is a hackneyed saying about a pudding, which is perhaps peculiarly applicable to a Lancashire hot-pot, if a long view be taken of the duration of the process of digestion.

The Temple Church was a change indeed. Ecclesiastically, it was even more old-fashioned than Bolton. The altar was very small and without dignity. On it stood neither cross nor candlesticks, and at the mid-day communion, which, until the time of my predecessor, W. H. Draper, had been all there ever was, I stood at the north end, because that was the custom of the place. At the earlier services, to which some of the few residents in the precincts used to come, I presumed that I was at liberty to take, not indeed the very primitive westward position, which is retained by the Pope and the Presbyterians, but the common eastward attitude. The music, a region in which George Thalben-Ball continued and even augmented the high standard set by Hopkins and Walford Davies, was superb. Visitors, perhaps from overseas, would come to a service and hear the exquisite singing of the Psalms. They would go away, saying: "I must read the Psalms. I never knew they were like that." There were two Sunday sermons. As a rule the Master preached in the morning, and the Reader in the afternoon.

What should the sermon be, when there you have the Speaker of the House of Commons, Judges, and K.C.s and intellectuals like John Bailey and the then Editor of the *Times Literary Supplement* in the congregation? I believe that in the Law Courts eloquence of the old Marshall Hall type has quite gone out, except, as a Bencher once said: "Norman Birkett, who can't help it." I do remember once a grunt, which sounded suspiciously like "Hear, hear", as I ended a sermon on the Sunday after Armistice Day, but I never aimed at eloquence. One wise old Bencher said to me: "You have in us a very sympathetic audience. We make our living by persuasive speaking, and we know how difficult it is." I think that lawyers like a sermon to be intelligent, and to consist of sentences that do come to an end, and I think also that they like to feel that the preacher not only believes what he says, but has done some reasoning and could support his case rationally, but they do not want Argument on Sunday. They want Religion.

To rise to the full height of what a ministry in such a place might be was far beyond my powers. I read a great deal and wrote not a little during my five years there (the only really leisured period that I have ever had), I tried to put the fruits of my academic and parochial experience into a form which would be of service, and I supplemented the rather meagre devotional programme of the Temple Church by frequenting St. Paul's Cathedral and St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, and the chief regret that I have about those days is not any particular indiscretion or ill-chosen path but the lack of ampler gifts.

Of Exeter Cathedral, from which with a wrench that is like the breaking of a bone I have just parted, I hardly know how to speak. To be the chief guardian of a foundation that was begun by Athelstan, Edward the Confessor, Leofric, Warelwast, Bronescombe, Stapeldon, and Grandison, to use day by day the liturgical words that were heard within the same walls by Francis Drake and Walter Raleigh, as also by William of Orange, when on reaching Exeter he occupied the Deanery and on Sunday sat in the Bishop's Throne, to be thrilled by music which is in the best English Church tradition, which owes much in past years to Daniel Wood, Ernest Bullock, and Thomas Armstrong, and owes its present excellence to Reginald Llewellyn and Alfred Willcock—who is sufficient for these things? The supervising of the restoration-work after the cruel damage wrought in 1942 was comparatively easy. Benevolence—in the first few weeks much actual manual work—and the generosity of many hundreds of people, the architectural skill of Godfrey Allen and Rupert Drury, and perhaps above all, because this was *sui generis*, the miraculous reassembling of many thousands of fragments of oak screens by Herbert Read, this made it easy to be Dean, even at such a difficult and exacting time.

Apart from the repair of war-damage, and the constant day by day attention which an ancient fabric always needs, the first duty of a Dean is to provide for the uninterrupted daily use of the Church Liturgy, with, as often as may be, the added glory of the best music that can be had. His colleagues (a Dean is *primus inter pares*), the Canons, who include Precentor, Chancellor, and Treasurer, the non-resident Prebendaries, his Officers, Chapter Clerk, Succentor, Priest-Vicar, Organist, Surveyor and Masons, Singers, Head Verger and his Staff, they do most of the work. The Dean stands by to smile upon efficiency, and at very rare intervals to wield the rod, or rather the Psalmist's "precious balm", of a discipline which shall ameliorate, without breaking any head.

His second duty is to welcome to the Cathedral the people of Exeter, and from time to time of the County, for what are called "occasions". There are many such, dignified ceremonies, when the Mayor and City Council, the Lord Lieutenant, Assize Judges and High Sheriff come; homelier services when the Nave is filled with Mothers, Scouts, Guides, Soldiers, Land Army, College Students, Women's Institutes, School boys and girls; and—occasion far less formal—when wave after wave came pouring in on the night of

V-day, 1945, and short impromptu services were held continuously from dusk to nearly midnight. The people of Exeter and Devon seem to find that the Cathedral can express for them the emotions that they feel at times of anniversary or crisis. The cathedral must not of course be content merely to register emotion, or even to give to it, as it stands, liturgical and musical shape. The emotion of the people has already led them to the fringe of the eternal world. It is the task of the cathedral to evoke something which springs out of that world and purges, illuminates and fortifies the transient and circumstantial with that which else it could not have.

To do this worthily has been beyond my powers. It is perhaps not fitting in this context to speak, except by allusion and on the surface, of the deep level at which power for such duty should be sought. Yet it is the simple truth that there is a reservoir—no, not a reservoir, but a perpetual spring of what is called grace, the Divine Assistance, God in action, helping the frailty of man. And here I end by meeting, or at least touching, one possible criticism. It is sometimes thought by those without much experience of such things that prayer and Communion may very likely produce what is known as holiness, a degree of intimacy with the unseen world, a sort of citizenship of heaven. This, it is conceded, may have a certain beauty, a fragrance which even worldly people are glad to see about the place, but it is not thought to have much utility for life. The answer is—and this I have seen happening with others, and proved, a little, for myself, that, if you can, or in so far as you can, mortify pride and self-seeking, you will in fact be led by ways which you did not invent, and do not understand, to the solution of practical problems. There is a common prescription, "I must sleep on it". That is reliance on the sub-conscious, the stored fruits of past experience. What I mean involves reliance on that which is both sub- and super-conscious, the infinite, unending grace of God. Practical solutions can be reached in this seemingly indirect and academic way, because the world really is God's world. The questions are not irresponsible. The search is not inexorably futile. It is in that region that a Christian man will find his most piercing and convicting might-have-been.

Raleigh cycles

SIR HAROLD BOWDEN

Born 1880, son of the first baronet. Educated at Clifton College, Lausanne, and Cambridge University. He is a Vice-President of the Federation of British Industries, a director of Lloyds Bank and chairman of Raleigh Industries and numerous other companies. From 1931 to 1935 he was chairman of the British Olympic Association and, in 1933, High Sheriff of Nottinghamshire.

I WAS born with a silver spoon in my mouth; at least, so my father told me. In other words, as a young man, I had a well-to-do father with the background of a thriving and expanding business, so there is no story to tell of a struggling youth on five shillings a week as an office boy or an errand boy—the hard way by which so many successful and famous men started to build up their lives more than half a century ago.

When I was six years of age, I was living with my parents at Arcachon, near Bordeaux, and I went to a small French school. My father hired a bicycle there, as his doctor advised him that cycling was the finest thing he could do to improve his general state of health, which was anything but satisfactory. As a young man in Hongkong, he had made a small fortune and retired in a debilitated condition owing to the climate, which did not suit him.

This cycle bore a transfer which revealed that it was made by Woodhead, Angois, and Ellis of Raleigh Street, Nottingham, and was called the Raleigh. The time was 1885–86, and my father, who was tired of being a gentleman of leisure, was sufficiently intrigued to pay a visit to Nottingham to see how and where these Raleigh machines were made. He found in Raleigh Street a workshop where the three partners worked with a very small staff.

This visit resulted shortly afterwards in the purchase of the business and the entry of my father into the cycle trade—then in a small way. He was fond of travelling, and went round the world no less than seven times, appointing Raleigh agents wherever he visited. His enthusiasm and ambitions were unbounded. Even sixty years ago, he apparently realized the importance of export trade, as we all do today, and the necessity of the principal himself making personal contacts in foreign markets.

This story is supposed to be about myself, but it is necessary, as a preface, to give some information about the inception of the business when I was a small boy at school. Under my father's direction, energy, and initiative, the business grew steadily. New premises and a factory were acquired, and some years later, when the business became a public company, a factory covering five acres was built at Lenton on the outskirts of Nottingham, where the original building has now expanded to thirty acres and is still growing, with plans for a factory covering another eight and a half acres.

I should mention that my father sent me to a preparatory school, then to Clifton, followed by two and a half years at Lausanne to learn languages, and subsequently to Cambridge. In Switzerland, I enjoyed life to the full; apart from my studies, I rowed and played cricket and football for my school, and took part in the Winter Sports. Life indeed was very pleasant at Lausanne. There were ninety boys of all nationalities in the school, so that we had ample opportunities, apart from school hours, of learning each other's language.

I had no idea of ever entering business, because with such a training my mind was more occupied with sport, and, apart from that, the study of architecture, art, and mathematics. My ambition was to be trained eventually as an architect. At various schools, I had won all the prizes I could for drawing.

My father was not at all pleased with the way my mind was working, for he had never been a sportsman or an athlete himself. In fact, although a keen cyclist, he had never really even driven a motor-car, for he gave up after the very first attempt. I looked upon him as a sort of walking encyclopedia, for he could always tell me anything I wanted to know, if I was curious when reading a book or an article, to know the meaning or the derivation of something or other I had never heard of or could not understand. Whether it was a Latin quotation, a French proverb, or some incident in history, my father would give me the answer, and then add: "It's time you learnt that, my boy!"

I came into the picture at the close of 1899, when I was at Clare College, Cambridge, and at a period when the cycle trade was in a bad way. My father wrote telling me of his worries and difficulties, and asking me to sacrifice my ambitions in other directions and come into the Raleigh business, in order to be trained at an early age and to help him in the near future. I was his only son and could not refuse. So at the end of that term I returned home from the atmosphere of the 'Varsity to plunge into another world entirely remote, but I never regretted it, although I do know of young men who defied their fathers by adopting complete independence and incidentally, years later, repented at leisure.

I acquired some blue overalls and started work in the factory at six o'clock in the morning. In those days—fifty years ago—the hours were earlier and later, and people worked very hard and conscientiously. I kept fit by riding my bicycle to the works and back, and by joining the Nottingham Rowing Club on the River Trent, where I got all the exercise I wanted—winter and summer. It was hard and unaccustomed work at first in the factory, standing for hours on end all day in front of a machine or filing up a cycle frame, but I got used to it, although sometimes I felt tired, I must admit, when I returned home for the evening meal with the family. I might add that one of my most treasured sentimental possessions is the numbered brass check, which as a workman I was given, and which I had to hook on to the time-board as I went in and out of the factory.

For more than a year, I went through the various departments, learning to make tools, operate lathes and other machines, and, in fact, to make myself acquainted with most of the various operations that go to the making of a bicycle—but how those methods have changed today! With such a training, I naturally became mechanically minded; in fact to such an extent that I spent many of my spare evenings a week in the garage, tinkering with a Daracq car. My father was a friend of Monsieur A. Daracq—the great French motor-car manufacturer of those days, and I was sent to Paris to collect the first car my father ever ordered and drive it home. For me—in 1900—this was a real adventure, and how I enjoyed that experience: driving the car to Calais, putting it on the steamer, and then from Dover through London to Nottingham, and afterwards tending that car like a baby, and acting as mechanic and chauffeur. There were so few cars in Nottingham at that period, that if I stopped in the town a curious crowd soon collected.

My next move in the Raleigh business was from the factory to the drawing-office, where I was under the direction and guidance of our designer and works manager, the late Lt.-Col. G. P. Mills—one of the greatest road record-breakers of his day. I believe that his record ride on a tricycle from Land's End to John o'Groat's, has only recently been beaten.

I enjoyed my work in the drawing-office, as it was something after my own heart, and at the same time I was learning and acquiring knowledge in the works all the time. After a spell in the drawing-office, I moved to the repairs and sundries department, which I might describe as a headache, for the department was not organized and run as it is today. In fact, the word "service" was unknown as compared with modern methods.

From this department I graduated to the order room and the accounts, thus gaining a general knowledge of the working of the business from the manufacturing to the selling side. Later, I was given the eastern counties to work as a commercial traveller, our former representative having retired. This training experience on the road was perhaps the happiest and the most congenial of those early days. I used to mount my bicycle and set out from home early in the morning, with my luggage strapped on the carrier, and make for, say, Lincoln, and visit the agents and dealers all over the county. I averaged about sixty to seventy miles a day, according to the weather, calling on probably four or six agents a day. Norfolk and

Suffolk were my favourite hunting-grounds and I got to know the roads in those parts almost blindfold.

My expenses sheet was so low that I was told that the other travellers, who went by train, were quite upset when a scrutiny of their expenses by comparison with my own was in question. I usually stayed out for a fortnight and then came back to the office and home for three or four days. It was not so easy then to sell bicycles—at any rate, in quantities—as dealers who had little capital to buy stock were very cautious, and production was greater than the demand. Those were happy days on the road, and no one could have been fitter, as I rode winter and summer.

When the motor-cycle came along later, I used one of the earliest Raleigh machines with a one-and-a-half h.p. Werner engine driving the front wheel by means of a leather belt. In wet weather the belt used to slip, and frequently broke, and there were many other teething troubles with those pioneer machines. I remember on one occasion pedalling my motor-cycle ten miles in the rain on a rough road near Newmarket, for a repair I could not carry out by the roadside. Now I come to think of it, I believe I derived nearly as much exercise out of that motor-bicycle as if I were using my ordinary pedal machine, but it was all part of the game and good experience for me.

May I say the position of the Raleigh Company in those early days was by no means what it is today in the industry. Being the son of the "Boss", however, I must admit I started with a good handicap, and was well received when I was trying to break fresh ground—a difficult thing to do in a business where the demand is not equal to the production and competition is keen—but quality, and the reputation that follows, always tells in the end, and year by year sales increased in a most satisfactory manner. My mind was now concentrated on the business, and I did not mind in the summer working twelve hours a day and covering as much ground as was physically possible. My athletic training no doubt was a great asset, for I seldom—if ever—felt tired, but after all, I was only twenty-three. At the cycle shows, I occasionally come across some of our old dealers I met nearly fifty years ago, and whose son (or sons) are now carrying on the business while father looks on and gives advice. It does one good to talk to these men, and to our old employees about the good old days. People then seemed to be happy and satisfied, but today few appear to be so, and continual strikes and labour troubles, frustration, queues, and regulations, which are broken every day, show what difficult and unpredictable times we live in.

On the road in those happy days, a hotel bill was 6*s.* 6*d.* for the night, which included supper, bed, and breakfast. A bottle of whisky cost 3*s.* 6*d.*, a pint of beer 1½*d.*, while tobacco was 4½*d.* an ounce. The salaries and wages, although low, more than covered the cost-of-living prices, so most people appeared to be contented. What a contrast today!

I was endowed with splendid health and strength and full of the *joie de vivre* and anxious to merit my father's approbation, so I worked really hard, early and late, and continued to do so for a long period. I believe honest hard work never killed a man or made him ill, but if worry and mental anxiety step in, then the result may be deadly in effect. How often have we seen that, but I was carefree and in perfect physical condition, riding in all weathers—winter and summer. What a thing of joy perfect health can be if properly used and cared for. My worries, of course, lay in the dim distant future, and well below the horizon of those youthful days.

One of my jobs when at the office was to help with the foreign correspondence, and one day my father said: "I am going to send you to Spain and Portugal, because our dealer in Lisbon owes £600, and I want you to try to collect it and then travel round Spain and fix up some new agencies". I was, of course, delighted to have this opportunity of seeing a little more of the world, and of putting to practical use those languages I had learnt during my education in Switzerland for two and a half years.

My first call was at Vigo, where I met our Spanish agent and did some business, and then proceeded to Oporto and Lisbon, where I eventually collected the £600 in promissory notes, which, somewhat to my surprise and much to my delight, were duly honoured. After this first trip to Spain and Portugal, I made a yearly visit for the next six or seven years, usually taking a bicycle with me—not only as a sample, but because I found it most useful for getting around. Transport was difficult in those days; there were very few motor-cars, shocking roads, and very old-fashioned horse vehicles. In the circus at Lisbon one evening, I remember finding myself sitting next to a boy from my old school, Clifton College, which demonstrates once again what a small world it is.

Incidentally, last year, on my way to Brazil, I visited Vigo and Lisbon, and hardly recognized those towns after nearly fifty years of building and improvement, But to return to 1903 and my trip to Spain: at Gibraltar, our agent told me he had just received an order for twelve ladies' bicycles from the Sultan of Morocco, to be delivered to his Palace in Tangiers, just across the Straits. I was intrigued and asked what the Sultan proposed to do with twelve ladies' machines. I learnt that His Majesty, in his hours of ease and relaxation, liked to sit in the Great Court of his harem and watch his wives in their diaphanous costumes riding round and round—in fact, a sort of Folies Bergère show at home, I imagine.

A year or two later, I was appointed to the board of the company—the directors being well-known business men in the City of Nottingham who my father thought would be useful from various points of view; but later, trouble arose on the directorate, which culminated in my father making an offer to buy out all the shareholders, and so the business once again became a family concern, and continued so until 1933. With no one else in the business to worry about, my father—who was something of an autocrat—kept my nose to the grindstone for many years. I used to go to him in trepidation to ask if I could take a day off to row at a regatta, as I was stroke of the senior crew of the Nottingham Rowing Club. I feel sure that had we not won our race in every regatta in that year, he would never have continued to give me leave of absence.

My father worked long hours including Sundays, and apparently expected me to do the same, which I did within reason until I got married at the age of twenty-eight, and then I had to devote some attention to home life—especially when I started a family.

By 1914, the Raleigh Company had achieved probably the are now carrying on the business while father looks on and gives advice. It does one good to talk to these men, and to our old employees about the good old days. People then seemed to be happy and satisfied, but today few appear to be so, and continual strikes and labour troubles, frustration, queues, and regulations, which are broken every day, show what difficult and unpredictable times we live in.

On the road in those happy days, a hotel bill was 6*s.* 6*d.* for the night, which included supper, bed, and breakfast. A bottle of whisky cost 3*s.* 6*d.*, a pint of beer 1½*d.*, while tobacco was 4½*d.* an ounce. The salaries and wages, although low, more than covered the cost-of-living prices, so most people appeared to be contented. What a contrast today!

I was endowed with splendid health and strength and full of the *joie de vivre* and anxious to merit my father's approbation, so I worked really hard, early and late, and continued to do so for a long period. I believe honest hard work never killed a man or made him ill, but if worry and mental anxiety step in, then the result may be deadly in effect. How often have we seen that, but I was carefree and in perfect physical condition, riding in all weathers—winter and summer. What a thing of joy perfect health can be if properly used and cared for. My worries, of course, lay in the dim distant future, and well below the horizon of those youthful days.

One of my jobs when at the office was to help with the foreign correspondence, and one day my father said: "I am going to send you to Spain and Portugal, because our dealer in Lisbon owes £600, and I want you to try to collect it and then travel round Spain and fix up some new agencies". I was, of course, delighted to have this opportunity of seeing a little more of the world, and of putting to practical use those languages I had learnt during my education in Switzerland for two and a half years.

My first call was at Vigo, where I met our Spanish agent and did some business, and then proceeded to Oporto and Lisbon, where I eventually collected the £600 in promissory notes, which, somewhat to my surprise and much to my delight, were duly honoured. After this first trip to Spain and Portugal, I made a yearly visit for the next six or seven years, usually taking a bicycle with me—not only as a sample, but because I found it most useful for getting around. Transport was difficult in those days; there were very few motor-cars, shocking roads, and very old-fashioned horse vehicles. In the circus at Lisbon one evening, I remember finding myself sitting next to a boy from my old school, Clifton College, which demonstrates once again what a small world it is.

Incidentally, last year, on my way to Brazil, I visited Vigo and Lisbon, and hardly recognized those towns after nearly fifty years of building and improvement, But to return to 1903 and my trip to Spain: at Gibraltar, our agent told me he had just received an order for twelve ladies' bicycles from the Sultan of Morocco, to be delivered to his Palace in Tangiers, just across the Straits. I was intrigued and asked what the Sultan proposed to do with twelve ladies' machines. I learnt that His Majesty, in his hours of ease and relaxation, liked to sit in the Great Court of his harem and watch his wives in their diaphanous costumes riding round and round—in fact, a sort of Folies Bergère show at home, I imagine.

A year or two later, I was appointed to the board of the company—the directors being well-known business men in the City of Nottingham who my father thought would be useful from various points of view; but later, trouble arose on the directorate, which culminated in my father making an offer to buy out all the shareholders, and so the business once again became a family concern, and continued so until 1933. With no one else in the business to worry about, my father—who was something of an autocrat—kept my nose to the grindstone for many years. I used to go to him in trepidation to ask if I could take a day off to row at a regatta, as I was stroke of the senior crew of the Nottingham Rowing Club. I feel sure that had we not won our race in every regatta in that year, he would never have continued to give me leave of absence.

My father worked long hours including Sundays, and apparently expected me to do the same, which I did within reason until I got married at the age of twenty-eight, and then I had to devote some attention to home life—especially when I started a family.

By 1914, the Raleigh Company had achieved probably the greatest output of any Biritsh cycle manufacturer, whilst the Sturmey-Archer three-speed gear had become a popular fitting on every make of cycle both in this country and abroad. I might mention here that my father's foresight in buying the Sturmey-Archer patent in 1901 for £5,000, turned out to be the forerunner of a veritable gold-mine. As a keen cyclist himself, he felt the need of more than two speeds when cycle touring, and the Sturmey-Archer gear was the very thing for which he had been looking.

When I was twenty-five, and the gear had been on the market a few years, I was sent with a friend—a rowing colleague—to France to compete in the hill-climbing trials promoted by the Touring Club de France. These trials were for the purpose of testing variable gears and brakes over three spurs of the French Alps—in fact the mountain road from Grenoble to Chambery—seventy-five miles each day for two days' running.

It was an exhausting test for the riders, as some of the hills rose to 3,646 feet in nine and a half miles. On the total course of one hundred and forty-nine miles, the perpendicular rise was 26,142 feet, or just under five miles. Competitors were permitted to get off their machines, but were not allowed to carry or wheel them, or in any way touch the machine while resting.

The whole course was patrolled by Clerks of the Course, or *contrôleurs*, who, armed with telescopes and field-glasses, kept an eagle eye on the competitors' movements, and checked their numbers as they went by. Each machine was numbered back and front, a similar number being worn on the left arm of the rider. It was my fate that I should be given the number "13", and, in consequence, was looked upon by many of the other competitors as a hopeless case. *Quel sâle numéro* was the expression I heard many times *en route*.

Twenty riders—all of them professionals except my friend and self—faced the starter at 4.30 a.m., as the sun was beginning to rise. They represented all the best makes of French bicycles, our two Raleighs, fitted with Sturmey-Archer three-speed gears and Bowden brakes, being the only British machines competing.

In spite of the fact that our gears were far too high for such mountain-climbing tests, I endured the two days and won through in the time limit, but not my companion, who, although a powerful athlete of fourteen stone, was too exhausted on the second day to continue; the heat and the high gears proved too much. Had he also managed to survive, our machines would have been awarded Gold Medals instead of Silver, as they emerged from the Judges' technical examination after the conclusion of the trials, with full marks.

The proceedings terminated by a banquet, at which representatives of the Government, the town of Grenoble, officials of the Touring Club and over one hundred guests assisted. It was here that I made my first speech in French, in replying for the Visitors.

This was in August, 1905, and resulted in much good publicity for the Sturmey-Archer gear, and also for the new type of Bowden brake, to which I have already referred. I must admit I felt the physical effects of this trial for some time afterwards, for in my determination to get through at all costs, I had taken a great deal out of myself. But to refer again to 1914—the fateful year when we went to war with Germany, and Kitchener was asking for one hundred thousand men to volunteer for the Army. My father expressed the opinion to me that "K. of K." would need not one hundred thousand but at least a million, and that the war was going to be the "biggest ever", and would last four years at least. What a prophet he was!

In the circumstances, and backing his firm belief, he proposed turning the works into a munition factory, so we went to the War Office and unfolded our plans to the "Powers that Were". The result of this visit was an order for fuzes, and gradually our cycle factory took shape as a munition factory, producing all sorts of small shells and parts, including millions of ammunition parts for the French 75 mm. guns, and also the pan for the Lewis machine-gun—two of the most potent weapons during the war.

Towards the end of the war, my father was created a baronet, and after peace was declared in 1918 he spent most of his time abroad, leaving the management in my hands, until his death in 1921 at the age of 72.

At the conclusion of the war, the factory had been extended to deal with enormous supplies of munitions, and of course a large amount of new machinery had been installed, which we gradually turned over to the manufacture of cycles, motor-cycles, gear-boxes for motor-cycles, and the Sturmey-Archer three-speed gear, as well as many other components for bicycles. As far as we knew, we were then the largest manufacturers of cycles in the world.

The multiplicity of articles manufactured in our works necessitated separate departments and management, resulting in high overheads, which obviously could be reduced only if we concentrated on one article only, that was the bicycle and its components. We therefore gave up the manufacture of everything except the bicycle, and concentrated entirely on its production and everything that went with it. Our faith in the future of the bicycle was rewarded one hundred per cent.

I may add that during the slump of 1929—which continued until 1932—sales of cycles were at stagnation point, and we had to lay off for a day or two a week a great proportion of our work-people. It seemed to me that the only way to increase our sales, and to keep our people at work with regular wages, was to reduce prices. I therefore called a meeting of the workers' representatives, together with our works manager, and suggested that if the men would accept twenty per cent reduction in their wage rates, we would reduce the price of our bicycles by twenty-five per cent, and would guarantee to put them on full time, making stock all through the winter and the slack months in preparation for the spring—a step which would involve a six-figure overdraft at the bank, and which I guaranteed.

The men agreed and the scheme turned out a complete success; our output rose to a most satisfactory figure and we were able to keep our people working steadily on full time as promised. This was a good example of co-operation between employer and employed, without interference or mediation from outside sources.

I think the most momentous step I ever had to take was when I eventually decided we should give up our very large business in motor-cycles, three-wheeler motor-cars, and gear-boxes, for we were the third largest motor-cycle manufacturers, turning out fifteen thousand machines a year, and up to three hundred three-wheel motor-cars per week, and we were also supplying something like one hundred thousand gear-boxes for motor-cycles, of which nearly half went to equip the German motor-cycle industry, of whom few makers then made their own gear-boxes. Within eighteen months from the time when we concentrated all our efforts on the manufacture of cycles and parts only, the profits rose by over £100,000.

In 1925, I paid a visit to America to see Mr. Henry Ford and his wonderful organization at Detroit, one of the largest and most up-to-date plants in the world. He showed me round the works, or rather the portions I was interested in, and from that visit I learnt several things which germinated in my mind to good effect on my return home. I came away from that factory and its offices with many ambitious schemes and ideas for future Raleigh organization, some of which have come to fruition in a most satisfactory way.

In 1930, I made an industrial tour of Germany, spending several weeks visiting cycle and motor-cycle factories. As the Raleigh Company supplied most of these firms with motor-cycle gear-boxes, I had the entrée into these works as a welcome guest and was most agreeably received and entertained. What impressed me more than anything was the way the German employees worked and the pride they took in it, their thoroughness, integrity, and cleanliness. Today, I am told, they work harder than ever to raise their country and trade from the ruins left by Hitler's régime. Before long, I feel sure, they will, by dint of perseverance and toil, become once again one of the world's greatest competitors of British industry.

Being a firm believer in looking after the comfort, welfare, and recreation of our employees, I planned new offices with a ball-room, dining-rooms, and other amenities on the first floor. This building had the distinction of being awarded the 1933 Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects for the best building erected during that year. I also had larger and better playing-fields laid out, with pavilion and dressing-rooms, for our four thousand members of the Raleigh Athletic Club. These playing-fields now cover about thirty acres, and include a fishing-pond.

I also acquired, at Sutton-on-Sea, a house completely furnished for use as a convalescent home, so that any of our workpeople who had been seriously ill in hospital could convalesce there at the firm's expense for a fortnight at the seaside before resuming their duties. The building was duly opened by the Lord Mayor of Nottingham, and has served a very useful purpose.

Other provisions for welfare included a works' first-aid department in the factory itself, with a staff of ten nurses under the direction of a matron. In my opinion, all this tends to promote good feeling between employers and employees. That is a great asset in any business, breeding, as it does, feelings of loyalty and the desire to work honestly and well. Incidentally, I think the spirit thus engendered makes it more difficult for communist propaganda in the works and outside to have any effect.

In 1935, I decided to make a trip round the world, calling on our representatives wherever I could. This sea voyage on the *Empress of Britain* for four months took me to France, Italy, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, India, Burma, Singapore, Sumatra, Java, Bali, Manila, China, Japan, Hawaii, California, Panama, Cuba, and New York.

In Singapore, at the establishment of Messrs. Robinson & Co., our agents in that city for the Malay States, I met an old Chinese in charge of the service department who remembered my father when he visited them forty years previously, and appointed Robinsons our agents. Incidentally, I might mention that business was so good in this part of the world, due to the price of rubber, that our agents were calling for one thousand bicycles a week, which quantity we were unable to deliver in full.

It is a recognized fact today that it is most important from the Export Trade point of view that principals of businesses or high executives should from time to time visit their representatives and agents in all parts of the world. These personal visits are much appreciated and enable many knotty points and problems to be dealt with on the spot, without recourse to long, tedious, and sometimes unsatisfactory correspondence.

In the meantime, production was rising year by year, and when war broke out in 1939, the Raleigh was the largest cycle-manufacturing firm in the world, with an up-to-date plant and buildings, and in an ideal position to supply fuzes, small shells, and munitions in large quantities. As far as Raleigh was concerned, it was a repetition of 1914–18, for ninety-five per cent of the works were eventually devoted to the manufacture of war material.

When peace was declared, we found ourselves with nine thousand employees and a factory and plant which, with readjustment and re-organization, appeared capable of turning out eight hundred thousand cycles a year—apart from three-speed hub-gears and other cycle accessories. This has been achieved after several years of reorganization, involving new machinery and still further extensions to the works.

During all these years through two great wars, apart from business, I was taking part in public affairs—such as presidency of the Motor and Cycle Trades Benevolent Fund and the Cycle Manufacturers' Union: the Commercial Travellers' Fund: hospital committees: Government committees: and many charitable and sporting institutions. I kept up my fishing, shooting, and yachting, although not to the extent I should have liked.

Mens sana in corpore sano is an old Latin saying—none truer—and I believe in it. From 1931 to 1935 I was chairman of the British Olympic Association and raised the necessary funds, over £10,000, to take our British team to the 1932 Olympic Games. This was one of the most interesting episodes of my life—full of colour and interesting events following one upon the other. The ship that took us to Quebec for the trans-continental five-day train journey to Los Angeles also carried many members of the British Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who were meeting in Ottawa on a historic occasion.

During the Games I was entertained royally at San Simeon by Mr. Randolph Hearst, the newspaper proprietor, who also placed his magnificent seaside residence at Santa Monica at my disposal. Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, Mary Pickford, and many other celebrities in the cinema world, entertained us most lavishly, and it made me tremble to think of what a poor show in hospitality by comparison we should put up when the Olympic Games took place in London. Apart from the Games, which attracted one hundred thousand people a day, many banquets, conferences and receptions took place. On one occasion fifteen hundred people sat down to a banquet in the largest hotel in Los Angeles, a most brilliant affair, attended by the V.P. of the United States and representatives of fifty-two different countries. This was the largest dinner audience I have ever addressed.

As chairman of the British Team, naturally a good deal of after-dinner speaking fell to my lot, but I found my American audiences most responsive, and especially to humorous stories, which they love and appreciate. The trip was of particular interest to me because I was born in San Francisco and I met some old friends of my Californian mother, who remembered her as a girl at school and who told me what a great beauty she was in her day. Her sister, my aunt, was, I think, the most beautiful woman I ever saw, in appearance much like the famous "Jersey Lily"—Lily Langtry of the late Victorian era.

In 1925, the King—then Duke of York—visited the Raleigh works and received an enthusiastic and loyal reception from the workpeople, and afterwards I entertained H.R.H. at my home—Bestwood Park—where my father had lived for many years. In the same year, I entertained the King and Queen of Greece, who were interested in Newstead Abbey—the neighbouring estate and the home of the great poet, Lord Byron, whose name is so honoured in Greece. Their Majesties were also much intrigued when they saw the manufacture of bicycles at the Raleigh works, and the great variety of processes involved in the making of the various parts. Incidentally, I might mention I am a Knight Commander of Greece of the Order of the Phoenix, which honour was conferred on me by the Greek President.

A picturesque visitor a little later was the Sultan of Zanzibar, to whom I presented a Raleigh *Modele Superbe*, enamelled in ivory, for his own use. For years I never failed to receive a Christmas card from His Highness with a photo of the Royal Palace.

In 1937, I sold my 225-ton schooner *Maid Marion*, and gave an order to Charles Nicholson, the eminent yacht designer, head of Camper and Nicholson's, for a 500-ton twin-screw motor yacht —*Maid Marion II*—which could take me round the world. I used this lovely ship in 1938, and at the end of August, 1939, just escaped in time from Norway when war broke out. In crossing the North Sea, we actually passed the German battleship—the *Admiral Hipper*—no doubt in full battle trim. A little later and we should have been captured and interned, no doubt for the duration.

What the distant future holds who can say, but at the present time prosperity shines on the cycle industry as on many others, although with a glimmering on the horizon of competition from the Far East. But British goods if of real British quality, will always hold their own provided the price is somewhere near the foreign-made article. The struggle for industrial supremacy will be a much harder one than in the past, for our competitors, especially Japan, have learned that it does not pay to turn out goods of inferior quality, however cheap.

In 1939, at the outbreak of war, the Raleigh output was over four hundred thousand cycles a year, apart from other cycle accessories, and now, five years after the war, it has doubled to over eight hundred thousand per annum, and we are planning for the million mark. I am very proud of that phenomenal progress, due to long-term planning, the skill of our technicians, and loyalty and hard work on the part of our workpeople and staff.

The close of 1949 saw the fiftieth anniversary of my business career in the cycle industry. I know that actually the title of the story is: "If I had my time again", but I cannot write it even hypothetically, because I would not like to make many changes when I survey the past, even with a critical and deprecatory mind. I have made many mistakes, some serious ones, no doubt like others, but have survived them. Taken by and large, I cannot in my seventieth year truthfully say that, had I the choice to live my life over again, I would essentially change the career and the way of living which the Almighty has ordained and provided for me.

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HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

Born 1861. Educated at Harrow and Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Ex-President of the Dickens' Fellowship and an author from whose pen stories or plays have appeared almost every year since 1894.

I RECALL a visit which I paid long ago to an old friend who told me that his hours on earth were numbered. He had lived gladly and was prepared to die gladly. I must say that he believed in the ampler life to come. I was his junior by more than a decade. I asked him if regrets assailed his peace of mind. He replied: "I have no regrets for the things I have done; I regret the things I have left undone".

This answer quickened curiosity, because his many friends spoke of him as a sage. I knew that his life had been devoted to the service of others. He went on placidly: "I was born a stay-at-home. My father and grandfather, as soon as they came of age, made what used to be called 'the Grand Tour', but the only country I know well is England. And I should have a fuller knowledge of it if I had travelled as my forebears did."

Nobody wants to endure again what children call "bad times". Would we—if permitted to do so—live again the life that lies behind us? What would George Herbert have said? He was on the sunny side of forty when he died. I am unable to verify the quotation, but he affirmed (somewhere) that life had made him welcome, or words to that effect. Probably he was happy as a child, which may have added cubits to his stature. The same could be said of Herrick. He, too, gathered roses and made of their petals a pot-pourri whose fragrance still endures. Shelley and Byron were not happy children.

Herrick and Herbert were country parsons. So were Gilbert White, Samuel Woodford, and Keble. Happiness radiated out of them: a celestial aura.

> Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky.

When Herbert wrote those lilting lines he may have felt that Nature—not the fathers of the Church—presented the evidences of Christianity.

The kind invitation to make a contribution to this book, gave me pause, because the appeal was so personal. This is the age—I dare not call it golden—of personality. A sometime editor of *Punch*, a lover of Victorian puns, might have exclaimed: "You are asked to scramble your egos".

An Italian, with a smile on his face which St. Michael craved from God, might exclaim: "*Va bene*".

So—here goes!

Would I jump hot-foot at having my time, nearly ninety years, again? Would I go to the bat to play the same long innings? I am not asked to bore readers by dwelling upon a different innings. I have a vision of myself face to face with St. Peter noting a twinkle in his eye. He might whisper: "You can rest awhile. And then you can go back and relive, with all its ups and downs, the life you have lived". What would be my reply? Let us assume it to be in the affirmative.

A world-famous cricketer told me that he could recall, almost stroke by stroke, "centuries" of the yesterdays. I was surprised when he added: "I never forgot my bad strokes. I smacked a ball into the clock at Lord's." I laughed. Yes; he had pulled a long-hop from the "off" to the "on", which had provoked acid criticism from the Old Guard. His contemporaries urged him to do it again, if he could.

My outstanding reason for being willing (if not eager) to relive a long life must be given pride of place. I have been exceptionally lucky. God's greatest gift, high health, was bestowed on me. Later on I shall deal briefly with my work as a writer. From start to finish it has been congenial, a labour of love. Fancy, Shakespeare's child, has been my sweetheart. If the child is father of the man it is of paramount importance that childhood should be happy. I can remember the "mirth of its December and the warmth of its July". Also, for the most part we lived in the country before and after my father's death in 1868. He died after a bad accident in the hunting-field. None the less, my mother bought a pony for me, and gave me a gun on my fourteenth birthday. I was enjoined to ride straight, shoot straight, and tell the truth. Long after I had left Harrow, I believed that a Master of Hounds was a greater personage than the Master of Balliol!

I record this (deprecatingly) because a childish conviction coloured (or discoloured) the years ahead. My contribution to these pages is an *apologia*. Is it irrelevant to mention that I was sent to a day-school, *as a punishment*, on my eighth birthday, because, as the proud possessor of a knife, I had slit open the bulging bags of our laundryman. A street was littered with unmentionable garments. From this school I played truant and, as a fitting punishment, was run over by a butcher's cart. A policeman restored me to my mother's arms. Having faith in the goody-goody stories read aloud to me, I made certain that death was the penalty of disobedience. However, a week on my back put me on my pins again, but I carried for three years the mark of the wheel which passed over my tummy.

I was happy at Harrow. My best-seller, *The Hill*, bears witness to that. Later on Arnold Lunn wrote *The Harrovians* which my old friend, Marlowe (then editor of the *Daily Mail*), asked me to review at length. Lunn thanked me for what he termed a handsome notice. He had spoken of *The Hill* in his novel as too sugary. I was touched to the quick when he said: "You were happy at Harrow; so was your son, Richard. I was unhappy".

I should have stayed on at Harrow for at least another year. But in Hursley, Keble's village, there lived a retired English Civil servant who believed that I could pass what was (and is still) the stiffest of exams, if—if I were coached by an expert. The Indian Civil Service attracted me; I should (with any luck) shoot a tiger and spend long leave fishing in Kashmir. In the seventies very few boys were allowed to have any voice in the choice of a profession. We were "pitchforked" into the Services, or into any "calling" where strings could be pulled by relations. I confess that my vanity was tickled when an old friend of the family thought it possible that I could capture this blue riband. Anyway, rather to my dismay, I was despatched to Wales to be crammed, and crammed I was. For the first time in my life I "swotted" and it did me a power of good mentally. I *overworked*. Result: insomnia, indigestion, and loss of weight. My coach wrote to my mother: "I am convinced that your boy will pass the exam, but he may break down in health".

I returned to Hursley. My mother said with finality: "You must pass into Sandhurst". I did.

I was happy at Sandhurst. Here, for the first time, I sipped that heady wine which mortals call—success. I won the half-mile race in the Sandhurst *v.* Woolwich sports, and to my amazement was asked to run for England against Myers, the world's half-mile champion. I declined this honour; I funked being ignominiously beaten, but my small triumph at Woolwich made me an Under-Officer. There were ten of us. Amongst the ten were that great soldier, Allenby, Herbert Lawrence, and Egerton Castle, the novelist.

At Sandhurst I played polo, and drove a pony tandem. An idiot was more concerned with these activities than with Surveying, Tactics and Fortification. I suffered from swelled head. The late General, Sir Gerald Ellison, was a fellow cadet and a friend. I was his guest at Taunton shortly before he died, taken aback when he told me that he had envied me. Why? Because, so he declared, I appeared to him a Fortunatas wallowing in good times all the time, and as gay as the gazeeka. This animal was unknown in the eighties.

The Sisters Three saw to it that deflation followed. I had been earmarked for a commission in the Rifle Brigade. When I passed out of Sandhurst, I was distressed to hear that at the moment there was no vacancy for me; and I might have to wait for more than a year. Would I accept a commission in a cavalry regiment? *Would I?* My uncle (my mother's brother) was then in command of the

XI Hussars. I declared that I would sooner be a "Cherubim" than a "Green-jacket". But the Olympians decided otherwise, and they had the last word.

My fairy godmother took me by the hand. I must lay stress on an amusing fact. My father had more than aptitudes as a painter. My mother told me that field sports were his life's *work*. He was a Master of Hounds, a good "shot", and an impassioned angler. Painting was *play* to him. Again, I had a cousin, five years my senior, who had served a longish apprenticeship to painting in Germany, and who (in 1881) was working in Julien's atelier in Paris. Already I had spoiled yards of good canvas. This cousin suggested that I should join him in Paris and find out whether or not I was likely to make good as a draughtsman and painter. What followed was an enchanting holiday. I spent several weeks in Barbizon, at the Hôtel Siron, where at least a dozen young fellows, French and English—ardent disciples of Jean François Millet—were painting *en plein air*. Siron spoke of us as "his dear children".

This, so my new friends assured me, was *la vie heureuse*, the only life worth living. Long afterwards, when I read du Maurier's *Trilby*, he resurrected for me (and at least a million readers) the enchantment (there is no other word) of those care-free yesterdays. French people rank artists far above the common herd! At that time there were two students at the Beaux Arts: Sargent, and Stanhope Forbes. Already they were acclaimed as winners. They would "arrive"; and it was deemed a duty and a privilege to speed them on their way. There and then the pipeclay began to ooze out of my marrow. Amongst my *confrères* was an American. He urged me to visit his country. He made me a Merchant Venturer. He spoke of the undiscovered country in the territories and the wild game therein. He cited Horace Greely: "Young man, go west".

My sister and I spoke of our mother as the Lady of Many Surprises. As soon as I expressed an ardent wish to cross the Atlantic, she said tranquilly: "Why not? It will widen your horizon".

I essayed this great adventure alone. Luck stood by. I found in my state-room a young man a few years older than myself, a *Card*, a gay knave of hearts. He introduced himself as Jack Cook, adding:

"You know, of course, that the devil sent the cooks". He told me that he was returning to a sheep ranch in California. I was sensible (almost unduly so) of a thrill when he went on: "My people wanted me to wear out the seat of my pants on a stool in a bank. Having a little money I cut loose from old England, because she is, between ourselves, too damned old for ME".

We became "pals". Had it not been for him, I should never have visited California. He spoke of the Golden State as *Tom Tiddler's Ground*. He had bought two thousand acres; he could sell his ranch at treble the price he had paid for it!

We were out of the Channel when he said that he would keep an eye on me in New York, adding: "I've no dollars to chuck about in cities". I told him that I had an inordinate ambition to shoot a buffalo on the mid-west plains and a wapiti in the Rockies.

Nothing worth recording happened till I found myself in the North Park of Colorado, where I suffered abominably from "buck fever", till I shot my first antelope. I met two middle-aged men who were supplying the trans-continental railroad with venison. They invited me to join them. I jumped at such a chance. We camped out. In the winter, so they told me, they were trappers. I should have spent the winter with them had I been "foot-loose". But acceptance of an alluring offer meant cutting myself off from letters for four months; and I had promised my mother that I would not wander too far from a post-office, because I might be gazetted to the Rifle Brigade earlier than I had supposed possible. My commission, signed by the Great White Queen, reached me in 1883. . . !

With these hardy sons of the Wild West, I spent three weeks. Incidentally, I learned how to cook on a camp-fire, and to sleep soundly as any dormouse under the stars, with nothing between me and Mother Earth but a blanket. Chill October put paid to this first experience. I was in robust health when I boarded a train *en route* for San Francisco; the temperature of the Pullman Car was unendurable.

California, after the rigours of the Rockies, revealed herself as the Promised Land. On reaching San Francisco, I booked a room

XI Hussars. I declared that I would sooner be a "Cherubim" than a "Green-jacket". But the Olympians decided otherwise, and they had the last word.

My fairy godmother took me by the hand. I must lay stress on an amusing fact. My father had more than aptitudes as a painter. My mother told me that field sports were his life's *work*. He was a Master of Hounds, a good "shot", and an impassioned angler. Painting was *play* to him. Again, I had a cousin, five years my senior, who had served a longish apprenticeship to painting in Germany, and who (in 1881) was working in Julien's atelier in Paris. Already I had spoiled yards of good canvas. This cousin suggested that I should join him in Paris and find out whether or not I was likely to make good as a draughtsman and painter. What followed was an enchanting holiday. I spent several weeks in Barbizon, at the Hôtel Siron, where at least a dozen young fellows, French and English—ardent disciples of Jean François Millet—were painting *en plein air*. Siron spoke of us as "his dear children".

This, so my new friends assured me, was *la vie heureuse*, the only life worth living. Long afterwards, when I read du Maurier's *Trilby*, he resurrected for me (and at least a million readers) the enchantment (there is no other word) of those care-free yesterdays. French people rank artists far above the common herd! At that time there were two students at the Beaux Arts: Sargent, and Stanhope Forbes. Already they were acclaimed as winners. They would "arrive"; and it was deemed a duty and a privilege to speed them on their way. There and then the pipeclay began to ooze out of my marrow. Amongst my *confrères* was an American. He urged me to visit his country. He made me a Merchant Venturer. He spoke of the undiscovered country in the territories and the wild game therein. He cited Horace Greely: "Young man, go west".

My sister and I spoke of our mother as the Lady of Many Surprises. As soon as I expressed an ardent wish to cross the Atlantic, she said tranquilly: "Why not? It will widen your horizon".

I essayed this great adventure alone. Luck stood by. I found in my state-room a young man a few years older than myself, a *Card*, a gay knave of hearts. He introduced himself as Jack Cook, adding:

"You know, of course, that the devil sent the cooks". He told me that he was returning to a sheep ranch in California. I was sensible (almost unduly so) of a thrill when he went on: "My people wanted me to wear out the seat of my pants on a stool in a bank. Having a little money I cut loose from old England, because she is, between ourselves, too damned old for ME".

We became "pals". Had it not been for him, I should never have visited California. He spoke of the Golden State as *Tom Tiddler's Ground.* He had bought two thousand acres; he could sell his ranch at treble the price he had paid for it!

We were out of the Channel when he said that he would keep an eye on me in New York, adding: "I've no dollars to chuck about in cities". I told him that I had an inordinate ambition to shoot a buffalo on the mid-west plains and a wapiti in the Rockies.

Nothing worth recording happened till I found myself in the North Park of Colorado, where I suffered abominably from "buck fever", till I shot my first antelope. I met two middle-aged men who were supplying the trans-continental railroad with venison. They invited me to join them. I jumped at such a chance. We camped out. In the winter, so they told me, they were trappers. I should have spent the winter with them had I been "foot-loose". But acceptance of an alluring offer meant cutting myself off from letters for four months; and I had promised my mother that I would not wander too far from a post-office, because I might be gazetted to the Rifle Brigade earlier than I had supposed possible. My commission, signed by the Great White Queen, reached me in 1883. . . !

With these hardy sons of the Wild West, I spent three weeks. Incidentally, I learned how to cook on a camp-fire, and to sleep soundly as any dormouse under the stars, with nothing between me and Mother Earth but a blanket. Chill October put paid to this first experience. I was in robust health when I boarded a train *en route* for San Francisco; the temperature of the Pullman Car was unendurable.

California, after the rigours of the Rockies, revealed herself as the Promised Land. On reaching San Francisco, I booked a room in the Palace Hotel, and was warmly welcomed by its manager, Count Smith. I intended to visit Jack Cook in Mendocino County, but the Call of the Wild rang in my ears. Count Smith, when I told him that I had shot antelope in Colorado, for the railroad, nodded his august head approvingly. He declared that a market-hunter could earn at least fifty dollars a week shooting geese, ducks, snipe and quail; he could introduce me to a man who supplied him with small game.

Within a week I was at work again.

I left the Sacramento Valley, because I saw in a shop window a Brobdingnagian—cabbage! This huge vegetable came from Arroyo Grande, a small village in a cow-country, San Luis Obispo, situate about half-way between San Francisco and Los Angeles, north of Santa Barbara. I was told that the cabbage and other colossal vegetables had been grown in the richest alluvial soil, in a land where roses and strawberries could be found every day of the year. And here, so I was assured, land could be bought for a song, although smiling foothills, where cattle grew fat on bunch-grass, were destined to become the finest fruit-belt in the world. I was urged to buy and read Nordhoff's *California,* which I did. Next day, I embarked for the first time on the Pacific Ocean, carrying with me a letter of introduction to Mr. C. H. Phillips, the "big" man of the little mission town. I presented my letter, not at an office, but at the home of my father-in-law to be.

Yes. The front door was opened by a smiling little girl of fourteen.

I fell in love with her at sight.

I have to "boil down" the events of the succeeding months. Mr. Phillips told me that he had sold a foothill ranch, within a mile of Arroyo Grande, to an Englishman, Major Moreton, who was planting out a vineyard and an orchard. I should do well, he suggested, to see him.

I saw the Major next day. He welcomed me warmly, so did his wife, and they asked me to spend a few days under their roof.

This was the beginning of an inevitable end. I remained the guest of the Moretons for several months, working under him.

He was a keen sportsman, and this cow-county swarmed with quail, ducks, and deer. The creeks were full of uneducated trout. Some of the huge ranchos still belonged to the Hispano-Californians who dispensed a patriarchal hospitality. Nordhoff was accused of painting the lily. I submit that the lily was the land of yesterday, today and tomorrow. Moreton was of my opinion. . . .

Qui s'excuse, s'accuse. I cite another time-worn tag. Environment is greater than heredity. I told myself that I was in paradise; and I wished with all my heart, mind, and body to remain in it. I bought this ranch at a fair price nearly one year before I came of age. Moreton had three children. He had no wish to sell his small property, some six hundred acres, but his wife had to consider her children and their education. A foothill school was not quite good enough for them. An old soldier repeated what Jack Cook had "rubbed in". The delay, before I became an officer, would be a handicap to swift promotion. It is likely that my father, had he been alive, would have insisted upon my accepting a commission in another regiment.

In 1882 I left my ranch (not as yet paid for) in the capable hands of a manager, and returned to Europe, absurdly pleased with myself.

I rejoined my mother in Florence. She was staying with her sister in Bellosguardo. Lack-a-day! My news upset all my relations. An uncle told me that I had dirtied my ticket. He asked a question: "Is it life or sport on the Pacific slope which has allured you?" I replied, honestly enough: "Both".

In Florence I met again Thaddeus, a court portrait-painter.

Did he inspire me to go back to my palette? Anyway, I worked hard each day in the studio of Massani. Signor Landi, a teacher of singing, said (when I became his pupil) that I might with diligent training become a *tenore robusto*! I apologize for recording this; a mere straw indicating that I wandered down another path leading to Fame's temple.

My mother was sweet to me, accepting with Christian resignation what she regarded as a queer "streak" (not a stain) in her son. She admitted that I looked reassuringly well.

When I returned to California, my cousin, Arthur Sandford, accompanied me. We spent two months in Wyoming, in the Powder River Foothills, where we shot buffalo, wapiti, black-tail deer, and bear. Indians were on the war-path. Each night one of us sat by a smouldering camp-fire, rifle on knee, sensitive to the possibility that we might be scalpless before daybreak. To hunt we had to enjoy (if we could) the excitements of being hunted. . . .

I found the ranch—we named it "Tally-Ho"—in good order. My manager had made money for me. Indeed it was likely to develop into a little gold mine. Sandford and I engaged the services of an elderly Frenchman, who (unwarrantably) spoke of himself as a chef. He degenerated into a thief. We had to get rid of him. A middle-aged woman, a daughter of the Golden West, served us efficiently as house-parlourmaid.

We introduced polo to the Californians. I was Captain of the first team of Englishmen who played against four Americans west of the Rocky Mountains. I had the impudence to take pupils, a notable addition to my income. Our "pups" shot and fished, but they learned little of viticulture, because I had planted out the right grapes on the wrong soil. Nevertheless, these years were the healthiest of my vagabondage, and furnished a writer-to-be with inexhaustible "copy".

In 1883, my brother Arthur joined me; we became partners. We bought a cattle-ranch and moved to that. We learned more from our cowboys than they did from us. To "rope" a steer and roll a cigarette on a bucking bronco were our accomplishments.

In 1887 I married the daughter of Mr. Phillips. We spent a long honeymoon in England and Scotland. Then, and not till then, I wrote my first novel, good enough to publish and bad enough to burn. It was published simultaneously in London and New York, and critics were kind to a beginner, partly perhaps because I dealt with ranch life familiar to me. My luck deserted me in 1895. I had spent five of the happiest years with my wife. Arthur and I sold Tally-Ho. We put a manager in charge of the cattle ranch. My brother, Guy, joined us. Arthur and he bought land near San Luis Obispo, and we all lived together. I became secretary to my father-in-law, with a partnership shining ahead. At that time he was a very prosperous man, a buyer of huge tracts which he surveyed, subdivided and sold in smallholdings.

My son was born in 1890. My daughter came to us in 1895. Six weeks after her birth, my wife died; a shattering blow to me, an irreparable loss. I fled to England. My mother returned with me to California. I went back to the office and within two years became my father-in-law's junior partner. Three consecutive years of drought wrecked his fortunes and mine. The less said about it, the better. I clutched the straw nearest to my hand; I believed that I could support myself and my two children with my pen. Accordingly, encouraged by my mother and sister, I bade California farewell and went back to Hursley with my mother and children, where my sister offered the four of us harbourage.

It is enough to say here, that my luck came back. I gave undivided energies to my writings. I wrote *The Procession of Life*, almost a best-seller. *Brothers*, which followed it, ran through forty impressions in its six-shilling form. And then *The Hill* went one better.

I must touch briefly upon my next adventure. I became a member of the Garrick Club about the time when my brother-in-law, Colonel Heathcote, inherited a large house in the New Forest. We moved into Beechwood, eleven of us, and friends of the family spoke of us as the Beechwood Consolidated. At the Garrick I met Cyril Maude. He, impassioned optimist, urged me to "do" a play, although I protested that the doing of it might "do me in". I dramatized a novel entitled *Her Son*. Cyril Maude accepted it. There was no part in it for him, but his wife, Winifred Emery, played the leading part delightfully. It was something of a "flop" in London, but it played to capacity in the provinces for nearly three years.

Harry Irving asked me to write plays for him. Gerald du Maurier accepted a comedy entitled *Jelf's*. My biggest winner was *Quinneys*. I found myself comfortably at home in that microcosm, the world of the theatre. I wriggled away from its strangle-hold for one reason only—I yearned to end my days in our West Country.

To sum up—a gentleman of the Press stated that my life had been colourful. I espy too much green in it during my salad days and after them. But I would live it again and risk more discolorations and thwackings. Would I be able to mend my ways if, during a second reincarnation, I could recall my backslidings? I shall read with interest what other contributors write. My salvation—if I dare call it that—can be set down in one monosyllable—WORK. A text hung in my nursery: *Obedience is necessary to success.* In the nurseries of Upsidonia *Try, try, try again* might be a wiser admonition. In the hunting-field I took many a "toss" because I rode too fast at my fences. Walk, trot, and canter to all objectives before you gallop. Is it platitudinous to suggest that the more we attempt to do, the more we leave undone?

DR. C. E. M. JOAD

62

Born 1891, educated at Blundell's and Oxford University. He entered the Civil Service in 1914 and retired in 1930, when he became Head of the Department of Philosophy at Birkbeck College, in the University of London. Is now Reader in Philosophy at the University of London. An author who has written extensively on philosophy, politics, and current affairs.

I REMEMBER with some vividness the ends which, as a young man, I set before myself. If, with my present knowledge, I were to have my time again, they would not be very different from those which I conceived nearly forty years ago. I have not even remotely realized these ends. Consequently, if I were to have my time again, my efforts would largely be devoted to removing, either by overcoming or by out-flanking them, the impediments which have prevented their realization, impediments which at that time I neither foresaw nor even perceived.

Perhaps the chief impediment has been the attitude of hostility which I have so frequently, yet to me, so unaccountably provoked. I am not, for example, the sort of person whom anybody ever elects to anything. Why not? Because, apparently, they are but few who like and trust me.

Not only throughout most of my life have I been unable to conceive why this should be so—I have had some glimmering during these last few years; for most of my time I have not even been aware that it was so. My instinctive attitude is one of friendliness and trust; on the whole I like people. But on the whole, people do not like me. Fortunately or unfortunately, being psychologically obtuse, I can at a party or reception walk into a room full of people, sublimely colourful. I espy too much green in it during my salad days and after them. But I would live it again and risk more discolorations and thwackings. Would I be able to mend my ways if, during a second reincarnation, I could recall my backslidings? I shall read with interest what other contributors write. My salvation—if I dare call it that—can be set down in one monosyllable—WORK. A text hung in my nursery: *Obedience is necessary to success.* In the nurseries of Upsidonia *Try, try, try again* might be a wiser admonition. In the hunting-field I took many a "toss" because I rode too fast at my fences. Walk, trot, and canter to all objectives before you gallop. Is it platitudinous to suggest that the more we attempt to do, the more we leave undone?

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It was not until my own second year at Oxford, 1912, that my ambitions consciously defined themselves. Broadly, they were three. First, to take a hand in altering the social condition of England. My years at Oxford were the first fresh springtime of Fabian Socialism. They were also the last years of the optimisim which my generation had inherited from the Victorians, an optimism soon to be shattered by the First World War and never to return. A Fabian Socialist and an optimist, I saw myself as one of a self-selected band of happy pilgrims marching into the promised land of Socialism, under the banners of Shaw and Webb, with Wells, albeit slightly out of step, also in the vanguard. I wanted, then, to go into Parliament as a Socialist and help transform a capitalist society into a socialist one.

Secondly, I wanted to achieve fame as an original philosopher. I had an indubitable knack for philosophy, had just got a first in Greats and won a University scholarship, and I thought—God help my arrogance—that I had a serious and original contribution to make to man's knowledge of himself and the Universe. I did not at the time know what this was, but I proposed to make it.

Thirdly, I wanted to be what was then called a Bohemian. I wanted, that is to say, to be free of the moral and social conventions which I despised, and by which other men were bound. I also wanted to live in the country, and saw myself as a sort of sage, visited by admiring pilgrims.

Above all, I wanted to pursue these various aims together. I was to be an original philosopher, while at the same time commenting at large and at length upon public affairs, inciting the oppressed to strike, and making inflammatory speeches in Parliament. I was, in addition, to be a prominent politician.

Now the first thing you will notice about these various ambitions was that, foolish and incapable of realization as they no doubt were, in nothing was their lack of realism more manifest than in my conviction that I could pursue them together.

I was at that time, as, indeed, I have been ever since, under the spell of Shaw, and for me, one of the outstanding things about Shaw was his versatility. Shaw was never content to be merely an orator, merely a playwright, merely a politician, or merely a reformer. He insisted upon being all the lot. Take, for example, his politics. For Shaw, politics was only a particular aspect of far-flung public activities, which were themselves only an extension to the public platform and the committee-room of his work in the study and the theatre. Shaw was not just a theorist setting out in his celebrated Fabian essay what was wrong with the economics of landlordism in a capitalist society and how it could be put right; he was constantly trying to put it right. But, again, Shaw was not just a politician; he was also and at the same time a playwright and philosopher, who nevertheless contrived to beat the politicians at their own game. I admired this versatility, just as I admired the man who rowed in his college boat while at the same time contriving to get a first in Greats, or who played rugger for the 'Varsity while finding time to become President of the Union. Shaw was reinforced by Plato. Plato's famous saying to the effect that philosophers should be kings is continually quoted. What is not so often remarked is the continuation of the celebrated passage. It runs: "Unless the numerous natures who at present pursue either politics or philosophy, the one to the exclusion of the other, be forcibly debarred from this behaviour, there will be no respite from evil, my dear Glaucon, for cities, nor, I fancy, for humanity" which I interpreted to mean that artists, writers, philosophers, wits, historians, scientists, dons and even poets should enter politics and wield power equally with business men, company directors, lawyers, trade union secretaries, and ex-manual labourers.

I was never content that the don should be only a don, the politician merely a politician. I could not see why the learning of the former should be wasted in the lecture-room while the deliberations of the latter should be uninformed by a knowledge of what great men have thought and said memorably about life. I was, then, a critic of specialization. I had been taught by the Greeks to believe not only that the man who developed every side of his nature was the most complete of individuals and led the happiest of lives, but also that the state which had the sense to entrust such men with the conduct of its affairs was the most civilized and enlightened of states. I used to cite in this connection the city states of Ancient Greece and Renaissance Italy. I still hold this view and have tried unsuccessfully to live in accordance with its dictates; unsuccessfully, because, in this age of specialization, it requires a very big man to live down the opposition which his insistence upon playing a number of different parts inevitably arouses, and I was not big enough for the job. What has happened in practice is that my attempts to be a politician have been frustrated by the fact that I was also a teacher. "What", I was asked, "was a don doing in politics, more particularly a philosophical don? Go back," I was told, "to the cloister where you belong". I did once stand as a candidate for a Parliamentary seat at Middlesbrough. It was a safe Labour seat which was more or less handed to me on a plate at the peak of my Brains Trust popularity. I tolerated it for two years, tolerated, that is to say, being a candidate whose duties required him to pay continual "nursing visits" to Middlesbrough, and then could bear it no longer. Middlesbrough was too ugly and too squalid, and I was too miserable there. I am, I imagine, the only person who ever surrendered a safe parliamentary seat for what were predominantly aesthetic reasons. In just the same way, my attempts to get myself taken seriously as a philosopher have been vitiated by my popularity as a writer on philosophy and by my occasional prominence as a public figure.

What did, in fact, happen to me at the conclusion of my Oxford career was an entry into the Civil Service. I say "happened" to me because the thing was unpremeditated and unplanned. In spite of my ambitions, I had no idea at all how to earn my living. My father had been a Civil Servant. "Sit for the examination," he said, "and see what happens." I sat and was awarded a place. Soon after, I married and had children, and for sixteen years was tied to that place by the sheer necessity of supporting them. During the whole of that time I was miserable, the squarest of square pegs in the roundest of all possible holes, and in my frantic efforts to get out I started writing books on philosophy and articles in the philosophical papers, in the hope of making a sufficient name for myself to obtain a post from which I could teach philosophy. I also spent my evenings taking W.E.A. and tutorial classes. The books on philosophy were a success, in so far as they sought to make clear the ideas of the philosophers to those who had no previous acquaintance with the subject. My career as a tutor of classes in philosophy was also successful.

At the same time I was writing articles in the Press on such topics as *Does the Soul Survive? The Meaning of Life, The Relation of the Mind to the Body, Plato and the Modern World*, and so on. Presently I obtained a sufficient reputation as a clear writer upon, and popularizer of, philosophy to enable me to realize my ambition of leaving the Civil Service and to take a University post, which left me time for writing.

The reaction of the philosophical world to these developments was disconcerting. Had academic persons been asked and willing to express their thoughts, they would, so far as I could deduce, have run somewhat as follows: "This man is writing books to expound other people's philosophical ideas; it is pretty obvious that he can't have any worth having of his own. He is trying to make philosophical problems intelligible to the man in the street; what will become of the unintelligibility and, therefore, of the privacy of philosophical knowledge? He is communicating to outsiders the esoteric mysteries of our craft. His success cannot but depreciate its value. Very well, then, he shan't succeed."

And some years later, when the Brains Trust had transformed me temporarily into a public figure: "This man is spouting all over the place, opening bazaars and picture galleries, making after-dinner speeches, being photographed attending first nights, pontificating on public affairs, writing books and articles nineteen to the dozen, and standing for Parliament. It is obvious that he can't have the time, or the leisure," or, they might have added, "the peace of mind, to make any serious contribution to original philosophical thinking, or even to philosophical scholarship." In which last contention they would have been right, at any rate for that time. And so, just as my reputation as a teacher of philosophy did me disservice when I wanted to take part in politics, so my political interests and public appearances, no less than my success as a writer of widely read philosophical books, did me disservice as a philosopher. In both capacities I had offended against the sacred principle of specialization.

And so, if I had my time again, I should behave, concentrate, and specialize. On what? Primarily, I think, on politics. I am a clear and, on occasion, an eloquent speaker; I can ape the hail-fellow-well-metness required of a Parliamentary candidate at any rate for a time, and, with the knowledge and experience I have acquired, I should concentrate exclusively on the end in view. This means, among other things, that I should refrain from speaking my mind on issues on which my views were at variance with those of the Party, and if these were precisely the issues on which my convictions were deepest and most sincere, I should keep quiet about my deepest and most sincere convictions. On pacifism, for example. I have been a pacifist ever since I can remember, and except for a brief period in 1940–41 when the Nazis were at the gates, I have varied very little in my pacifist convictions. I have maintained those convictions in season and out of season, and during the period between the two wars there was scarcely a week when I did not write some word or make some speech against war, insisting that war was the greatest evil that could happen to a nation, that to train young men in the art of efficiently slaughtering other young men whom they had never seen was the greatest moral outrage that it could commit, and that the belief that it could preserve peace by seeking to be stronger than any enemy or combination of enemies, the greatest political idiocy of which it could be capable. The culmination of this pacifist activity was a speech in favour of the famous Oxford resolution whereby young men pledged themselves by a large majority *not* to fight for King and country.

Now this was, from the political point of view, a highly inadvisable line to take. The Labour Party, to which I have always belonged, might have a pacifist wing. It might even on occasion pass pacifist resolutions at its annual congresses, but directly the international scene began to darken, its sentiments and behaviour were indistinguishable from those of the other parties. Have we not lived to see a Labour Government, the first with a majority, introduce conscription in time of peace? Such forthright pacifism as mine could not have but done me political harm. And so, if I had my time again, I should be circumspect. I should say everything that the official programme of the Party prescribed, and nothing that lay outside that programme's scope. Where I was in doubt, I should hedge.

How should I justify myself for what, as I have put it, looks uncommonly like time-serving ambition? I doubt if it requires justification. Like other ambitious men, I want, not money, but power, and I have come to see that it is not of much avail to get into Parliament in order to sit on a back bench. One must have at least a hope of office, and for that hope to stand a chance of being realized, it is necessary above all to be a good Party man, to speak when the Whips want you to, and not to speak when they do not, and to be counted on to make a speech that will help and not embarrass the Party. And why, I ask myself, should I not have power like the others—like those many others who, with half my brains and none of my education, enjoy the fruits and consideration of office for no other reason than that they have served the movement well as trade-union secretaries, and that a time has come when they can serve it no longer and have to be pensioned off. Better the State pay the pension than the trade union!

But if justification were required, I could point to the remnants of my early Socialist faith, the surviving *simulacra* of my once so vivid Socialist ideals. As the years have passed, these have come to be centred increasingly on education. I think that education has a national and social importance which is out of all proportion to the degree of importance actually attached to it.

For one thing, it, or more precisely, the double system of education, public and private, which we still maintain, is the basis of our class system. In it, more than in any other single factor, is to be found the reason why Britain is still two nations. For another, education is the indispensable requisite of a man's developing the full potentialities of his nature, and realizing all that he has it in him to be. For another, it is, for most of us, the indispensable condition of our acquiring a life worth living, instead of merely acquiring a living. For another . . . but this is no place in which to laud the values of education.

I mention the matter here only because it enables me to contrast with the *real* importance of education in our national life the pitiful offerings that politicians lay upon its altar. Education is the Cinderella of Government. When economies are to be made, it is the first to feel them; when dud Ministers are to be found places, the Ministry of Education is the first to be offered them. Or it is occupied by a passenger, who uses it as a stepping-stone to higher things.

As a politician, the Ministry of Education would be my primary objective. Should I succeed in becoming Minister, I should insistently press the acceptance of the claims of my post to a place in the Cabinet, where I should be in a position to demand and, I should hope, to obtain the increased expenditure which education needs, if it is to receive the consideration it deserves—preferably at the expense of the Services. For it is better, I hold, to train citizens how to live rather than how to kill.

This, then, if I had my time again, would be my first objective, to become Minister of Education in a Labour Government, and to the achievement of that end I should try to subordinate all the other sides of my nature, and to suppress the activities in which they tend to express themselves. I would not only make the right speeches, I would wear the right clothes, know the right people, live with the right kind of wife, beget the right number of children (three), of the right sex (male), and by judicious flattery make myself agreeable, and by ready service—for example, by being prepared to address Sunday meetings in the most improbable places at the shortest possible notice—useful to the leaders of my Party.

My second object which, if I had my time again, I should fully realize to be incompatible with my first, and which I should pursue only if for some reason the first were to seem impracticable, would be to become a successful don, the author of original works of philosophy. Now this, too, would, as I have now learned, demand self-restraint. Nothing popular, nothing even easily readable, should proceed from my pen. I should not make the mistake of making myself clear, so that all could perceive my blunders, and lay my readability open to the charge of superficiality. I should wrap myself in a cloak of darkness, not merely that kind which springs from the expression of obscurity, which, after all, is pardonable—for the universe may well be hard to understand, and who are we, the intellectual infants of the twentieth century, that our minds should penetrate its dark places?—but that kind which is obscurity of expression and derives from a man's not having taken the pains to learn how to express himself clearly. I should write books which wandered down the by-ways and into backwaters of philosophy, books on the senses of the word "is", on Berkeley's use of the word "notion", or on the analysis of the ethical implications of promise-making—books that nobody could conceivably wish to read. These are the sort of subjects which win man professional advancement in the academic world, precisely because they afford him no opportunity of saying anything which could by any chance offend anybody. When I had by these accredited methods obtained interest, the necessary degrees and university posts and established myself in my profession, I should permit myself to write on the subjects that really interested me. For it could then do me no harm to speculate on the significance of animal pain in a world created by an all-good God, the probable destruction of our civilization, the decline and disappearance of the sense of natural beauty as Nature herself disappears, or the "robotization" of our species—all of them topics on which I have frequently written and harmed myself in academic eyes by so writing.

Now it is, of course, the case that, in believing that I *could*, given my present knowledge and experience, live my life to better advantage by concentrating my energies on the achievement of certain limited and recognized objectives, I may be making a mistake. The contradictions in my nature may be too deep-seated to permit the unvarying observance of the necessary respectabilities and restraints, even in one whose eyes have been opened by experience to the disasters attendant upon their flouting. These contradictions can be most succinctly stated in terms of the opposition between the two philosophies which, we are told, have warred for the souls of the Chinese, the Confucian and the Taoist.

As a Confucian whose ancestry is a line of small yeomen farmers, anxious to keep themselves to themselves, and to stand well with their neighbours, I have tried—I really have—to be respectable, to wear the clothes which the world expects me to wear, to do the work which it is prepared to pay me to do, to give to it the answers which it expects. For I have desperately wanted the rewards of respectability, power, and position and the esteem of my fellows. I have desired that respectability should with the years pass into eminence, and that my name should be among those that appear upon the letter-papers of societies appealing for money and of causes appealing for members, a sitter on boards and committees, a giver-away of prizes, a recipient of honours, in short, a member of the stage army of the good. Such then are my Confucian ambitions, the ambitions of the good citizen—and far more than half of me wishes to pursue them.

But there is another side to my nature for which, in the Chinese canon, Taoism makes provision, a side to which I venture to give the name of "spiritual vagrancy". Taoism is mystical, animistic, and amoral. It holds respectability of little account and willingly barters the solid satisfactions of an estimable reputation and a secure income for the freedom of the spirit to blow where it listeth. "Man," as Mr. Lin Yutang puts it, "has a hidden desire to go about with dishevelled hair which Confucianism does not quite permit. The man who enjoys slightly rebellious hair and bare feet goes to Taoism." "Taoism," he continues, "stands first of all for revolt against the artificiality and responsibilities of urban life and Confucian culture. Secondly, for the rural ideal of life and the cult of simplicity; thirdly, for the world of fancy and wonder coupled with a childishly naïve cosmogony."

To all this a large part of me leaps to subscribe, and this second part is in continual protest against the virtues and respectabilities cultivated by the Confucian part. Normally kept underground, it breaks forth like some hidden skeleton from the psychological cupboard upon the respectability of my Confucian self, with disrespectful gestures, scornful quips, dancing eyes, and improper observations. For years I may have been proceeding straightly and well along my good citizen's path, accumulating, as I have fondly believed, a sweet savour in the nostrils of the eminent. And then up pops the Taoist—there is something faun-like about him, he crops up so unexpectedly, and commits some frightful social *gaffe*, running off with another girl, proposing the Oxford Resolution, making some unforgivable remark about marriage, or landlords, or the Church, or playing pranks with the railway company, and leaves my Confucian self sitting forlorn among the debris, the shattered debris of its so assiduously built-up reputation. Even when he is not actually erupting, the felt immanence of the faun below the surface prevents me being accepted as a wholly serious and responsible person.

Now it may be that there is here some fundamental dichotomy of Nature which would always prevent my success along orthodox lines. If it turned out to be so, I should have learnt to accept the fact from the beginning. I should cease my wearisome efforts at respectability, allow my "successivist" tendencies full and unfettered play and comment upon society at large from a safe vantage point.

One thing only I would add. Even as things are, my life, especially in these later years, is for nearly half of it lived in the country; but I have taken to the country too late to be able to derive the maximum benefit from its ways. This requires knowledge, knowledge of crops and birds and beasts and flowers, which comes easily and naturally to the young, but which I am now too old and too impatient to acquire. If I had my time again, I should put myself to the trouble of acquiring definite knowledge of the lore and some skill in the ways of Nature. I should learn of birds and how to watch them, of roses and how to grow them, of seeds and how to plant them, of vegetables and how to tend them, or even of horses and how to ride them—ride them, that is to say, much better than I shall ever do now. I should not waste so much of my life as I have devoted in the past to the acquirement of skill in propelling balls to the right distances, at the right speed, at the right moments, and in the right directions with bats, sticks, mallets, cues, rackets, or football boots. In other words, I should give more time to gardening and fruit-growing and farming, to learning about crops and fertilizers and vegetable and organic manures and their properties, and about the right times and seasons for planting and pruning and spraying, and I should give less time to games. My reason is that, as you grow older, your energy diminishes and there comes a time when you can no longer play games; and are left to get through the remaining years as best you can with no resources for your old age. The fattening middle-aged athlete is almost as distressing a spectacle as the fattening middle-aged beauty. But an interest in the ways of Nature and a knowledge of the proper times and right treatment of growing things does not fail or fade, but constitutes an investment which, as the years pass, pays ever greater dividends. An old man pottering about among his roses or even his cabbages is a pleasant sight. How else, indeed, should an old man occupy himself? And that is how I should like to end my life.

AIR CHIEF MARSHAL LORD DOWDING

Born 1882. Educated at Winchester and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. He joined the Royal Artillery in 1900: in 1914 he transferred to the Royal Flying Corps with which he served during the First World War. From 1926 to 1929 he was Director of Training at the Air Ministry and from 1930 to 1936 Air Member for Research and Development. From 1936 to the end of the Battle of Britain in 1940 he was Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Fighter Command. He was created a baron in 1940. His publications include Many Mansions *and* Lychgate.

A HOLLYWOOD star is reported to have said: "If I had my time over again I think I would marry the same men, but in a different order".

My answer to this question is on similar lines. That is to say that, if I were set to relive this life, it would turn out very much the same in outline, although I would like to think that I should be able to improve on it in detail by refraining from a number of actions of which, in retrospect, I am not proud.

This is not an Oxford Group symposium of personal confessions, however; I only start by putting on record the fact that my life has been by no means exemplary, lest I be accused of smugness in what follows: for, during the last eight years or so, I have come to recognise it as a fact that long before my birth into this life I was destined to command the British Forces in the Battle of Britain.

I use the word "destined" for lack of a better, for I do not infer that my free will was in any degree abrogated. What I mean to say is that I believe that before birth I assented willingly to the pattern of my life, and, although my pre-natal immersion in the Waters of

Lethe was a hundred per cent effective, circumstances throughout my life have conspired to guide events along the prescribed channel without any conscious knowledge or volition on my part.

The idea of Reincarnation is but little accepted now, except by orientals and a smallish number of Western people who are regarded by their fellow occidentals as more or less harmless cranks. But this was not always so. There are references to it direct and indirect in the New Testament, and it was commonly taught in the early Christian Church, although the teaching was not regarded as orthodox after the decisions of the Council of Nicaea in A.D. 325.

Although officially frowned upon, the doctrine of Reincarnation continued to be taught, notably by Origen and Clement of Alexandria, until the Oecumenical Council of Constantinople in the year 553 which produced the following crushing Decree: "Whosoever shall support the mythical presentation of the pre-existence of the soul and the consequently wonderful opinion of its return, let him be anathema".

And so, by the alliance of Church and State, Pope and Emperor, the Ancient Wisdom was effectively driven underground, whence its modern efforts to raise its head are met by the cold hostility of the Church and the contempt and ridicule of Science and Philosophy. The unmathematical and unscientific doctrine of "special creation" was adopted in its place by the Church—unmathematical because infinity stretches equally in both directions, and the idea of a being, finite in the past and eternal in the future, is altogether anomalous.

The Church still holds pathetically to this irrational idea; and, as for Science and Philosophy, they couldn't care less what the Church thinks on this or any other subject.

This article is not being written with the idea of making converts to the teachings of the Ancient Wisdom; there are plenty of books (including some of my own) to do that. You will realize, however, that if I respond to an invitation to analyse and dissect my life, it is unavoidable that I should state briefly the conditions under which I believe that life to have been undertaken.

An indissoluble component of this principle of Reincarnation is the Law of Karma, which may be rather roughly described as the Law of cause and effect. The object of the Individual in making successive incursions into Earth-life is to gain experience, and actions in one life give rise to reactions which may not come into manifestation until a later life.

This may seem rather futile, since the Personality experiences the effect without remembering the cause, and therefore it might seem that no useful lesson could be learned; but the Personality is transient, built up for one life only, and the lesson is learned by the eternal enduring Individual round whom Personality is built. The Greek saying: "Man, know thyself" is an injunction to the Person to recognize the Individual, and, in fact, the attainment of "Egoic Consciousness" (which is another way of expressing this recognition), is the true goal of all humanity.

There is one other point which I must make clear before I begin to show how these principles apply to this present life of mine, and that is that the laws of Reincarnation are infinitely flexible; each case is treated on its exact merits and no injustice ever arises in the working out of the laws. The consequence is that the Karmic debts which people incur are not always payable on the nail. They may, for instance, be held up for a period, which may extend into hundreds of years of our time, till a person who has been wronged is ready to forgive.

And there is a type of debt which is still more long-lived. Such a debt comes into existence when a person in authority commits an act which alters the channel of the life-stream of a people or nation. It may be many centuries or even millennia before the effects have worked themselves out and the time comes when the debt can be liquidated.

I have, in the above, only scratched a very vast subject, but perhaps I have said enough to make it seem reasonable that the whole of this life of mine has been conditioned by the necessity of leading up to a certain event, which event itself constitutes the unravelling of a knot tied in days long gone by.

I have spoken above of the Waters of Lethe into which the soul is plunged before starting a new tour of duty on earth, and I have said that in my case it was a hundred per cent effective. I want to make it clear that I have absolutely no memory, which I can bring up into my consciousness, of any event in any previous life or between lives. And furthermore that until the Battle of Britain was fought and finished I had received no slightest inkling of what lay ahead for me or what lay behind me in the past. It is only in retrospect that I can see how the events of my life led up to this peak of endeavour, and it was only after the battle that I was given a glimpse of the age-long chain of events behind it.

So this next part of my narrative is pure imagination. It is not supported by any revelation or vision or even by any psychic "hunch". I have simply made it up out of my head, and my only excuse must be that I think it is not outside the bounds of probability that something of the sort may have happened.

The scene is a session of the Sub-committee for English Affairs of the Earth Committee of the Lords of Karma. The individual who is "I" (as distinct from Hugh Dowding, who does not yet exist) has been summoned to attend. In the chair is a deputy of the Angel of England, who is himself, by reason of his ubiquity, aware of the proceedings.

The chairman addresses me by my permanent name. He says: "As you know, it is my duty to ask every soul whose time has come to return to earth life whether he is willing so to return. I know your history, I know the grave mistake you made so long ago. I know how eagerly you have waited through the years until the opportunity for correcting that mistake should come. The opportunity has at last arrived. I know your answer beforehand. Nevertheless it is my duty to ask you formally if you accept this assignment."

When I had signified my acceptance, he went on: "Very well. The question was necessary because the law of free will is paramount. You have chosen freely, and hereafter the circumstances of your life will be regulated so as to bring about an event concerning which you will have lost all vestige of conscious memory. This has become your destiny. You have made it so. You can only avoid it now by a further exercise of your free will, by running away from your duty or by prematurely ending your life. As you know, the consequences of any such action would be disastrous in the extreme, but you will be supplied with a lower body which should not be beyond your powers of control and we expect no such failure on your part. And now, my friend, I will say *au revoir* to you in a phrase which you will not hear again till you have lived more than thirty years on earth. Over the top and the best of luck!"

So there was I, launched on the great adventure. I did not arrive in a family with any military tradition or connections. My father's family were predominantly clerical or scholastic and as a boy I had no leanings towards a military career. The matter was settled, absurdly enough, by my dislike of the Greek language. At Winchester the only way of avoiding Greek was to go into the Army Class, so into the Army Class I went.

In due course I passed into Woolwich in 1899 and, failing to pass out high enough to get a commission in the Sappers, I was posted to the Gunners where I spent most of my subalternhood in the Mountain Artillery in Northern India. (Incidentally I spent thirteen years as a subaltern which did not look much like attaining high rank, but in another four years I was a Brigadier-General.)

In 1910 I got long furlough from India, and, thanks to this opportunity for study, I got into the Staff College at Camberley in 1912. I took my civilian flying "ticket" in my spare time while at the Staff College, and, as a Staff College graduate, had no difficulty in gaining admission to the infant Royal Flying Corps. So it will be seen that, all unknown to me, the unseen ones were steering me in the required direction.

Then the 1914 war broke out and I went to Belgium and France with the R.F.C. In the spring of 1915 I came home to start a wireless establishment at Brooklands. Then to the command of a squadron in France. Then back to England on promotion to command the Administrative Wing at Farnborough. Then out to France again in 1916 to command the Fighter Wing at the Battle of the Somme.

This was in a sort of way a rehearsal for the Battle of Britain. It is true that conditions were quite different, and I had little independent power, living as I did close to R.F.C. Headquarters and directly under the eye of Authority. Still, if it did nothing else, it generated in me a deep-rooted affection for the lads who did the fighting and who suffered an almost intolerable drain in casualties. In the autumn of 1916 I fell foul of Authority. I was sent home under a cloud and was not employed in France again.

I have to mention this, because at the end of the war it was not possible to transfer to the newly created Royal Air Force all the officers who had served throughout the war in the R.F.C. and I was told that I had not been selected for a commission in the R.A.F. and would be returned to the Artillery. At that time I was serving in York as Chief Staff Officer to General Vyvyan who was commanding the Area. General Vyvyan took up the cudgels strongly on my behalf, and made several journeys to London solely to contend for me with Authority. I can never be sufficiently grateful to him for his persistence, which finally wore down opposition and secured for me a temporary respite which was later made permanent. Here again in retrospect I perceive the finger of the unseen.

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(I might also mention that I was well protected in the inconsiderable amount of air-fighting which came my way. The worst that happened to me was a chip across the knuckles from a bullet which came from behind under my arm.)

This is not a biography, so I can skip over the next ten years, which called for no outstanding interventions on the part of Providence; most of the time was spent in Staff employment.

In 1930 I was made a member of the Air Council responsible for Supply and Research—all the Technical side, in fact. I held this appointment for six years; it suited me very well, and I hope I may say that I suited it.

I wish to mention only two things in connection with this period. The first is that during my turn of office it happened that (largely through the generosity and public spirit of Lady Houston) we won the Schneider Seaplane Trophy outright. This was an international speed race round a closed circuit which our designers and constructors and pilots succeeded in winning three times running. At once a proposal was mooted to present a new trophy and to continue the international competition: but I opposed this very strongly and said that what we ought to do was to capitalize all our experience gained in engine and aircraft design and apply it to a *land* machine (the Schneider types were all float planes) designed with one main requirement, viz., to fly as fast as possible. My proposal was accepted and the aircraft industry were invited to submit designs.

The machines which emerged from these designs were the Hurricane and the Spitfire. Directly they appeared the Air Staff took them over, put eight machine-guns in the wings and set us the best part of two years ahead of our Continental competitors, who had drawn false lessons from the very low performance of the Nationalist bombers in the Spanish civil war.

The other relevant thing that happened while I was at the Air Ministry was that I was told that I should be the next Chief of the Air Staff when Sir Edward Ellington vacated the appointment.

In the summer of 1936 I was given the new appointment of Commander-in-Chief, Fighter Command. Up to this time bombers and fighters had been combined in a single command known as the Air Defence of Great Britain. This was much too large a command for any one man, and when I took over my new duties I found that there was much to be done, particularly in fitting the newly discovered Radar into the system of defence, which had hitherto had to rely on sight and hearing for preliminary warning.

In 1937 I was informed that plans had been changed, and that I should not be made Chief of the Air Staff. This decision is typical of the events leading up to the Battle of Britain, for, though it seemed to me at the time a great blow that I should fail to reach the top of the tree, looking back in retrospect I see that it was the best thing that could have happened, for a reason which will shortly be apparent.

If I say that during this time of preparation my relations with the Air Ministry were not wholly harmonious, I shall not be guilty of overstatement. The fault was very largely mine; in fact, "If I thing that I was not made Chief of the Air Staff before the war started. If I had escaped dismissal at the hands of the Chamberlain Government for opposing the despatch of Home Defence Fighters to France, I should inevitably have clashed prematurely with Mr. Churchill. So I should not in that case have fought the Battle of Britain either directly or indirectly, and therefore the invisibles directed affairs so that my life might work out according to plan.

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Please don't think that I infer that nobody else could have commanded with success in the Battle of Britain: I am only pointing out how inexorably my own life destiny was fulfilled. Do not think either that I stress my own preparatory work as against the gallantry of those brave lads of many nations who merged their varied characteristics in that great brotherhood which won undying glory under the name of the Fighter Boys: nor that I am unappreciative of the miracles wrought by Lord Beaverbrook in stepping up and maintaining the supply of fighter aircraft throughout the Battle. But this is essentially a personal story and on that account must perhaps appear somewhat egocentric.

On one point at any rate let me be quite clear and definite; I can lay my hand on my heart and say that I hold no grievance against anyone in the world.

Of the Battle itself I shall say little. In retrospect it is a grim period of sustained anxiety punctuated by grief over our inevitable losses—a time of double stress, because the problem of night-interception had not then been solved and the instruments and equipment to make it possible were only then in process of being delivered, so that many of my nights were almost as busy as my days.

We know from German records that all hope of a successful invasion had ceased before the end of September, but the pressure was kept up by the Germans until the end of October, and in November the invisibles allowed Nature to take her course and my successor was appointed to the Fighter Command.

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Of course my life's work did not stop at that point. I was kept on, doing odd jobs for the Air Ministry for another eighteen months and then retired at my own request, to take up work of a completely different type—work which I am still doing—work which will continue till the end of my life.

This work, too, was in the plan since long before my birth into this life. It is more completely satisfying than any of my previous "practical" work, largely, I think, because the feeling of working alone has disappeared and a knowledge of the comradeship which surrounds me has supervened.

If anyone is interested to know about this work he can read my published books. All that I will say now is that, however I might wish to modify my earlier life, my present work would remain unchanged "If I had my time again".

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CLAUD MULLINS

Born 1887, educated at University College School, London; Mill Hill School and abroad. He was on the administrative staff of the London County Council 1907–12; during these years he qualified for call to the Bar, which took place in January, 1913; in the Army 1915–19; is best known for his work as a Metropolitan magistrate 1931–47. He has written numerous books on crime and legal subjects.

IF I COULD re-live my life, of two things I am absolutely certain: I would choose to be born into the family of the same parents and I would marry the same wife—if she would have me.

This indicates that I would make no fundamental change and that, on the whole, life for me has been both happy and satisfying. A full share of sorrows has had to be faced, including the death of a much-loved father, after a long illness, when I was nineteen and of a younger brother in the Army during the First World War. Both sorrows hurt deeply and the scars never really healed, though the fact that life has to go on always helps one to accept realities, however grim.

Concerning childhood the only big change that I would plan would be that my father should be spared his years of suffering from lung trouble and be granted a longer life, instead of one of only fifty-eight years. He was a sculptor and the fact that he appears in the *Dictionary of National Biography* shows that he attained some distinction in his craft. But the poor health of his later life prevented real success. The result was that in these years, when his four children were at their most expensive stages, worries about money added to his suffering. We were never poor in the sense that the family was ever short of necessaries, but there were times when school bills, and even new clothes, caused anxieties to our parents. I must have been a sensitive child, for I was fully aware of these constantly recurring problems. I hated to see the worried looks from time to time on the faces of the parents. During later childhood my secret wish, as each year I stirred the Christmas pudding, was: "May Father get well and have plenty of commissions". But those wishes were never granted.

Father worked on to the end. Happily, his three remaining brothers, all successful men, were generous in helping. But he strongly disliked any form of dependence, even on his brothers, and in order to increase the family income he undertook the teaching of sculpture at evening classes in the London County Council's Central School of Arts and Crafts, then newly founded opposite the Polytechnic in Regent Street. His ability as a teacher was considerable, and in later life I met more than one of his ex-pupils who spoke most warmly about the inspiration that he aroused. But this work, though he loved it, involved a heavy tax on his ever-waning strength.

To me the most cherished memory of my father is his consistent cheerfulness, despite the worries and his long struggle for what we all obtain without thinking—breath. He never complained, and to the end remained a centre of friendship and love. No son could be more fortunate, could he choose his father.

This long illness and my father's early death affected me in many ways and, if it could be possible for the psychological wisdom learned by many in a later generation to be available twenty years earlier, I might well wish to be spared some of these effects. For instance, as my father became able to do less and less, more and more duties fell upon me as the eldest son, and when he died I had to take over many of his responsibilities. I became my mother's counsellor-in-chief. Both of my two brothers were still dependent and well do I remember the long discussions between my mother and myself when difficulties arose concerning them. In fact I was never so old as between the ages of sixteen and the later twenties. Responsibility sat heavily on my shoulders and there was little of Pope's "Youth of frolics" in my life. The unknown author of Lamentations wrote

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Father worked on to the end. Happily, his three remaining brothers, all successful men, were generous in helping. But he strongly disliked any form of dependence, even on his brothers, and in order to increase the family income he undertook the teaching of sculpture at evening classes in the London County Council's Central School of Arts and Crafts, then newly founded opposite the Polytechnic in Regent Street. His ability as a teacher was considerable, and in later life I met more than one of his ex-pupils who spoke most warmly about the inspiration that he aroused. But this work, though he loved it, involved a heavy tax on his ever-waning strength.

To me the most cherished memory of my father is his consistent cheerfulness, despite the worries and his long struggle for what we all obtain without thinking—breath. He never complained, and to the end remained a centre of friendship and love. No son could be more fortunate, could he choose his father.

This long illness and my father's early death affected me in many ways and, if it could be possible for the psychological wisdom learned by many in a later generation to be available twenty years earlier, I might well wish to be spared some of these effects. For instance, as my father became able to do less and less, more and more duties fell upon me as the eldest son, and when he died I had to take over many of his responsibilities. I became my mother's counsellor-in-chief. Both of my two brothers were still dependent and well do I remember the long discussions between my mother and myself when difficulties arose concerning them. In fact I was never so old as between the ages of sixteen and the later twenties. Responsibility sat heavily on my shoulders and there was little of Pope's "Youth of frolics" in my life. The unknown author of Lamentations wrote that "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," but I am not so sure. "Youth's the season made for joys," wrote John Gay in his eternal *Beggar's Opera* and I am not so sure about that either. I never envied the care-free young men who were in a position to devote their early years to enjoyment. But, if I lived again, I would ask to be spared many of the problems and duties that fell to me during those years.

To lose one's father just as one is starting to make a career is grim; I received notice of my first appointment during the interval between his death and funeral. However false the start may ultimately prove to be, as it did in my case, the first paid task is always an adventure. Each step in that adventure arouses a longing to share the experience with those at home. Happily my mother, who had twenty-nine years of widowhood, was always a sympathetic and encouraging listener, but even so, it is impossible to fill the gap of a father's loss. Over and over again, as life widened and new experiences came, I used to wonder what he would have said and thought. When the First World War broke out in 1914 I knew that he would have hated it. In 1866 he had gone to Munich to study his craft under Professor Wagmüller. He loved Germany and the German language and to the end he delighted in German literature.

In this I followed his example and on leaving school spent eighteen months abroad living with German, and later with French, people. In later life I found my knowledge of German of much use in my career as a barrister. Thus in 1921 I was the official interpreter at the abortive War Criminal Trials at Leipzig and from then onwards received much remunerative legal work concerned in the clearing up of business transactions which the war had interrupted.

In 1904, my last year at Public School, the most successful of my father's brothers offered to bear the expense of my going to Cambridge the following year. In those times anyone who could pay the fees and pass the preliminary examination could be reasonably certain of gaining admittance. Though doubtless many idlers went up, the intellectual standard was probably at least as high then as now, when there is keen competition for entry and so many undergraduates go up to do nothing but work. There was much discussion about my future in the family circle, but I was dead against accepting the offer, for the simple reason that I wanted to be ready to earn some money and thus help the family exchequer. I won and my time abroad was accepted as a compromise. Had I spent three years at Cambridge, probably the whole course of my life would have been different. Possibly I should have become more conventionally minded. The Old Hall at Gray's Inn undoubtedly cast its spell and at my call to the Bar nobody was more legally orthodox than I was. But orthodoxy did not last long. Perhaps life at Cambridge would have created a more lasting appreciation of past and present. Perhaps not. But in any case I would not forgo the experience of beginning my working life at £80 a year. This was not a bad preparation for life and, had it been easier for me in those years, I am doubtful whether I should have benefited.

My father was born in 1848, the year of Revolutions, and delighted in the fact. He was no revolutionary, but his hatred of tyranny, his independence of mind and his willingness to investigate the merits of what existed influenced greatly my own mental development. He would have rejoiced when in 1912 I refused to continue the safe but uninspiring life of a municipal clerk, into which I had drifted out of sheer inability to think of any other occupation. While in the service of the London County Council I passed all my Bar examinations and "ate my dinners". When ready for call to the Bar, I resigned and set out on the uncertain road of life in the Temple. I have never envied those whose call to the Bar came after three pleasant years at Oxford or Cambridge. Life had made me more mature than they were and this was a good beginning.

Such concentration on career-building left me with little time for fulfilling a brother's duty to a sister. Living as I did in "progressive" circles, most of the young women in our family circle went to Newnham or Girton and tremendous were the sacrifices made by their parents to enable them to do so. But my sister, the eldest of us four, had no such ambitions and was essentially of the home-making kind. Could I live again, I would wish to be able to surround her with a large number of young men and thus help her to marry earlier than was actually possible, for I have always regarded marriage and motherhood as woman's true destiny. The highly educated young women around me in my early days were mostly denied this blessing; whether this was cause and effect it is impossible to say. I fully agree that to equip a young woman for matrimony only is to deny her alternatives, if acceptable opportunities do not come her way. But to train her for a career may result in diminished chances of marriage, or none. Those who worked for "women's emancipation" are superbly proud of their achievement, but they have done little to solve this problem.

Of a most capable and attractive young woman who was single my father said in my hearing: "What are the young men of this country doing to leave such a woman unmarried?" I often ask similar questions myself. One characteristic of a new life that I would like to plan would be that there should be no spinsters over twenty-five, except those who deliberately chose single-blessedness, or marriage in later life. If this could ever be achieved, I strongly suspect that most young women would willingly sacrifice their votes and their equality with men.

Not only would I have chosen the same parents, but also the same period for my birth. I have long been thankful for having been a child in Victorian times. The spirit of that age left a strong and lasting impression upon me and still colours my general attitude to life and especially my outlook on political questions. The Victorian virtues of duty, self-dependence, self-help, thrift, and charity and the absolute standards of right and wrong of those times created a stimulating atmosphere for the upbringing of young people. Moral values may not have been taught in a way that the psychiatrists of today would approve, but none the less they were indelibly stamped on us. I would not have it otherwise. We children showed all the vices and weaknesses that are natural in childhood, but we all grew up without obvious discredit to our parents, or resort to such modern aids as Children's Courts, Probation Officers, Remand Homes, Approved Schools, or Borstal Institutions. The State played no part in our upbringing or education and for that I am everlastingly thankful. Meagre as the family income was, we won through, partly because the State was far less greedy than it has since become. Income Tax was one shilling in the pound and well do I remember my father's groan when it was increased by twopence during the South African War.

Not only were our parents dutiful to us, they were also dutiful to each other. Their life together fully deserves to be called idyllic. Each was the other's best friend throughout and it was hard indeed that such a marriage had to be broken so early. There has never been a divorce, or even a separation, in any branch of the families of either parent, so far as I know their many ramifications. Happy indeed is the lot of anyone who can claim that record.

But Victorian values were endangered when the State began its raids into private life. My father, a life-long Liberal, believed that political emancipation would result in higher standards in both economics and morals. He was thrilled, as I was also, by the results of the General Election of 1905, when Campbell-Bannerman, and later Asquith, led a big Liberal majority in Parliament. But I cannot believe that he would have liked the drift towards Socialism which that Government and all successive Governments encouraged. The result of that drift has meant higher standards of living, but also lower standards in morals; in fact in a progressive deterioration of the moral quality of the homes of our people.

The practical consequences of this development can be clearly seen in the appalling increase in both serious crime and marital infidelity. I developed this theme at some length in an article in *The Quarterly Review* of April, 1950. In 1900 the number of serious crimes known to the police was about seventy-eight thousand, but by 1948 this figure had risen to five hundred and twenty-three thousand. In 1900 the number of divorces was approximately four hundred and fifty, but in 1949 the number was sixty thousand. In the ten years to 1948 there was an increase in the number of serious crimes committed by those under seventeen of no less than fifty-eight per cent.

The prime causes of these grave increases are the same, namely, parental selfishness, a refusal to accept one's own responsibilities and to make the best of life as it is. In particular, changes in the attitude of so many parents towards their children have done infinite harm. Well-meaning but unwise legislation has tended more and more to encourage parents to place first their own desires and happiness and to relieve them of many of their economic and moral responsibilities. This process has diminished that feeling of gratitude in children towards their parents which is a powerful force for good in child development. Accepting as I do the view of modern Psychology that the main lines of character are set for life about the age of seven, which is before any State control can be of much effect, the consequences of parental neglect, as of parental failure, can have devastating results. Neither the State nor Local Authorities can ever adequately take the place of parents, but their efforts at benevolence have resulted in widespread parental irresponsibility. If in a new life I could have some influence on State policy, I would arrange that every charge of crime against a child should automatically result in one against the parents for neglecting the child. This would bring home to them the fact that they have to provide for their children as well as produce them.

For another reason I would choose the later Victorian age. Those were times of safety. People felt certain that life as they knew it would continue. Wars, when they came, concerned only outlying parts of the globe. Internal revolutions seemed to be a matter for history only. The quality of life seemed likely to improve and to go on improving. Even if such a mental outlook encouraged an element of smugness, it none the less enabled grown-ups to plan their lives ahead and children to grow up with a sense of security that is so valuable in their development. Again, democracy in those years was an invigorating ideal. Only in the future lay doubts whether in practice it would lead to widespread selfishness and possibly to national decay. I am certain that the Victorian age was a great one in which to have one's general outlook moulded. I would choose no other.

In my imaginary second life would I ask for professional success? In my actual life I have earned money in seven different ways—clerk, barrister, journalist, soldier (both in "other ranks" and as lieutenant), author, professional magistrate, and, in my retirement, as broadcaster in a small way. In none of these careers did I reach the success that begets wealth, but the total result in retrospect is enough for countless happy memories. Life for me was never the same for long enough to feel too deeply in a rut. Would there have been greater happiness if in any one of these careers real and lasting success had come? I wonder, but I also doubt.

The career in which my ambitions were highest was that of barrister. Would I ask for my second life the kind of success of which I dreamed in 1913, when I was called to the Bar, the kind of success that opens the way to early promotion to King's Counsel, possibly to Member of Parliament, and even to the High Court bench, or even higher? Undoubtedly there was some justification for optimism at the outset of my legal career. My record in the Bar examinations, all achieved while I held a full-time job, was such as to attract the kind and generous attention of the Masters of Gray's Inn, who helped me. But there soon came the long, weary periods of almost complete unemployment in the Temple. There is no experience that can so lower one's self-respect or bring greater sense of failure. Would I wish to be spared this in my new life, to become the typical successful barrister?

Closer acquaintance with the life of the courts slowly made me doubt, not only whether I should ever win success as an advocate, but also whether I wanted to achieve it. As I got to know many of those who had won success, and in some cases their homes in the course of social life, I ceased to envy them. A wife of a then prominent K.C., M.P., once said to me: "I almost never see my husband now. All day he is in the courts. In the evenings he is in the House of Commons, or reading his briefs, or both. At week-ends he is in his constituency". About half-way through my life as a practising barrister I married and soon came to realize that it is possible to pay far too high a price for success. The desire to have evenings free for life with wife and children was undoubtedly one factor that slowly diverted my ambitions from professional success to one of the minor judicial appointments. But there were others as well.

The happiest advocate is he who can believe both in the merits of his client's case and that to fight this case is undoubtedly in his client's best interests. Here I was apt to fail. To me Gordian knots have ever been a challenge to ability to untie them, rather than an urge to cut them by heroic measures. If more criminal work had come my way, I might have been different, for there is no compromise between verdicts of Guilty and Not Guilty. But my main work as a barrister concerned two or more individuals and, as I saw that work, compromise usually seemed better than a victory for either party. In other words, my natural tendencies were all in favour of settling cases, rather then fighting them out before the courts.

Quite early in my Temple career the immense cost of litigation appalled me. It seemed to me wrong that an action about £100 or less (then the limit of County Court Jurisdiction) should cost each side from £20 to £50, so that the loser would have to pay twice those sums. Few High Court actions could be fought for less than £150 on each side and, if there were an appeal, for probably twice that amount, or more. Barristers are not concerned in the eventual cost of the cases in which they are engaged, but I could not help thinking of this aspect of my clients' cases. I remember reading in an old book, *Fog's Journal* (1737), how there was once an inn with a painted sign depicting a naked man. The inscription below was: "I am the man who went to law and lost my cause". On the other side of the board was painted a man in tattered rags with the inscription: "I am the man who went to law and won my cause".

Thus when civil cases were submitted to me, my natural tendency was to see if there were better ways of satisfying my clients than by taking the cases to court. (My later reputation as a conciliator in matrimonial cases brought before me as a magistrate thus seems an inevitable development.) Some solicitors were grateful for my advice to settle cases, but others were not and henceforth bestowed their patronage on barristers who had established reputations as fighters.

Experience at the Bar aroused another dissatisfaction. Under the English system of procedure in court the law of evidence severely restricts the nature of the facts that are allowed to be introduced. In criminal cases, where the State is actually or nominally the accuser, and where personal liberty is often at stake, such restrictions are mostly justified. But in civil cases between individual parties they can impede justice. Matters used to be far worse in this respect than they are now. That witty judge who became Lord Bowen once said: "If a farmer in his gig runs over a foot passenger in the road, the two persons whom the law singled out to prohibit from becoming witnesses were the farmer and the foot passenger". That absurdity was altered, but still our law excludes much evidence that other civilized systems of law would admit. Lord Denman, a Lord Chief Justice, once declared that "the absolute rejection of light because there is a possibility of its leading astray is difficult to be explained on any rational grounds". Thus "what the soldier, or any other man, said", namely, "hearsay" evidence, is still excluded in England, though not in Scotland. There are many other rules of evidence which only legal history can explain. The admission of evidence that should be excluded may result in a successful appeal. But the exclusion of evidence may possibly involve a decision contrary to the true facts. The highest form of Justice is the discovery of the truth. But owing to these arbitrary rules of evidence the conduct of cases in our courts frequently requires a high degree of strategy in the advocates taking part. I was not clever as a strategist in court, but no one can be a successful advocate without achieving considerable ability in this field.

Thus it was not only a lack of sufficient work to keep me consistently busy that turned my thoughts to the possibility of being appointed to one of the lesser judicial offices. By slow degrees I realized that such abilities as I possessed were more likely to find scope in deciding cases than in fighting them. I was fortunate in that while still at the Bar I had much experience as a deputy County Court judge. Then at the early age of forty-three I was offered an appointment as metropolitan magistrate.

I am convinced that, if again my new life was to be spent in the Temple, I should not welcome triumphant success as a barrister, but rather, once more only such a quantity of work as would justify an early appointment as County Court judge or, better still, as a professional magistrate. The far more important office of judge of the High Court necessitates aloofness from one's fellow men, and even from fellow lawyers. That I should never be able to enjoy, despite the immense prestige that attaches to the office.

The job of a metropolitan magistrate is more interesting than that of any other judicial appointment. The independence of mind, which was a legacy from my father, served me well in this office, though it involved me in many troubles and difficulties. But I have told that story in my memoirs, *Fifteen Years' Hard Labour*. The work, though I found it insufficient in quantity, being as a rule expected to work on only three days a week, opened up new fields that I explored with eagerness and enthusiasm. The whole problem of crime gripped me, especially when early in my career as a magistrate it led me to a study of Modern Psychology. (See my books, *Crime and Psychology* and *Why Crime?*) This enabled me to experiment in the application in practical life of the theories of experts and I quickly found how right in general these theories were.

A magistrate in modern times is not concerned only with crime, but also with many aspects of the lives of ordinary people. In particular I found the matrimonial work of the courts of great interest and am proud that I was able to co-operate with others in obtaining better ways of handling these cases, which so vitally concern the children of the litigating parties. If I had a dozen more lives, I should hate to spend one as a conventional stipendiary, whose interest may well be confined to his daily work and who is content to leave to others all questions of improving the quality of that work.

Were I to secure the same appointment in a new life, I should hope to be able to do the work with the assistance of two lay Justices whose co-operation on equal terms would be of the greatest assistance, particularly in all work involving the domestic life of humble people. The only change that I would wish for would be to be free from the illness that hampered my work. Though all my life I had enjoyed excellent health, after six years in the London courts illness haunted me and eventually brought me face to face with yet another mode of living, namely, retirement. I managed to keep going throughout the Second World War and was glad of that, if only because I could have been replaced only by some elderly barrister, who might well fail to prove a good magistrate. In 1947, with the war over and the young survivors back in the Temple, I surrendered to medical advice and retired, only to find fresh interests and pleasure. I did not think so at the time, but I know now that I was fortunate in being compelled to retire before old age sets in.

Happy is the man who, when confronted with the question of planning a new and imaginary life, can honestly say that, despite the anxieties of present times, he would in all essentials wish his new life to repeat the one that he has led. That in all honesty I can say, and add with Browning:

What I aspired to be
And was not comforts me.

THE REV. DR. W. E. ORCHARD

Born 1877. Educated at Board School, private tuition and Westminster College, Cambridge. He was ordained in 1904 at Enfield as a Presbyterian minister, becoming Doctor of Divinity, London University, in 1908. In 1932 he was received into the Roman Catholic Church and in 1935 was ordained Priest. He has written extensively on religious subjects.

WHAT a fascinating idea! And one rushes to plan it just as one would have wished it might have been. Everyone must have said at one time or another: If only I had done that, seized that opportunity, acted or spoken differently. But to think the whole of one's life through again! What a thrilling game! Yet the moment one begins, one is bound to wonder whether it is going to be either easy or pleasant; and at any rate, of what profit? For if that is what I might have done, then why didn't I? And the whole thing suddenly looks like making a public confession, and a very penitential one. The excuse, of course, is that when looking back upon it any path looks different from when making one's way forward; and especially if one did not know the way. And although much may be blameworthy in everyone's path, one cannot be blamed for not possessing the wisdom that comes only with the years; for not seeing everything at the beginning from the view-point only attained after much climbing. And why burden oneself now with melancholy over might-have-beens, when it is already melancholy enough to reflect that there is now no time left to be or do anything better? Perhaps it might inspire someone to do better, even if along the same path; though does youth ever listen to old age giving advice from the experience of mistakes made and opportunities missed?

It is, however, quite pious for one professing religious faith to suppose or wish anything different? Must one not believe that one has been guided all the way? Yes: but was the guidance always followed; is not the resultant of God's will and mine likely to be a poor second-best to what God willed for me? One can imagine a painful Purgatory spent in considering the plan of one's life as it might have been, if guidance had been followed or grace fully responded to. For, without supposing a quite different set of circumstances or richer endowments, one might have been more energetic, taken life more seriously, been more dedicated, lived a more sacrificial life. And did one never, after all, not hear a voice sometimes saying: This is the way, walk ye in it, and yet take another; see great heights and feel their call and yet turn back to something easier; or attempt too late to reach anywhere very high? Yet it is a part of self-knowledge to face such failures; repentance is a religious necessity; when facing another life where perfection is possible, it may be salutary to affirm the ideals one still holds, even if they can never now be attained in this life. Much then will emerge which must seek forgiveness, and from man as well as God; and much weakness may be revealed which, if it had only been recognized before, might have been remedied or at least worked against.

Presumably, then, with whatever of belief one now holds, or wisdom one has gained; but presumably *not* if one had been someone else, or had been entirely different. For it is held that some elements in our make-up are inherited: that which is usually called one's temperament, and this is unalterable. There remains character, which is what we make of temperament. For temperament, if inherited, can be counterbalanced, allowed for, and worked against. And strangely enough, as some who know me may think, I do not wish to have been so different as to have had a different temperament. Different in many other ways, yes, but not in this.

I cannot easily fit myself into any of the classical categories. The nearest, I suppose, would be the sanguine; yet I am not a hopeful person. I generally envisage the worst happening, and have defended this attitude because it then is such a welcome surprise when things turn out better than expected. Or, did I learn it later from some mystical book to make a computation of the worst, and then consider what would still remain, could be done, or borne? It sounds too wise for early endowment. I think my temperament could perhaps best be described as mercurial; rather easily cast down, certainly very easily hurt, obviously over-sensitive; but then, after a painful time, recovering, not simply forgetting it all, but finding somehow that it hurts no longer. If I am too unalterably sensitive to things said that hurt, or are ugly, or to failures, I have always hoped that this is only the inevitable price to pay for being sensitive, to beauty, to joy, and to God.

I don't suppose, however, that everyone who has come into contact with me has enjoyed my temperament as much as I have. While I feel light-hearted and gay, I may have appeared to others flippant. My sense of humour has often been praised, and I am glad enough to be able to laugh at many things, and, I hope, even at my own follies and mistakes when they were not too serious. But I am well aware that humour is often a cover for cruelty; it is often inopportune; it is not always shareable. I am bound to feel I ought to have kept Puck a bit more under cover, or on a chain. I suspect, then, a certain shallowness that ought to have been deepened if anything more worthy was to be achieved.

There has gone with this temperament, although it may have been awakened by religion, books, pictures, teachers, friends, at any rate a capacity for finding great pleasure in common and available things; looking at landscapes, watching birds, finding and identifying flowers, watching the sky on nights when stars shine and planets are blazing, but mostly the sky by daytime, when there are great mountains of snowy, thundery, or threatening clouds; and specially when there is any unusual colour, as at dawn or sunset. Colour; colour anywhere; whether of flowers, pictures or material, has the effect on me that wine must have on some. So I have never needed or cared much for stimulants. I have often said I was born drunk; an exaggeration, of course (which is one of my failings, though I am afraid I enjoy it); but it does mean that I can easily intoxicate myself with talk or laughter; though temperance is as needed there as elsewhere.

All this has not meant however, that I do not see the sadness of life, or can easily throw off melancholy. I think, apart from revelation, life is an irresoluble enigma; without immortality, death is an undisguised tragedy, and without deep religion personality is an intolerable burden and thought inescapably sad. Yet with me, as with a more famous person, "cheerfulness is always breaking in". And people interest me also, all kinds of people. So to walk the streets of a city or even to look at the shops from a bus top can be an interesting relaxation. So I would not have had a different temperament; rather, however, do I now realize that my temperament is a gift which I ought to have prized more and achieved more just because I am made that way.

It is also part of this starting off again with ourselves as we are, that it is presumably vain to wish that I had been born in a different family, in different circumstances or at a different time; and there again I do not wish otherwise. Yet presuming that all this was the same, there is still much I wish had been different; and might have been. It is useless, therefore, to wish that my parents had been different, or had encouraged me in different ways; though I do wish they had told me early enough about the so-called facts of life, so that I could have been armoured against temptation better than by ignorance or learning such things from already corrupted youth; and especially that I could have been taught how sacred a thing sex was: it is the entrustment with a power second only to that of the Creator, and indeed is meant to be shared with Him in bringing souls into the world, and so only used for that end, and because this life holds a glorious opportunity of obtaining an eternity of infinite joy. But my parents were typical Victorians, and such things were never spoken of. I do not, therefore, blame my dear, good, and much-loved parents; but neither do I absolve myself; for I believe there is an unconscious instinct against any abuse of these powers, and a half-conscious protest against any indecency; only both are so easily overwhelmed and pushed aside.

It is apparently, also useless to wish that my parents had been more concerned than they apparently were about a vocation, and the value of education as its preparation, and not merely as a way of earning a sufficient living. Apparently what was good enough for my father was good enough for me. Yet again if I had shewed more interest or expressed any desires they might have helped me more. There were the common free schools and to these only was I ever sent; yet in the town where I lived for the first ten years of my life there was a great public school and if they shewed the necessary ability and application, it still admitted the few poor boys its endowment was originally meant for. A cousin of mine actually began to climb the ladder that was let down for such, but slipped badly. And so might I have done; or if not, only have learned there more sex and snobbery. I don't wish that I had gone to a public school; but there were higher grade and grammar schools, open to me, and there younger brothers were sent. Perhaps I was to blame that they were never thought of for me; or perhaps money was more plentiful after my time. But I could have made more of my time in the school I was at. The master was unusual, found extra time for special subjects like French, spotted a likely boy, and would encourage him. If I had only mastered arithmetic with some sense of the meaning of its rules I might not have been so shut out from the higher mathematics, and if I had even learned the not always best kind of poetry we sing-songed together, I might have trained my memory better. I imagine I learned too easily what was set, and then gave my mind to other things, though I cannot remember what. It was, however, suggested that since I was through all the standards before I was old enough to leave, I should become a pupil teacher. I cannot have discharged my duties very well, or shewed any great promise as a teacher; so when there was a discussion, in which I think I must have been consulted, it was decided, largely on the question of pay, that I had better become a clerk. I now spent seven wasted years in adding up figures in which I had no interest and checking (or pretending to check!) figures which had already been checked two or three times, and so benefited neither my employers nor myself. The only possible advantage was that this occupation was not exhausting and gave me time for other things. I did begin messing about trying to make things.

(I remember a lighthouse among the more ambitious, and I even took a course in engineering drawing, though neither with any success nor clear purpose.) What I wish I had myself seen the need of, was to have been apprenticed to a trade, as a brother was, or, by keeping on at the teaching, had learned some craft for that purpose. For I believe that without a knowledge of how to use one's hands, half one's brain is left unorganized, and the rest, however well-organized, is then unbalanced, and an unbalanced outlook on society and economic facts is engendered. Later on I began to foresee that the people who do things, and make things, and grow things, were going to be masters of the world; and not those who can only read books, in however many languages.

I wish also that during this time I had been more encouraged, not to say compelled, to play more at games, especially football and cricket, running, jumping, and swimming. They might have made me tougher, taught me to take hard knocks and suffer defeats, and therefore, perhaps, overcome my natural timidity and given me a basis for greater courage; for I am very cowardly. I know physical and moral courage are not the same things, and are not always found together; but I fear I lack both, and games can teach one not to be afraid of some things, anyhow. I did attend a gymnasium, but never attained any efficiency, always falling flat on my back if ever I got upside down. So perhaps there was a temperamental or even physical deficiency here, which nothing would have overcome. Still, I wish I had myself realized the value of physical endurance enough to have tried more than I did.

Yet into these so formative years, which might otherwise have been utterly wasted, and even perverted into soft and slack habits, there came an event which I would not have missed for worlds, and which saved my soul from many an evil. Nor would I have had it happen otherwise, save that it might have happened earlier. And that is not dictating to the will of God; for there had been earlier exhortations and opportunities to which I ought to have responded better, so that I think there had been some sly kicking at the pricks. For at that time there happened to me what was hailed in the religious circle in which I moved, as my conversion. About the important character of that event I have never since had any doubt. I still possess the little pocket Bible which I soon purchased and in which, under my name, there are two dates: the one, 20/11/'77, the date of my birth; and the other, in red ink, 26/11/'93.

This memorable event was probably regarded in the evangelical language of my circle as the "new birth". This, I suppose, is theologically wrong: but psychologically it was veritably nothing less. I was then sixteen, a very proper age to get converted, even if puberty is to be supposed to be somewhat contributory; for I woke up to everything, and everything was changed; the things I once liked I now began to dislike, and the things that had had little or no interest for me before now became my one concern. It started very simply, almost conventionally for those times. I heard a Mission sermon, preached by a simple layman, which demanded that we should do something there and then to answer the call and claim of Christ; and with heart and will, so far as I knew how and was directed, I did. I have passed through many changes, met many people, seen other lands, read libraries of theology, of all sorts, a good deal of modern psychology, and many biographies, and must conclude that there was much that was crude and narrow in the general setting and explanation of this experience; but I have never found any reason to doubt that something happened to me for which I am unspeakably grateful, and only wish it could happen to everyone, as, in a different setting and perhaps less instantaneously, I believe it might and should.

Every part of my being now woke to life. I began to read omnivorously, no longer merely *Answers, Tit-Bits*, and the *Strand Magazine*, but first the Bible, and straight through; then anything serious, theological or devotional, I came across, especially on second-hand bookstalls, where I now spent all I could afford or save from other even necessary things. I began to pray seriously, long in private, and soon in public; for such was the fashion and almost the test of my religious environment; and too soon, no doubt many would think, I began to preach, mostly at first in the open air, but soon indoors, I gather with some acceptance and with added interest; I expect, because I was so young. But I was taught to believe that what had happened to me ought to happen to everyone, namely, that there should be a loving and obedient attachment to Christ ?? who was God incarnate, and the only Saviour of mankind. ?? However narrow the interests of a good many Evangelicals in those days, perhaps through the influence of the more cultured types, lay and clerical, I began to take an interest in poetry, painting, and good literature, and, in fact, in almost everything: life had now a meaning and the whole world a veritable glow of glory, which, thank God, for me has never faded away. Whatever clouds and shadows have since arisen and despite, or rather because of, more scientific knowledge and explanation, this experience has grown richer and only developed a deeper interest and meaning.

The question, however, is not what I would not have had different, but what I wish I had done otherwise. I should want to have had this experience, but I wish I had taken it more seriously, guarded it more carefully, made a fuller and especially a more sacrificial response. Chances were offered me of making up for my lost schooling by learning Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and I believe at that time I could have learned almost any language in three months; so I wish German, French, and Italian had been at least begun. The question was, however, forced upon me, not only by the suggestions of others, but by a second experience, less public, and long kept secret, whether I was not called upon to become a preacher, an evangelist, if not, as my supposed call seemed to indicate, something prophetical. The only channel that seemed open, or I was advised to take, was to become a minister, and, of course, of one of the evangelical bodies with which I was familiar. I hardly knew of the existence of any others. It never occurred to me to think of the Anglican Church, in which I had been brought up, and the Roman Catholic Church was hardly on the horizon. Do I wish that my attention had been directed to that? Strange as this may seem to my Catholic friends, I am not sure. I am sure that ?? the Catholic Church holds at its very heart Union with Christ as the means of salvation and as a necessity for sanctification. I said long ago that I wished that I had been born a Catholic and in a predominantly Catholic country; but this mainly because I think

I was so weary, as I always have been, of religious controversy. I believe that Evangelicalism has concentrated upon one and perhaps the most important of Catholic truths, that it is not likely to be maintained in isolation, but needs Catholic Theology to guard and explain its every possibility, while the Catholic Sacraments best enshrine and develop it. But many Catholics, despite devotion to the Sacred Heart, seem to miss the purpose of their religion. This is not the fault of Catholicism; for it is a characteristic of religion of all kinds that so many remain on the outskirts, never penetrate to its real secret, and thus fall short of the best everywhere.

If I had been an Anglican or a member of the Roman Catholic Church I might have myself tangled up in mere theology or ceremonial, whereas the very barrenness of Evangelicalism in those respects did centre on the one thing that mattered—conversion to God, and loving union with Christ. What I did, however, miss, and for lack of a Catholic setting, was systematic training in devotion and in the development of the virtues and, moreover, in an asceticism other than merely abstaining from most then so-deemed worldly pleasures. I ought to have been made more acutely aware of my need of humility, whereas I hardly know what it is, as well as of wisdom, though not of the mere counterfeit of personal concern, of which I have far too much; but also for the need of developing courage, patience, and self-sacrifice. About universal charity, I think I realized at once its absolute necessity as the complement and test of loving God, and I think a love of souls was awakened in me. I think there were faint ideals which, if I had followed them out, I should have become a celibate.

Why do so many young men and women vow never to marry, and yet so often fall: or should it be *rise?* In me it was nothing to do with misogynism. I have always felt the natural attraction of my complementary sex, but I have somewhat preferred the greater refinement and delicacy of women; I think I understand woman's mentality without despising it, but welcome it as a pleasing and corrective variety. Anyhow, I have had many women friends, just about as many as men friends; and I like to think that I regard them both primarily as souls, with somewhat different minds, and with different physical powers. This demands chivalry or at least reverence for womanhood because of the burden they bear in carrying on the race. Anyhow it is a gracious mercy that nearly all the women I have been friends with have been religious. I soon fell in love, not very often or violently, but at last enough to get married. And I wish I had not. That may seem strange when I enjoyed (there is no other word for it) such an ideal married life. The truth is we both put God first, and did not desperately need one another, which helped the happiness enormously; but we each had a sense of religious vocation and eventually decided that it would have been the higher course for us both never to have married. I wish, however, we had met, fallen in love, and always loved one another, but had sacrificed marriage; and if she had also become a Catholic, which I think she well might, what a Mother Superior she would have made! For the life that I would now like to map out, in the light of what I now know and wish it had been, there would have been need for absolute freedom to live a life of sacrifice and even of loneliness.

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So now to come to the changes that I wish I had made, and none of them, I think, impossible. I wish I could have struggled, as some then did, to get to a university. I wish it could have been Oxford, and that I could have taken Greats, and have done well enough to be able to stay on and specialize in economics and psychology. This because I needed to prepare as well as possible to fulfil my vocation, to have a good knowledge of the best the ancient world has to teach us, as well as being able to estimate the weight or worth of all modern thought, to get clear about the economic problems that have long worried me, recognizing, earlier than I have, how much the new psychology compels us to face, and, rightly understood, throws light on the failure of conventional religion to transform personality or to redeem social, economic, and international life.

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But what would have happened to me in that City of dreaming spires and Babel of debate? I hope my faith and sense of vocation would have survived all temptations, and the corrosion of its prevailing hesitations. I should certainly have been distressed by the religious confusion which it only emphasizes and which would have frustrated my early desire for a uniting religion. So soon finding that my wish to be a Denominational Everythingarian was only compelling me to become a Nothingarian, and still wanting to fulfil my vocation I should have begun to wonder how or where I ever could. I might have looked at the possibility of becoming an unattached evangelist, or even of joining the Salvation Army, have glanced at the two greatest extremes of the Quakers and the Catholics, considered perhaps for longer the many attractions of the Anglican *via media*, but there, of course, encountered the ghost of Newman, but anyhow, been compelled to face seriously the ecclesiastical issue. Though I have no natural liking for any external religious authority other than God, or felt much personal need for it, the historical argument, combined with the practical consideration that the only way to belong to all the religious bodies was to go back where they stemmed from, together with the discovery of Catholic Mysticism, would I think have compelled me to follow Newman at last, the Gain, on any calculation, outweighing the Loss. But I should still be glad, if in my Oxford days, the issue had become imperative only when I had known Nonconformity from within, and for a time even Anglicanism, more than my many friendships with Anglicans of all schools has made possible. I should thus have at least been saved from making the caricatures and passed the condemnations which characterize some Catholics' judgments. So little is ever known from the outside of anything, especially if one is opposed to it. But I think Newman's mentality and type of religion would have decided all else for me; though I might well have foreseen that I should, like him, find it no easy path, and that everything I attempted might end in failure. For I can see well enough now that to attain any spiritual integrity and be guided by spiritual valuations means parting with this world's rewards or most ecclesiastics' plaudits.

With my vocation still to fulfil the Catholic priesthood would have been suggested to me by others, if not by myself, as the next step; but I think I should have hesitated. The Catholic Church in England does not offer a preacher much opportunity; and a Catholic priest has to claim a position for himself that few concede to him;

and this is inclined to make either for an aggressive attitude or for an inferiority complex. A parish priest generally finds himself soon immersed in parochial activities which leave little room for the prayer and preparation that effective preaching demands, and not much for real pastoral work outside the overloaded confessional. Seminary training so often seems only to narrow and stiffen the personality. And there would be the question of celibacy. I believe that celibacy is demanded for others beside those who devote themselves wholly to religious work: for instance, artists, social workers, and many others; indeed, the question now to be faced by everyone contemplating it, is whether they have a real religious vocation to marriage. Celibacy, however, is not only a great test to natural instincts, but when under a religious vow it inevitably necessitates almost sex segregation, and this often means a loss of mental complement and the correction of otherwise slovenly masculine habits.

I hope this hesitation would have been fruitfully occupied, and meanwhile I wish I had turned my attention to medicine, especially of the psycho-somatic variety, in which I have often wished that I had been trained. I hope, then, that I should have been able to qualify, and to have walked some London hospital, seen something of the inside of mental hospitals, and, after having had some experience in ordinary practice in some slum area, since I should now have reached the time of the First World War, also seen military hospital work at the front. All the time I hope I should have been learning how to talk to individuals about personal religion, and met both those violently or stubbornly opposed, as well as those who welcomed and responded to it. For preaching, after all, is nothing if it is not an appeal to individuals, only often the preacher does not recognize that, and so does not know how to preach at all.

The result of all this experience would, I should imagine, have done nothing to lessen my belief in the possibility of some social order which would represent not only justice but Christian faith and charity; have only intensified my refusal to accept war as inevitably necessary, or even really victorious, and if my Catholic beliefs now made me no longer think that it could be condemned as a sin, which I should also need, if I was to give troubled souls the final release of sacramental absolution; as well as needing somewhere whither I could direct awakened souls for further training. I should have been compelled to think of entering an Order, and I should like to have joined the oldest and widest, the Benedictines; and because they do seem to allow more freedom for those to exercise an apostolic vocation who are proved to possess it. I suppose myself therefore to have gone to Rome, and there been accepted, and while taking advantage of the great schools there, allowed to take the Doctor of Sacred Scripture, the one degree I covet. I should like to have taken this with a thesis on the "The Words and the Word of God", facing the difficult problem of what is really entailed in the Catholic doctrine that God is the Author of the Bible, and what this means for evaluating its doctrinal and ethical guidance, in face of the apparent contradictions of its parts, and its devious development from lower to higher theological and ethical levels; especially what is its message, when its parts are corrected by the whole, and by the supreme correction made by the Word of God Incarnate. I can imagine, however, that, written at that time, I might have come under the suspicion of narrow literalists, and this would have been joined by that of the militant nationalists, when I was enabled to write a further but quite objective book entitled *Peace and War in the Bible*. I hope, however, I should have been finally held to be free from both unorthodoxy or unworthy aims, and at least have been entrusted with the mission of visiting other monasteries on the Continent, where I could have got to know more of the mentality of European Catholicism and of its opponents. I surely should have now sensed the growing danger of war, and tried to rouse resistance, but could have said things that were true without starting further suppression, and so in time be sent to England. There I hope I should have been sent sometimes on supply as a curate or to take charge of a parish, and so have shared the burdens of my brethren and endured that test of patience and sacrifice which I had once evaded. I should like to have been granted permission to resume in the summer months some adaptation of a hermit's life, but only with the intention of living somewhere on a basis of the utmost asceticism, where, however, people could come to consult me. In winter I should like to have developed, as now my main work, the holding of missions, with an educational purpose, but also with a pointed evangelistic appeal, in big centres, and in public halls; and thus perhaps have helped to bring England nearer Christ. what a hope!

But now the clouds would be gathering darker over Europe, and I imagine how, one day, preaching in some London church on Peace (which in the spring of 1939 I actually did, though only to arouse the criticism of a Baptist naval chaplain), as I pointed out what Christ's teaching was about, the redemption of the world, and how it differed from the way of man, a voice was raised in angry protest: " Why don't you go and say that in Germany?" I quietly replied: "That is just what I now propose to do". Since the incident might not have aroused any further notice, I might have been allowed to go to Germany, and so, preaching in a Berlin church, I did proclaim the same message of danger and the one way of salvation. I imagine there would have been a general outcry there, and leaving the pulpit, I would have been arrested by the Gestapo, who, of course, would know of my opinions. Some Catholics might have tried to rescue me, some Nazis to seize me, and between the three I would probably have been killed.

Is this melodramatic? It nearly happened to me in England in the First World War! I do not see how anyone who had spoken out now would not have perished, or at least been shut up in prison or sent to a concentration camp. A famous Dominican is reported to have said to some young men he was once addressing: "If some of you young men are not careful you will die in your beds; and it will serve you right". A very prominent Anglican dignitary is reported to have said to a friend when he was asked why he did not take the lead and speak out in war-time: "If I said what was in my mind I should be in prison in a week". I myself had said to some seminarians in New York in those fateful years: "Gentlemen, I am sixty-five years of age. I have never been in prison; I have not been burnt alive, or shot at dawn; or stoned by the mob. You may guess that I have played my cards very carefully". No one would hate or fear such an end more than I. I have never had any passion for martyrdom, though it would be my one chance of canonization. But sometimes more is accomplished by dying than by living; and in these days when so many have died without effecting the ends for which they died, I ought to have been content to die like them. Every good brave man today has to explain why he is alive. Doubtless I should have been regarded as foolish, a fanatic, and a failure; but better so.

Index Page

The nature of Personality, of the individual and the attainment of "egoic consciousness" as the true goal of all humanity 219

Our extremely complex multiple personality and the impossibility of integrating it completely 138

Having made our choice among our many divergent desires we must accept the consequences and not worry too much about it 138 129

The thought and will can be strengthened and toned up by training just as can the muscles and sinews of the body, and the process and the result of such training are pleasurable 139

Only two alternatives in dealing with frustrating circumstances: either change the circumstances or, if that be not possible, change one's attitude of mind towards them 140

"How thoughts originate is a mystery" the fine, high thoughts and the base degrading. Dealing with these task of the inward monitor 140

the "stark con[illegible]" of using

8. "Everyone [illegible] merely to
drift through life .... must form for him-
self some faith by which to live".. ... 14

9. "Psychologists tell us that one of the
signs of an incompletely co-ordinated
personality is undue annoyance at the
minor disappointments that are the com- 14
mon lot of humanity".. ... ... "

10. the necessity for a "sublime thought"
great enough to put to flight the traitor
thoughts which deprive us of our happi-
ness and, if left in possession, even wreck
our lives. 14

11. Pethick-Lawrence found this "sublime
thought" in contemplation of the won-
derful universe around him and with
his own essential union with the
central fount of life which is at 14
once its Source and its Substance

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Index — Page

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The thought and will can be strengthened and toned up by training just as can the muscles and sinews of the body, and the process and the result of such training are pleasurable 139

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once its Source and its Substance 14

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Harold Bowden

Geo. Robey.

ard Beeman

ville Lovett. Bp:

Ernest Brown

L. E. Wilshaw

V. L. Andrews.

Maude Royden Shaw

Teviot

Dowding.

Pethick-Lawrence.

Norman Angell

C. E. M. Joad

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